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VOL. III.

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MOLIÈRE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

WITH SHORT INTRODUCTIONS AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

CHARLES HERON WALL

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

LONDON
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THE MISER.

(L'AVARE.)

This play was acted for the first time on September 9, 1668. In it, Molière has borrowed from Plautus, and has imitated several other authors, but he far surpasses them in the treatment of his subject. The picture of the miser, in whom love of money takes the place of all natural affections, who not only withdraws from family intercourse, but considers his children as natural enemies, is finely drawn, and renders Molière's Miser altogether more dramatic and moral than those of his predecessors.

Molière acted the part of Harpagon.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HARPAGON, *father to* CLÉANTE, *in love with* MARIANNE.

CLÉANTE, HARPAGON'S *son, lover to* MARIANNE.

VALÈRE, *son to* ANSELME, *and lover to* ÉLISE.

ANSELME, *father to* VALÈRE *and* MARIANNE.

MASTER SIMON, *broker.*

MASTER JACQUES, *cook and coachman to* HARPAGON.

LA FLÈCHE, *valet to* CLÉANTE.

BRINDAVOINE, LA MERLUCHE, } *lackeys to* HARPAGON.

A MAGISTRATE *and his* CLERK.

ÉLISE, *daughter to* HARPAGON.

MARIANNE, *daughter to* ANSELME.

FROSINE, *an intriguing woman.*

MISTRESS CLAUDE, *servant to* HARPAGON.

The scene is at PARIS, *in* HARPAGON'S *house.*

THE MISER.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Valère, Élise.

Val. What, dear Élise! you grow sad after having given me such dear tokens of your love; and I see you sigh in the midst of my joy! Can you regret having made me happy? and do you repent of the engagement which my love has forced from you?

Eli. No, Valère, I do not regret what I do for you; I feel carried on by too delightful a power, and I do not even wish that things should be otherwise than they are. Yet, to tell you the truth, I am very anxious about the consequences; and I greatly fear that I love you more than I should.

Val. What can you possibly fear from the affection you have shown me?

Eli. Everything; the anger of my father, the reproaches of my family, the censure of the world, and, above all, Valère, a change in your heart! I fear that cruel coldness with which your sex so often repays the too warm proofs of an innocent love.

Val. Alas! do not wrong me thus; do not judge of me by others. Think me capable of everything, Élise, except of falling short of what I owe to you. I love you too much for that; and my love will be as lasting as my life!

Eli. Ah! Valère, all men say the same thing; all men are alike in their words; their actions only show the difference that exists between them.

Val. Then why not wait for actions, if by them alone

you can judge of the truthfulness of my heart? Do not suffer your anxious fears to mislead you, and to wrong me. Do not let an unjust suspicion destroy the happiness which is to me dearer than life; but give me time to show you by a thousand proofs the sincerity of my affection.

ELI. Alas! how easily do we allow ourselves to be persuaded by those we love. I believe you, Valère; I feel sure that your heart is utterly incapable of deceiving me, that your love is sincere, and that you will ever remain faithful to me. I will no longer doubt that happiness is near. If I grieve, it will only be over the difficulties of our position, and the possible censures of the world.

VAL. But why even this fear?

ELI. Oh, Valère! if everybody knew you as I do, I should not have much to fear. I find in you enough to justify all I do for you; my heart knows all your merit, and feels, moreover, bound to you by deep gratitude. How can I forget that horrible moment when we met for the first time? Your generous courage in risking your own life to save mine from the fury of the waves; your tender care afterwards; your constant attentions and your ardent love, which neither time nor difficulties can lessen! For me you neglect your parents and your country; you give up your own position in life to be a servant of my father! How can I resist the influence that all this has over me? Is it not enough to justify in my eyes my engagement to you? Yet, who knows if it will be enough to justify it in the eyes of others? and how can I feel sure that my motives will be understood?

VAL. You try in vain to find merit in what I have done; it is by my love alone that I trust to deserve you. As for the scruples you feel, your father himself justifies you but too much before the world; and his avarice and the distant way in which he lives with his children might authorise stranger things still. Forgive me, my dear Élise, for speaking thus of your father before you; but you know that, unfortunately, on this subject no good can be said of him. However, if I can find my parents, as I fully hope I shall, they will soon be favourable to us. I am expecting news of them with great impatience; but if none comes, I will go in search of them myself.

ELI. Oh no! Valère, do not leave me, I entreat you. Try rather to ingratiate yourself in my father's favour.

VAL. You know how much I wish it, and you can see how I set about it. You know the skilful manœuvres I have had to use in order to introduce myself into his service; under what a mask of sympathy and conformity of tastes I disguise my own feelings to please him; and what a part I play to acquire his affection. I succeed wonderfully well, and I feel that to obtain favour with men, there are no better means than to pretend to be of their way of thinking, to fall in with their maxims, to praise their defects, and to applaud all their doings. One need not fear to overdo it, for however gross the flattery, the most cunning are easily duped; there is nothing so impertinent or ridiculous which they will not believe, provided it be well seasoned with praise. Honesty suffers, I acknowledge; but when we have need of men, we may be allowed without blame to adapt ourselves to their m de of thought; and if we have no other hope of success but through such stratagem, it is not after all the fault of those who flatter, but the fault of those who wish to be flattered.

ELI. Why do you not try also to gain my brother's goodwill, in case the servant should betray our secret?

VAL. I am afraid I cannot humour them both. The temper of the father is so different from that of the son that it would be difficult to be the confidant of both at the same time. Rather try your brother yourself; make use of the love that exists between you to enlist him in our cause. I leave you, for I see him coming. Speak to him, sound him, and see how far we can trust him.

ELI. I greatly fear I shall never have the courage to speak to him of my secret.

SCENE II.—CLÉANTE, ÉLISE.

CLE. I am very glad to find you alone, sister. I longed to speak to you and to tell you a secret.

ELI. I am quite ready to hear you, brother. What is it you have to tell me?

CLE. Many things, sister, summed up in one word—love.

ELI. You love?

CLE. Yes, I love. But, before I say more, let me tell you that I know I depend on my father, and that the name of son subjects me to his will; that it would be wrong to engage ourselves without the consent of the authors of our being; that heaven has made them the masters of our affections, and that it is our duty not to dispose of ourselves but in accordance to their wish; that their judgment is not biassed by their being in love themselves; that they are, therefore, much more likely not to be deceived by appearances, and to judge better what is good for us; that we ought to trust their experience rather than the passion which blinds us; and that the rashness of youth often carries us to the very brink of dangerous abysses. I know all this, my sister, and I tell it you to spare you the trouble of saying it to me, for my love will not let me listen to anything, and I pray you to spare me your remonstrances.

ELI. Have you engaged yourself, brother, to her you love?

CLE. No, but I have determined to do so; and I beseech you once more not to bring forward any reason to dissuade me from it.

ELI. Am I such a very strange person, brother?

CLE. No, dear sister; but you do not love. You know not the sweet power that love has upon our hearts; and I dread your wisdom.

ELI. Alas! my brother, let us not speak of my wisdom. There are very few people in this world who do not lack wisdom, were it only once in their lifetime; and if I opened my heart to you, perhaps you would think me less wise than you are yourself.

CLE. Ah! would to heaven that your heart, like mine . . . .

ELI. Let us speak of you first, and tell me whom it is you love.

CLE. A young girl who has lately come to live in our neighbourhood, and who seems made to inspire love in all those who behold her. Nature, my dear sister, has made nothing more lovely; and I felt another man the moment I saw her. Her name is Marianne, and she lives with a good, kind mother, who is almost always ill, and for whom

the dear girl shows the greatest affection. She waits upon her, pities and comforts her with a tenderness that would touch you to the very soul. Whatever she undertakes is done in the most charming way; and in all her actions shine a wonderful grace, a most winning gentleness, an adorable modesty, a . . . . ah! my sister, how I wish you had but seen her.

ELI. I see many things in what you tell me, dear brother; and it is sufficient for me to know that you love her for me to understand what she is.

CLE. I have discovered, without their knowing it, that they are not in very good circumstances, and that, although they live with the greatest care, they have barely enough to cover their expenses. Can you imagine, my sister, what happiness it must be to improve the condition of those we love; skilfully to bring about some relief to the modest wants of a virtuous family? And think what grief it is for me to find myself deprived of this great joy through the avarice of a father, and for it to be impossible for me to give any proof of my love to her who is all in all to me.

ELI. Yes, I understand, dear brother, what sorrow this must be to you.

CLE. It is greater, my sister, than you can believe. For is there anything more cruel than this mean economy to which we are subjected? this strange penury in which we are made to pine? What good will it do us to have a fortune if it only comes to us when we are not able to enjoy it; if now to provide for my daily maintenance I get into debt on every side; if both you and I are reduced daily to beg the help of tradespeople in order to have decent clothes to wear? In short, I wanted to speak to you that you might help me to sound my father concerning my present feelings; and if I find him opposed to them, I am determined to go and live elsewhere with this most charming girl, and to make the best of what Providence offers us. I am trying everywhere to raise money for this purpose; and if your circumstances, dear sister, are like mine, and our father opposes us, let us both leave him, and free ourselves from the tyranny in which his hateful avarice has for so long held us.

ELI. It is but too true that every day he gives us more and more reason to regret the death of our mother, and that . . . .

CLE. I hear his voice. Let us go a little farther and finish our talk. We will afterwards join our forces to make a common attack on his hard and unkind heart.

SCENE III.—HARPAGON, LA FLÈCHE.

HAR. Get out of here, this moment; and let me have no more of your prating. Now then, be gone out of my house, you sworn pickpocket, you veritable gallows' bird.

LA FL. (*aside*). I never saw anything more wicked than this cursed old man; and I truly believe, if I may be allowed to say so, that he is possessed with a devil.

HAR. What are you muttering there between your teeth?

LA FL. Why do you send me away?

HAR. You dare to ask me my reasons, you scoundrel? Out with you, this moment, before I give you a good thrashing.

LA FL. What have I done to you?

HAR. Done this, that I wish you to be off.

LA FL. My master, your son, gave me orders to wait for him.

HAR. Go and wait for him in the street, then; out with you; don't stay in my house, straight and stiff as a sentry, to observe what is going on, and to make your profit of everything. I won't always have before me a spy on all my affairs; a treacherous scamp, whose cursed eyes watch all my actions, covet all I possess, and ferret about in every corner to see if there is anything to steal.

LA FL. How the deuce could one steal anything from you? Are you a man likely to be robbed when you put every possible thing under lock and key, and mount guard day and night?

HAR. I will lock up whatever I think fit, and mount guard when and where I please. Did you ever see such spies as are set upon me to take note of everything I do? (*Aside*) I tremble for fear he should suspect something of my money. (*Aloud*) Now, arn't you a fellow to give rise to stories about my having money hid in my house?

LA FL. You have some money hid in your house?

HAR. No, scoundrel! I do not say that. (*Aside*) I am furious! (*Aloud*) I only ask if out of mischief you do not spread abroad the report that I have some?

LA FL. Oh! What does it matter whether you have money, or whether you have not, since it is all the same to us?

HAR. (*raising his hand to give* LA FLÈCHE *a blow*). Oh! oh! You want to argue, do you? I will give you, and quickly too, some few of these arguments about your ears. Get out of the house, I tell you once more.

LA FL. Very well; very well. I am going.

HAR. No, wait; are you carrying anything away with you?

LA FL. What can I possibly carry away?

HAR. Come here, and let me see. Show me your hands.

LA FL. There they are.

HAR. The others.

LA FL. The others?

HAR. Yes.

LA FL. There they are.

HAR. (*pointing to* LA FLÈCHE'S *breeches*). Have you anything hid in here?

LA FL. Look for yourself.

HAR. (*feeling the knees of the breeches*). These wide knee-breeches are convenient receptacles of stolen goods; and I wish a pair of them had been hanged.

LA FL. (*aside*). Ah! how richly such a man deserves what he fears, and what joy it would be to me to steal some of his . . . .

HAR. Eh?

LA FL. What?

HAR. What is it you talk of stealing?

LA FL. I say that you feel about everywhere to see if I have been stealing anything.

HAR. And I mean to do so too. (*He feels in* LA FLÈCHE'S *pockets.*)

LA FL. Plague take all misers and all miserly ways!

HAR. Eh? What do you say?

LA FL. What do I say?

HAR. Yes. What is it you say about misers and miserly ways.

LA FL. I say plague take all misers and all miserly ways.

HAR. Of whom do you speak?

LA FL. Of misers.

HAR. And who are they, these misers?

LA FL. Villains and stingy wretches!

HAR. But what do you mean by that?

LA FL. Why do you trouble yourself so much about what I say?

HAR. I trouble myself because I think it right to do so.

LA FL. Do you think I am speaking about you?

HAR. I think what I think; but I insist upon your telling me to whom you speak when you say that.

LA FL. To whom I speak? I am speaking to the inside of my hat.

HAR. And I will, perhaps, speak to the outside of your head.

LA FL. Would you prevent me from cursing misers?

HAR. No; but I will prevent you from prating and from being insolent. Hold your tongue, will you?

LA FL. I name nobody.

HAR. Another word, and I'll thrash you.

LA FL. He whom the cap fits, let him wear it.

HAR. Will you be silent?

LA FL. Yes; much against my will.

HAR. Ah! ah!

LA FL. (*showing* HARPAGON *one of his doublet pockets*). Just look, here is one more pocket. Are you satisfied?

HAR. Come, give it up to me without all that fuss.

LA FL. Give you what?

HAR. What you have stolen from me.

LA FL. I have stolen nothing at all from you.

HAR. Are you telling the truth?

LA FL. Yes.

HAR. Good-bye, then, and now you may go to the devil.

LA FL. (*aside*). That's a nice way of dismissing anyone.

HAR. I leave it to your conscience, remember!

SCENE IV.—HARPAGON (*alone*).

This rascally valet is a constant vexation to me; and I hate the very sight of the good-for-nothing cripple.* Really, it is no small anxiety to keep by one a large sum of money; and happy is the man who has all his cash well invested, and who needs not keep by him more than he wants for his daily expenses. I am not a little puzzled to find in the whole of this house a safe hiding-place. Don't speak to me of your strong boxes, I will never trust to them. Why, they are just the very things thieves set upon!

SCENE V.—HARPAGON; ÉLISE *and* CLÉANTE *are seen talking together at the back of the stage.*

HAR. (*thinking himself alone*). Meanwhile, I hardly know whether I did right to bury in my garden the ten thousand crowns which were paid to me yesterday. Ten thousand crowns in gold is a sum sufficiently . . . . (*Aside, on perceiving* ÉLISE *and* CLÉANTE *whispering together*) Good heavens! I have betrayed myself; my warmth has carried me away. I believe I spoke aloud while reasoning with myself. (*To* CLÉANTE *and* ÉLISE) What do you want?

CLE. Nothing, father.

HAR. Have you been here long?

ELI. We have only just come.

HAR. Did you hear? . . . .

CLE. What, father?

HAR. There! . . . .

CLE. What?

HAR. What I was just now saying.

CLE. No.

HAR. You did. I know you did.

ELI. I beg your pardon, father, but we did not.

HAR. I see well enough that you overheard a few words. The fact is, I was only talking to myself about the trouble one has nowadays to raise any money; and I

* Compare 'Lovers' Quarrels,' act i. scene i. note; vol. i. p. 97.

was saying that he is a fortunate man who has ten thousand crowns in his house.

CLE. We were afraid of coming near you, for fear of intruding.

HAR. I am very glad to tell you this, so that you may not misinterpret things, and imagine that I said that it was I who have ten thousand crowns.

CLE. We do not wish to interfere in your affairs.

HAR. Would that I had them, these ten thousand crowns!

CLE. I should not think that . . . .

HAR. What a capital affair it would be for me.

CLE. There are things . . . .

HAR. I greatly need them.

CLE. I fancy that . . . .

HAR. It would suit me exceedingly well.

ELI. You are . . . .

HAR. And I should not have to complain, as I do now, that the times are bad.

CLE. Dear me, father, you have no reason to complain; and everyone knows that you are well enough off.

HAR. How? I am well enough off! Those who say it are liars. Nothing can be more false; and they are scoundrels who spread such reports.

ELI. Don't be angry.

HAR. It is strange that my own children betray me and become my enemies.

CLE. Is it being your enemy to say that you have wealth?

HAR. Yes, it is. Such talk and your extravagant expenses will be the cause that some day thieves will come and cut my throat, in the belief that I am made of gold.

CLE. What extravagant expenses do I indulge in?

HAR. What! Is there anything more scandalous than this sumptuous attire with which you jaunt it about the town? I was remonstrating with your sister yesterday, but you are still worse. It cries vengeance to heaven; and were we to calculate all you are wearing, from head to foot, we should find enough for a good annuity. I have told you a hundred times, my son, that your manners

displease me exceedingly; you affect the marquis terribly, and for you to be always dressed as you are, you must certainly rob me.

CLE. Rob you? And how?

HAR. How should I know? Where else could you find money enough to clothe yourself as you do?

CLE. I, father? I play; and as I am very lucky, I spend in clothes all the money I win.

HAR. It is very wrong. If you are lucky at play, you should profit by it, and place the money you win at decent interest, so that you may find it again some day. I should like to know, for instance, without mentioning the rest, what need there is for all these ribbons with which you are decked from head to foot, and if half a dozen tags are not sufficient to fasten your breeches. What necessity is there for anyone to spend money upon wigs, when we have hair of our own growth, which costs nothing. I will lay a wager that, in wigs and ribbons alone, there are certainly twenty pistoles spent, and twenty pistoles brings in at least eighteen livres six sous eight deniers per annum, at only eight per cent. interest.

CLE. You are quite right.

HAR. Enough on this subject; let us talk of something else. (*Aside, noticing* CLÉANTE *and* ÉLISE, *who make signs to one another*) I believe they are making signs to one another to pick my pocket. (*Aloud*) What do you mean by those signs?

ELI. We are hesitating as to who shall speak first, for we both have something to tell you.

HAR. And I also have something to tell you both.

CLE. We wanted to speak to you about marriage, father.

HAR. The very thing I wish to speak to you about.

ELI. Ah! my father!

HAR. What is the meaning of that exclamation? Is it the word, daughter, or the thing itself that frightens you?

CLE. Marriage may frighten us both according to the way you take it; and our feelings may perhaps not coincide with your choice.

HAR. A little patience, if you please. You need not be

alarmed. I know what is good for you both, and you will have no reason to complain of anything I intend to do. To begin at the beginning. (*To* CLÉANTE) Do you know, tell me, a young person, called Marianne, who lives not far from here?

CLE. Yes, father.

HAR. And you?

ELI. I have heard her spoken of.

HAR. Well, my son, and how do you like the girl?

CLE. She is very charming.

HAR. Her face?

CLE. Modest and intelligent.

HAR. Her air and manner?

CLE. Perfect, undoubtedly.

HAR. Do you not think that such a girl well deserves to be thought of?

CLE. Yes, father.

HAR. She would form a very desirable match?

CLE. Very desirable.

HAR. That there is every likelihood of her making a thrifty and careful wife.

CLE. Certainly.

HAR. And that a husband might live very happily with her?

CLE. I have not the least doubt about it.

HAR. There is one little difficulty; I am afraid she has not the fortune we might reasonably expect.

CLE. Oh, my father, riches are of little importance when one is sure of marrying a virtuous woman.

HAR. I beg your pardon. Only there is this to be said: that if we do not find as much money as we could wish, we may make it up in something else.

CLE. That follows as a matter of course.

HAR. Well, I must say that I am very much pleased to find that you entirely agree with me, for her modest manner and her gentleness have won my heart; and I have made up my mind to marry her, provided I find she has some dowry.

CLE. Eh!

HAR. What now?

CLE. You are resolved, you say . . . .?

HAR. To marry Marianne.

CLE. Who? you? you?

HAR. Yes, I, I, I. What does all this mean?

CLE. I feel a sudden dizziness, and I must withdraw for a little while.

HAR. It will be nothing. Go quickly into the kitchen and drink a large glass of cold water, it will soon set you all right again.

SCENE VI.—HARPAGON, ÉLISE.

HAR. There goes one of your effeminate fops, with no more stamina than a chicken. That is what I have resolved for myself, my daughter. As to your brother, I have thought for him of a certain widow, of whom I heard this morning; and you I shall give to Mr. Anselme.

ELI. To Mr. Anselme?

HAR. Yes, a staid and prudent man, who is not above fifty, and of whose riches everybody speaks.

ELI. (*curtseying*). I have no wish to marry, father, if you please.

HAR. (*imitating* ÉLISE). And I, my little girl, my darling, I wish you to marry, if you please.

ELI. (*curtseying again*). I beg your pardon, my father.

HAR. (*again imitating* ÉLISE). I beg your pardon, my daughter.

ELI. I am the very humble servant of Mr. Anselme, but (*curtseying again*), with your leave, I shall not marry him.

HAR. I am your very humble servant, but (*again imitating* ÉLISE) you will marry him this very evening.

ELI. This evening?

HAR. This evening.

ELI. (*curtseying again*). It cannot be done, father.

HAR. (*imitating* ÉLISE). It will be done, daughter.

ELI. No.

HAR. Yes.

ELI. No, I tell you.

HAR. Yes, I tell you.

ELI. You will never force me to do such a thing.

HAR. I will force you to it.

ELI. I had rather kill myself than marry such a man.

HAR. You will not kill yourself, and you will marry him. But did you ever see such impudence? Did ever any one hear a daughter speak in such a fashion to her father?

ELI. But did ever anyone see a father marry his daughter after such a fashion?

HAR. It is a match against which nothing can be said, and I am perfectly sure that everybody will approve of my choice.

ELI. And I know that it will be approved of by no reasonable person.

HAR. (*seeing* VALÈRE). There is Valère coming. Shall we make him judge in this affair?

ELI. Willingly.

HAR. You will abide by what he says?

ELI. Yes, whatever he thinks right, I will do.

HAR. Agreed.

SCENE VII.—VALÈRE, HARPAGON, ÉLISE.

HAR. Valère, we have chosen you to decide who is in the right, my daughter or I.

VAL. It is certainly you, Sir.

HAR. But have you any idea of what we are talking about?

VAL. No; but you could not be in the wrong; you are reason itself.

HAR. I want to give her to-night, for a husband, a man as rich as he is good; and the hussy tells me to my face that she scorns to take him. What do you say to that?

VAL. What I say to it?

HAR. Yes?

VAL. Eh! eh!

HAR. What?

VAL. I say that I am, upon the whole, of your opinion, and that you cannot but be right; yet, perhaps, she is not altogether wrong; and . . . .

HAR. How so? Mr. Anselme is an excellent match; he is a nobleman, and a gentleman too; of simple habits, and

extremely well off. He has no children left from his first marriage. Could she meet with anything more suitable?

VAL. It is true. But she might say that you are going rather fast, and that she ought to have at least a little time to consider whether her inclination could reconcile itself to . . . .

HAR. It is an opportunity I must not allow to slip through my fingers. I find an advantage here which I should not find elsewhere, and he agrees to take her without dowry.

VAL. Without dowry?

HAR. Yes.

VAL. Ah! I have nothing more to say. A more convincing reason could not be found; and she must yield to that.

HAR. It is a considerable saving to me.

VAL. Undoubtedly; this admits of no contradiction. It is true that your daughter might represent to you that marriage is a more serious affair than people are apt to believe; that the happiness or misery of a whole life depends on it, and that an engagement which is to last till death ought not to be entered into without great consideration.

HAR. Without dowry!

VAL. That must of course decide everything. There are certainly people who might tell you that on such occasions the wishes of a daughter are no doubt to be considered, and that this great disparity of age, of disposition, and of feelings might be the cause of many an unpleasant thing in a married life.

HAR. Without dowry!

VAL. Ah! it must be granted that there is no reply to that; who in the world could think otherwise? I do not mean to say but that there are many fathers who would set a much higher value on the happiness of their daughter than on the money they may have to give for their marriage; who would not like to sacrifice them to their own interests, and who would, above all things, try to see in a marriage that sweet conformity of tastes which is a sure pledge of honour, tranquillity and joy; and that . . . .

HAR. Without dowry!

VAL. That is true; nothing more can be said. Without dowry. How can anyone resist such arguments?

HAR. (*aside, looking towards the garden*). Ah! I fancy I hear a dog barking. Is anyone after my money. (*To* VALÈRE) Stop here, I'll come back directly.

SCENE VIII.—ÉLISE, VALÈRE.

ELI. Surely, Valère, you are not in earnest when you speak to him in that manner?

VAL. I do it that I may not vex him, and the better to secure my ends. To resist him boldly would simply spoil everything. There are certain people who are only to be managed by indirect means, temperaments averse from all resistance, restive natures whom truth causes to rear, who always kick when we would lead them on the right road of reason, and who can only be led by a way opposed to that by which you wish them to go. Pretend to comply with his wishes; you are much more likely to succeed in the end, and . . . .

ELI. But this marriage, Valère?

VAL. We will find some pretext for breaking it off.

ELI. But what pretext can we find if it is to be concluded to-night?

VAL. You must ask to have it delayed, and must feign some illness or other.

ELI. But he will soon discover the truth if they call in the doctor.

VAL. Not a bit of it. Do you imagine that a doctor understands what he is about? Nonsense! Don't be afraid. Believe me, you may complain of any disease you please, the doctor will be at no loss to explain to you from what it proceeds.

SCENE IX.—HARPAGON, ÉLISE, VALÈRE.

HAR. (*alone, at the farther end of the stage*). It is nothing, thank heaven!

VAL (*not seeing* HARPAGON). In short, flight is the last resource we have left us to avoid all this; and if your love,

dear Élise, is as strong as . . . . (*Seeing* HARPAGON) Yes, a daughter is bound to obey her father. She has no right to inquire what a husband offered to her is like, and when the most important question, "without dowry," presents itself, she should accept anybody that is given her.

HAR. Good; that was beautifully said!

VAL. I beg your pardon, Sir, if I carry it a little too far, and take upon myself to speak to her as I do.

HAR. Why, I am delighted, and I wish you to have her entirely under your control. (*To* ÉLISE) Yes, you may run away as much as you like. I give him all the authority over you that heaven has given me, and I will have you do all that he tells you.

VAL. After that, resist all my expostulations, if you can.

SCENE X.—HARPAGON, VALÈRE.

VAL. I will follow her, Sir, if you will allow me, and will continue the lecture I was giving her.

HAR. Yes, do so; you will oblige me greatly.

VAL. She ought to be kept in with a tight hand.

HAR. Quite true, you must . . . .

VAL. Do not be afraid; I believe I shall end by convincing her.

HAR. Do so, do so. I am going to take a short stroll in the town, and I will come back again presently.

VAL. (*going towards the door through which* ÉLISE *left, and speaking as if it were to her*). Yes, money is more precious than anything else in the world, and you should thank heaven that you have so worthy a man for a father. He knows what life is. When a man offers to marry a girl without a dowry, we ought to look no farther. Everything is comprised in that, and "without dowry" compensates for want of beauty, youth, birth, honour, wisdom, and probity.

HAR. Ah! the honest fellow! he speaks like an oracle. Happy is he who can secure such a servant!

ACT II.

Scene I.—Cléante, La Flèche.

Cle. How now, you rascal! where have you been hiding? Did I not give you orders to . . . .?

La Fl. Yes, Sir, and I came here resolved to wait for you without stirring, but your father, that most ungracious of men, drove me into the street in spite of myself, and I well nigh got a good drubbing into the bargain.

Cle. How is our affair progressing? Things are worse than ever for us, and since I left you, I have discovered that my own father is my rival.

La Fl. Your father in love?

Cle. It seems so; and I found it very difficult to hide from him what I felt at such a discovery.

La Fl. He meddling with love! What the deuce is he thinking of? Does he mean to set everybody at defiance? And is love made for people of his build?

Cle. It is to punish me for my sins that this passion has entered his head.

La Fl. But why do you hide your love from him?

Cle. That he may not suspect anything, and to make it more easy for me to fall back, if need be, upon some device to prevent this marriage. What answer did you receive?

La Fl. Indeed, Sir, those who borrow are much to be pitied, and we must put up with strange things when, like you, we are forced to pass through the hands of the usurers.

Cle. Then the affair wont come off?

La Fl. Excuse me; Mr. Simon, the broker who was recommended to us, is a very active and zealous fellow, and says he has left no stone unturned to help you. He assures me that your looks alone have won his heart.

Cle. Shall I have the fifteen thousand francs which I want?

La Fl. Yes, but under certain trifling conditions, which you must accept if you wish the bargain to be concluded.

Cle. Did you speak to the man who is to lend the money?

La Fl Oh! dear no. Things are not done in that way.

He is still more anxious than you to remain unknown. These things are greater mysteries than you think. His name is not by any means to be divulged, and he is to be introduced to you to-day at a house provided by him, so that he may hear from yourself all about your position and your family; and I have not the least doubt that the mere name of your father will be sufficient to accomplish what you wish.

CLE. Particularly as my mother is dead, and they cannot deprive me of what I inherit from her.

LA FL. Well, here are some of the conditions which he has himself dictated to our go-between for you to take cognisance of, before anything is begun.

"Supposing that the lender is satisfied with all his securities, and that the borrower is of age and of a family whose property is ample, solid, secure, and free from all incumbrances, there shall be drawn up a good and correct bond before as honest a notary as it is possible to find, and who for this purpose shall be chosen by the lender, because he is the more concerned of the two that the bond should be rightly executed."

CLE. There is nothing to say against that.

LA FA. "The lender, not to burden his conscience with the least scruple, does not wish to lend his money at more than five and a half per cent."

CLE. Five and a half per cent? By Jove, that's honest! We have nothing to complain of.

LA FL. That's true.

"But as the said lender has not in hand the sum required, and as, in order to oblige the borrower, he is himself obliged to borrow from another at the rate of twenty per cent., it is but right that the said first borrower shall pay this interest, without detriment to the rest; since it is only to oblige him that the said lender is himself forced to borrow."

CLE. The deuce! What a Jew! what a Turk we have here! That is more than twenty-five per cent.

LA FL. That's true; and it is the remark I made. It is for you to consider the matter before you act.

CLE. How can I consider? I want the money, and I must therefore accept everything.

LA FL. That is exactly what I answered.

CLE. Is there anything else?

LA FL. Only a small item.

"Of the fifteen thousand francs which are demanded, the lender will only be able to count down twelve thousand in hard cash; instead of the remaining three thousand, the borrower will have to take the chattels, clothing, and jewels, contained in the following catalogue, and which the said lender has put in all good faith at the lowest possible figure."

CLE. What is the meaning of all that?

LA FL. I'll go through the catalogue:—

"Firstly:—A fourpost bedstead, with hangings of Hungary lace very elegantly trimmed with olive-coloured cloth, and six chairs and a counterpane to match; the whole in very good condition, and lined with soft red and blue shot-silk. Item:—the tester of good pale pink Aumale serge, with the small and the large fringes of silk."

CLE. What does he want me to do with all this?

LA FL. Wait.

"Item:—Tapestry hangings representing the loves of Gombaud and Macée.* Item:—A large walnut table with twelve columns or turned legs, which draws out at both ends, and is provided beneath with six stools."

CLE. Hang it all! What am I to do with all this?

LA FL. Have patience.

"Item:—Three large matchlocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with rests to correspond. Item:—A brick furnace with two retorts and three receivers, very useful to those who have any taste for distilling."

CLE. You will drive me crazy.

LA FL. Gently!

"Item:—A Bologna lute with all its strings, or nearly all. Item:—A pigeon-hole table and a draught-board, and a game of mother goose, restored from the Greeks, most useful to pass the time when one has nothing to do. Item:—A lizard's skin, three feet and a half in length, stuffed with hay, a pleasing curiosity to hang on the ceiling of a room. The whole of the above-mentioned articles

* An old comic pastoral.

are really worth more than four thousand five hundred francs, and are reduced to the value of a thousand crowns through the considerateness of the lender."

CLE. Let the plague choke him with his considerateness, the wretch, the cut-throat that he is! Did ever anyone hear of such usury? Is he not satisfied with the outrageous interest he asks that he must force me to take, instead of the three thousand francs, all the old rubbish which he picks up. I shan't get two hundred crowns for all that, and yet I must bring myself to yield to all his wishes; for he is in a position to force me to accept everything, and he has me, the villain, with a knife at my throat.

LA FL. I see you, Sir, if you'll forgive my saying so, on the high-road followed by Panurge† to ruin himself —taking money in advance, buying dear, selling cheap, and cutting your corn while it is still grass.

CLE. What would you have me do? It is to this that young men are reduced by the accursed avarice of their fathers; and people are astonished after that, that sons long for their death.

LA FL. No one can deny that yours would excite against his meanness the most quiet of men. I have not, thank God, any inclination gallows-ward, and among my colleagues whom I see dabbling in various doubtful affairs, I know well enough how to keep myself out of hot water, and how to keep clear of all those things which savour ever so little of the ladder; but to tell you the truth, he almost gives me, by his ways of going on, the desire of robbing him, and I should think that in doing so I was doing a meritorious action.

CLE. Give me that memorandum that I may have another look at it.

SCENE II.—HARPAGON, MR. SIMON (CLÉANTE *and* LA FLÈCHE *at the back of the stage*).

MR. SIM. Yes, Sir; it is a young man who is greatly in want of money; his affairs force him to find some at any cost, and he will submit to all your conditions.

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† The real hero in Rabelais' 'Pantagruel.'

HAL. But are you sure, Mr. Simon, that there is no risk to run in this case? and do you know the name, the property, and the family of him for whom you speak?

SIM. No; I cannot tell you anything for certain, as it was by mere chance that I was made acquainted with him; but he will tell you everything himself, and his servant has assured me that you will be quite satisfied when you know who he is. All I can tell you is that his family is said to be very wealthy, that he has already lost his mother, and that he will pledge you his word, if you insist upon it, that his father will die before eight months are passed.

HAR. That is something. Charity, Mr. Simon, demands of us to gratify people whenever we have it in our power.

SIM. Evidently.

LA FL. (*aside to* CLÉANTE, *on recognising* MR. SIMON). What does this mean? Mr. Simon talking with your father!

CLE. (*aside to* LA FLÈCHE). Has he been told who I am, and would you be capable of betraying me?

SIM. (*to* CLÉANTE *and* LA FLÈCHE). Ah! you are in good time! But who told you to come here? (*To* HARPAGON) It was certainly not I who told them your name and address; but I am of opinion that there is no great harm done; they are people who can be trusted, and you can come to some understanding together.

HAR. What!

SIM. (*showing* CLÉANTE). This is the gentleman who wants to borrow the fifteen thousand francs of which I have spoken to you.

HAR. What! miscreant! is it you who abandon yourself to such excesses?

CLE. What! father! is it you who stoop to such shameful deeds?

(MR. SIMON *runs away, and* LA FLÈCHE *hides himself.*)

SCENE III.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

HAR. It is you who are ruining yourself by loans so greatly to be condemned!

CLE. So it is you who seek to enrich yourself by such criminal usury!

HAR. And you dare, after that, to show yourself before me?

CLE. And you dare, after that, to show yourself to the world?

HAR. Are you not ashamed, tell me, to descend to these wild excesses, to rush headlong into frightful expenses, and disgracefully to dissipate the wealth which your parents have amassed with so much toil.

CLÉ. Are you not ashamed of dishonouring your station by such dealings, of sacrificing honour and reputation to the insatiable desire of heaping crown upon crown, and of outdoing the most infamous devices that have ever been invented by the most notorious usurers?

HAR. Get out of my sight, you reprobate; get out of my sight!

CLE. Who is the more criminal in your opinion: he who buys the money of which he stands in need, or he who obtains, by unfair means, money for which he has no use?

HAR. Begone, I say, and do not provoke me to anger. (*Alone*) After all, I am not very much vexed at this adventure; it will be a lesson to me to keep a better watch over all his doings.

SCENE IV.—FROSINE, HARPAGON.

FRO. Sir.

HAR. Wait a moment, I will come back and speak to you. (*Aside*) I had better go and see a little after my money.

SCENE V.—LA FLÈCHE, FROSINE.

LA FL. (*without seeing* FROSINE). The adventure is most comical. Hidden somewhere he must have a large store of goods of all kinds, for the list did not contain one single article which either of us recognised.

FRO. Hallo! is it you, my poor La Flèche? How is it we meet here?

LA FL. Ah! ah! it is you, Frosine; and what have you come to do here?

FRO. What have I come to do? Why! what I do everywhere else, busy myself about other people's affairs, make myself useful to the community in general, and profit as much as I possibly can by the small talents I possess. Must we not live by our wits in this world? and what other resources have people like me but intrigue and cunning?

LA FL. Have you, then, any business with the master of this house?

FRO. Yes. I am transacting for him a certain small matter for which he is pretty sure to give me a reward.

LA FL. He give you a reward! Ah! ah! Upon my word, you will be 'cute if you ever get one, and I warn you that ready money is very scarce hereabouts.

FRO. That may be, but there are certain services which wonderfully touch our feelings.

LA FL. Your humble servant; but as yet you don't know Harpagon. Harpagon is the human being of all human beings the least humane, the mortal of all mortals the hardest and closest. There is no service great enough to induce him to open his purse. If, indeed, you want praise, esteem, kindness, and friendship, you are welcome to any amount; but money, that's a different affair. There is nothing more dry, more barren, than his favour and his good grace, and "*give*" is a word for which he has such a strong dislike that he never says *I give*, but *I lend, you a good morning.*

FRO. That's all very well; but I know the art of fleecing men. I have a secret of touching their affections by flattering their hearts, and of finding out their weak points.

LA FL. All useless here. I defy you to soften, as far as money is concerned, the man we are speaking of. He is a Turk on that point, of a Turkishness to drive anyone to despair, and we might starve in his presence and never a peg would he stir. In short, he loves money better than reputation, honour, and virtue, and the mere sight of anyone making demands upon his purse sends him into convulsions; it is like striking him in a vital place, it is piercing

him to the heart, it is like tearing out his very bowels! And if . . . . But here he comes again; I leave you.

SCENE VI.—HARPAGON, FROSINE.

HAR. (*aside*). All is as it should be. (*To* FROSINE) Well, what is it, Frosine?

FRO. Bless me, how well you look! You are the very picture of health.

HAR. Who? I?

FRO. Never have I seen you looking more rosy, more hearty.

HAR. Are you in earnest?

FRO. Why! you have never been so young in your life; and I know many a man of twenty-five who looks much older than you do.

HAR. And yet, Frosine, I have passed threescore.

FRO. Threescore! Well, and what then? You don't mean to make a trouble of that, do you? It's the very flower of manhood, the threshold of the prime of life.

HAR. True; but twenty years less would do me no harm, I think.

FRO. Nonsense! You've no need of that, and you are of a built to last out a hundred.

HAR. Do you really think so?

FRO. Decidedly. You have all the appearance of it. Hold yourself up a little. Ah! what a sign of long life is that line there straight between your two eyes!

HAR. You know all about that, do you?

FRO. I should think I do. Show me your hand.* Dear me, what a line of life there is there!

HAR. Where?

FRO. Don't you see how far this line goes?

HAR. Well, and what does it mean?

FRO. What does it mean? There . . . . I said a hundred years; but no, it is one hundred and twenty I ought to have said.

HAR. Is it possible?

FRO. I tell you they will have to kill you, and you will bury your children and your children's children.

* Frosine professes a knowledge of palmistry.

HAR. So much the better! And what news of our affair?

FRO. Is there any need to ask? Did ever anyone see me begin anything and not succeed in it? I have, especially for matchmaking, the most wonderful talent. There are no two persons in the world I could not couple together and I believe that, if I took it into my head, I could make the Grand Turk marry the Republic of Venice.* But we had, to be sure, no such difficult thing to achieve in this matter. As I know the ladies very well, I told them every particular about you and I acquainted the mother with your intentions towards Marianne since you saw her pass in the street and enjoy the fresh air out of her window.

HAR. What did she answer . . . .?

FRO. She received your proposal with great joy; and when I told her that you wished very much that her daughter should come to-night to assist at the marriage contract which is to be signed for your own daughter, she assented at once, and entrusted her to me for the purpose.

HAR. You see, Frosine, I am obliged to give some supper to Mr. Anselme, and I should like her to have a share in the feast.

FRO. You are quite right. She is to come after dinner to pay a visit to your daughter; then she means to go from here to the fair, and return to your house just in time for supper.

HAR. That will do very well; they shall go together in my carriage, which I will lend them.

FRO. That will suit her perfectly.

HAR. But I say, Frosine, have you spoken to the mother about the dowry she can give her daughter? Did you make her understand that under such circumstances she ought to do her utmost and to make a great sacrifice? For, after all, one does not marry a girl without her bringing something with her.

FRO. How something! She is a girl who will bring you a clear twelve thousand francs a year?

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* Old enemies. The Turks took Candia from the Venetians in 1669, after a war of twenty years.

HAR. Twelve thousand francs a year?

FRO. Yes! To begin with, she has been nursed and brought up with the strictest notions of frugality. She is a girl accustomed to live upon salad, milk, cheese, and apples, and who consequently will require neither a well served up table, nor any rich broth, nor your everlasting peeled barley; none, in short, of all those delicacies that another woman would want. This is no small matter, and may well amount to three thousand francs yearly. Besides this, she only cares for simplicity and neatness; she will have none of those splendid dresses and rich jewels, none of that sumptuous furniture in which girls like her indulge so extravagantly; and this item is worth more than four thousand francs per annum. Lastly, she has the deepest aversion to gambling; and this is not very common nowadays among women. Why, I know of one in our neighbourhood who lost at least twenty thousand francs this year. But let us reckon only a fourth of that sum. Five thousand francs a year at play and four thousand in clothes and jewels make nine thousand; and three thousand francs which we count for food, does it not make your twelve thousand francs?

HAR. Yes, that's not bad; but, after all, that calculation has nothing real in it.

FRO. Excuse me; is it nothing real to bring you in marriage a great sobriety, to inherit a great love for simplicity in dress, and the acquired property of a great hatred for gambling?

HAR. It is a farce to pretend to make up a dowry with all the expenses she will not run into. I could not give a receipt for what I do not receive; and I must decidedly get something.

FRO. Bless me! you will get enough; and they have spoken to me of a certain country where they have some property, of which you will be master.

HAR. We shall have to see to that. But, Frosine, there is one more thing that makes me uneasy. The girl is young, you know; and young people generally like those who are young like themselves, and only care for the society of the young. I am afraid that a man of my age may not exactly suit her taste, and that this may occasion

in my family certain complications that would in nowise be pleasant to me.

FRO. Oh, how badly you judge her! This is one more peculiarity of which I had to speak to you. She has the greatest detestation to all young men, and only likes old people.

HAR. Does she?

FRO. I should like you to hear her talk on that subject; she cannot bear at all the sight of a young man, and nothing delights her more than to see a fine old man with a venerable beard. The oldest are to her the most charming, and I warn you beforehand not to go and make yourself any younger than you really are. She wishes for one sixty years old at least; and it is not more than six months ago that on the very eve of being married she suddenly broke off the match on learning that her lover was only fifty-six years of age, and did not put on spectacles to sign the contract.

HAR. Only for that?

FRO. Yes; she says there is no pleasure with a man of fifty-six; and she has a decided affection for those who wear spectacles.

HAR. Well, this is quite new to me.

FRO. No one can imagine how far she carries this. She has in her room a few pictures and engravings, and what do you imagine they are? An Adonis, a Cephalus, a Paris, an Apollo? Not a bit of it! Fine portraits of Saturn, of King Priam, of old Nestor, and of good father Anchises on his son's shoulders.

HAR. That's admirable. I should never have guessed such a thing; and I am very pleased to hear that she has such taste as this. Indeed, had I been a woman, I should never have loved young fellows.

FRO. I should think not. Fine trumpery indeed, these young men, for any one to fall in love with. Fine jackanapes and puppies for a woman to hanker after. I should like to know what relish anyone can find in them?

HAR. Truly; I don't understand it myself, and I cannot make out how it is that some women dote so on them.

FRO. They must be downright idiots. Can any one be in his senses who thinks youth amiable? Can those curly-

pated coxcombs be men, and can one really get attached to such animals?

HAR. Exactly what I say every day! With their effeminate voices, their three little bits of a beard turned up like cat's whiskers, their tow wigs, their flowing breeches and open breasts!

FRO. Yes; they are famous guys compared with yourself. In you we see something like a man. There is enough to satisfy the eye. It is thus that one should be made and dressed to inspire love.

HAR. Then you think I am pretty well?

FRO. Pretty well! I should think so; you are charming, and your face would make a beautiful picture. Turn round a little, if you please. You could not find anything better anywhere. Let me see you walk. You have a well-shaped body, free and easy, as it should be, and one which gives no sign of infirmity.

HAR. I have nothing the matter to speak of, I am thankful to say. It is only my cough, which returns from time to time.*

FRO. That is nothing, and coughing becomes you exceedingly well.

HAR. Tell me, Frosine, has Marianne seen me yet? Has she not noticed me when I passed by?

FRO. No; but we have had many conversations about you. I gave her an exact description of your person, and I did not fail to make the most of your merit, and to show her what an advantage it would be to have a husband like you.

HAR. You did right, and I thank you very much for it.

FRO. I have, Sir, a small request to make to you. I am in danger of losing a lawsuit for want of a little money (HARPAGON *looks grave*), and you can easily help me with it, if you have pity upon me. You cannot imagine how happy she will be to see you. (HARPAGON *looks joyful.*) Oh! how sure you are to please her, and how sure that antique ruff of yours is to produce a wonderful effect on her mind. But, above all, she will be delighted with your breeches

* Molière makes use even of his own infirmities. Compare act i. scene iii. This cough killed him at last.

fastened to your doublet with tags; that will make her mad after you, and a lover who wears tags will be most welcome to her.

HAR. You send me into raptures, Frosine, by saying that.

FRO. I tell you the truth, Sir; this lawsuit is of the utmost importance for me. (HARPAGON *looks serious again.*) If I lose it, I am for ever ruined; but a very small sum will save me. I should like you to have seen the happiness she felt when I spoke of you to her. (HARPAGON *looks pleased again.*) Joy sparkled in her eyes while I told her of all your good qualities; and I succeeded, in short, in making her look forward with the greatest impatience to the conclusion of the match.

HAR. You have given me great pleasure, Frosine, and I assure you I . . . .

FRO. I beg of you, Sir, to grant me the little assistance I ask of you. (HARPAGON *again looks grave.*) It will put me on my feet again, and I shall feel grateful to you for ever.

HAR. Good-bye; I must go and finish my correspondence.

FRO. I assure you, Sir, that you could not help me in a more pressing necessity.

HAR. I will see that my carriage is ready to take you to the fair.

FRO. I would not importune you so if I were not compelled by necessity.

HAR. And I will see that we have supper early, so that nobody may be ill.

FRO. Do not refuse me the service, I beg of you. You can hardly believe, Sir, the pleasure that . . . .

HAR. I must go; somebody is calling me. We shall see each other again by and by.

FRO. (*alone*). May the fever seize you, you stingy cur, and send you to the devil and his angels! The miser has held out against all my attacks; but I must not drop the negotiation; for I have the other side, and there, at all events, I am sure of a good reward.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, ÉLISE, VALÈRE; DAME CLAUDE (*holding a broom*), MASTER JACQUES, LA MERLUCHE, BRINDAVOINE.

HAR. Here, come here, all of you; I must give you orders for by and by, and arrange what each one will have to do. Come nearer, Dame Claude; let us begin with you. (*Looking at her broom.*) Good; you are ready armed, I see. To you I commit the care of cleaning up everywhere; but, above all, be very careful not to rub the furniture too hard, for fear of wearing it out. Besides this, I put the bottles under your care during supper, and if any one of them is missing, or if anything gets broken, you will be responsible for it, and pay it out of your wages.

JAC. (*aside*). A shrewd punishment that.

HAR. (*to* DAME CLAUDE.) Now you may go.

SCENE II.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, ÉLISE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES, BRINDAVOINE, LA MERLUCHE.

HAR. To you, Brindavoine, and to you, La Merluche, belongs the duty of washing the glasses, and of giving to drink, but only when people are thirsty, and not according to the custom of certain impertinent lackeys, who urge them to drink, and put the idea into their heads when they are not thinking about it. Wait until you have been asked several times, and remember always to have plenty of water.

JAC. (*aside*). Yes; wine without water gets into one's head.

LA MER. Shall we take off our smocks, Sir?

HAR. Yes, when you see the guests coming; but be very careful not to spoil your clothes.

BRIND. You know, Sir, that one of the fronts of my doublet is covered with a large stain of oil from the lamp.

LA MER. And I, Sir, that my breeches are all torn behind, and that, saving your presence . . . .

HAR. (*to* LA MERLUCHE). Peace! Turn carefully towards the wall, and always face the company. (*To* BRINDAVOINE, *showing him how he is to hold his hat before his doublet, to hide the stain of oil*) And you, always hold your hat in this fashion when you wait on the guests.

SCENE III.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, ÉLISE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

HAR. As for you, my daughter, you will look after all that is cleared off the table, and see that nothing is wasted; this care is very becoming to young girls. Meanwhile get ready to welcome my lady-love, who is coming this afternoon to pay you a visit, and will take you off to the fair with her. Do you understand what I say?

ELI. Yes, father.

SCENE IV.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

HAR. And you, my young dandy of a son, to whom I have the kindness of forgiving what happened this morning, mind you don't receive her coldly, or show her a sour face.

CLE. Receive her coldly! And why should I?

HAR. Why? why? We know pretty well the ways of children whose fathers marry again, and the looks they give to those we call stepmothers. But if you wish me to forget your last offence, I advise you, above all things, to receive her kindly, and, in short, to give her the heartiest welcome you can.

CLE. To speak the truth, father, I cannot promise you that I am very happy to see her become my stepmother; but as to receiving her properly, and as to giving her a kind welcome, I promise to obey you in that to the very letter.

HAR. Be careful you do, at least.

CLE. You will see that you have no cause to complain.

HAR. You will do wisely.

SCENE V.—HARPAGON, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

HAR. Valère, you will have to give me your help in this business. Now, Master Jacques, I kept you for the last.

JAC. Is it to your coachman, Sir, or to your cook you want to speak, for I am both the one and the other?

HAR. To both.

JAC. But to which of the two first?

HAR. To the cook.

JAC. Then wait a minute, if you please.

(JACQUES *takes off his stable-coat and appears dressed as a cook.*)

HAR. What the deuce is the meaning of this ceremony?

JAC. Now I am at your service.

HAR. I have engaged myself, Master Jacques, to give a supper to-night.

JAC. (*aside*). Wonderful!

HAR. Tell me, can you give us a good supper?

JAC. Yes, if you give me plenty of money.

HAR. The deuce! Always money! I think they have nothing else to say except money, money, money! Always that same word in their mouth, money! They always speak of money! It's their pillow companion, money!

VAL. Never did I hear such an impertinent answer! Would you call it wonderful to provide good cheer with plenty of money? Is it not the easiest thing in the world? The most stupid could do as much. But a clever man should talk of a good supper with little money.

JAC. A good supper with little money?

VAL. Yes.

JAC. (*to* VALÈRE). Indeed, Mr. Steward, you will oblige me greatly by telling me your secret, and also, if you like, by filling my place as cook; for you keep on meddling here, and want to be everything.

HAR. Hold your tongue. What shall we want?

JAC. Ask that of Mr. Steward, who will give you good cheer with little money.

HAR. Do you hear? I am speaking to you, and expect you to answer me.

JAC. How many will there be at your table?

HAR. Eight or ten; but you must only reckon for eight. When there is enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

VAL. That is evident.

JAC. Very well, then; you must have four tureens of soup and five side dishes; soups, entrées . . . .

HAR. What! do you mean to feed a whole town?

JAC. Roast . . . .

HAR. (*clapping his hand on* MASTER JACQUES' *mouth*). Ah! Wretch! you are eating up all my substance.

JAC. Entremêts . . . .

HAR. (*again putting his hand on* JACQUES' *mouth*). More still?

VAL. (*to* JACQUES). Do you mean to kill everybody? And has your master invited people in order to destroy them with over-feeding? Go and read a little the precepts of health, and ask the doctors if there is anything so hurtful to man as excess in eating.

HAR. He is perfectly right.

VAL. Know, Master Jacques, you and people like you, that a table overloaded with eatables is a real cut-throat; that, to be the true friends of those we invite, frugality should reign throughout the repast we give, and that according to the saying of one of the ancients, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

HAR. Ah! How well the man speaks! Come near, let me embrace you for this last saying. It is the finest sentence that I have ever heard in my life: "We must live to eat, and not eat to live." No; that isn't it. How do you say it?

VAL. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

HAR. (*to* MASTER JACQUES). Yes. Do you hear that? (*To* VALÈRE) Who is the great man who said that?

VAL. I do not exactly recollect his name just now.

HAR. Remember to write down those words for me. I will have them engraved in letters of gold over the mantelpiece of my dining-room.

VAL. I will not fail. As for your supper, you had better let me manage it. I will see that it is all as it should be.

HAR. Do so.

JAC. So much the better; all the less work for me.

HAR. (*to* VALÈRE). We must have some of those things of which it is not possible to eat much, and that satisfy

directly. Some good fat beans, and a pâté well stuffed with chestnuts.

VAL. Trust to me.

HAR. Now, Master Jacques, you must clean my carriage.

JAC. Wait a moment; this is to the coachman. (JACQUES *puts on his coat.*) You say . . . .

HAR. That you must clean my carriage, and have my horses ready to drive to the fair.

JAC. Your horses! Upon my word, Sir, they are not at all in a condition to stir. I won't tell you that they are laid up, for the poor things have got nothing to lie upon, and it would not be telling the truth. But you make them keep such rigid fasts that they are nothing but phantoms, ideas, and mere shadows of horses.

HAR. They are much to be pitied. They have nothing to do.

JAC. And because they have nothing to do, must they have nothing to eat? It would be much better for them, poor things, to work much and eat to correspond. It breaks my heart to see them so reduced; for, in short, I love my horses; and when I see them suffer, it seems as if it were myself. Every day I take the bread out of my own mouth to feed them; and it is being too hard-hearted, Sir, to have no compassion upon one's neighbour.

HAR. It won't be very hard work to go to the fair.

JAC. No, Sir. I havn't the heart to drive them; it would go too much against my conscience to use the whip to them in the state they are in. How could you expect them to drag a carriage? They have not even strength enough to drag themselves along.

VAL. Sir, I will ask our neighbour, Picard, to drive them; particularly as we shall want his help to get the supper ready.

JAC. Be it so. I had much rather they should die under another's hand than under mine.

VAL. Master Jacques is mightily considerate.

JAC. Mr. Steward is mightily indispensable.

HAR. Peace.

JAC. Sir, I can't bear these flatteries, and I can see that, whatever this man does, his continual watching after the bread, wine, wood, salt, and candles, is done but to

curry favour and to make his court to you. I am indignant to see it all; and I am sorry to hear every day what is said of you; for, after all, I have a certain tenderness for you; and, except my horses, you are the person I like most in the world.

HAR. And I would know from you, Master Jacques, what it is that is said of me.

JAC. Yes, certainly, Sir, if I were sure you would not get angry with me.

HAR. No, no; never fear.

JAC. Excuse me, but I am sure you will be angry.

HAR. No, on the contrary, you will oblige me. I should be glad to know what people say of me.

JAC. Since you wish it, Sir, I will tell you frankly that you are the laughing-stock of everybody: that they taunt us everywhere by a thousand jokes on your account, and that nothing delights people more than to make sport of you, and to tell stories without end about your stinginess. One says that you have special almanacks printed, where you double the ember days and vigils, so that you may profit by the fasts to which you bind all your house; another, that you always have a ready-made quarrel for your servants at Christmas time or when they leave you, so that you may give them nothing. One tells a story how not long since you prosecuted a neighbour's cat because it had eaten up the remainder of a leg of mutton; another says that one night you were caught stealing your horses' oats, and that your coachman,—that is the man who was before me,—gave you, in the dark, a good sound drubbing, of which you said nothing. In short, what is the use of going on? We can go nowhere but we are sure to hear you pulled to pieces. You are the butt and jest and by-word of everybody; and never does anyone mention you but under the names of miser, stingy, mean, niggardly fellow and usurer.

HAR. (*beating* JACQUES). You are a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and an impertinent wretch.

JAC. There, there! Did not I know how it would be? You would not believe me. I told you I should make you angry if I spoke the truth?

HAR. Learn how to speak.

SCENE VI.—VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

VAL. (*laughing*). Well, Master Jacques, your frankness is badly rewarded, I fear.

JAC. S'death! Mr. Upstart, you who assume the man of consequence, it is no business of yours as far as I can see. Laugh at your own cudgelling when you get it, and don't come here and laugh at mine.

VAL. Ah! Master Jacques, don't get into a passion, I beg of you.

JAC. (*aside*). He is drawing in his horns. I will put on a bold face, and if he is fool enough to be afraid of me, I will pay him back somewhat. (*To* VALÈRE) Do you know, Mr. Grinner, that I am not exactly in a laughing humour, and that if you provoke me too much, I shall make you laugh after another fashion. (JACQUES *pushes* VALÈRE *to the farther end of the stage, threatening him.*)

VAL. Gently, gently.

JAC. How gently? And if it does not please me to go gently?

VAL. Come, come! What are you about?

JAC. You are an impudent rascal.

VAL. Master Jacques . . . .

JAC. None of your Master Jacques here! If I take up a stick, I shall soon make you feel it.

VAL. What do you mean by a stick? (*Drives back* JACQUES *in his turn.*)

JAC. No; I don't say anything about that.

VAL. Do you know, Mr. Conceit, that I am a man to give you a drubbing in good earnest?

JAC. I have no doubt of it.

VAL. That, after all, you are nothing but a scrub of a cook?

JAC. I know it very well.

VAL. And that you don't know me yet?

JAC. I beg your pardon.

VAL. You will beat me, you say?

JAC. I only spoke in jest.

VAL. I don't like your jesting, and (*beating* JACQUES) remember that you are but a sorry hand at it.

JAC. (*alone*). Plague take all sincerity; it is a bad

trade. I give it up for the future, and will cease to tell the truth. It is all very well for my master to beat me; but as for that Mr. Steward, what right has he to do it? I will be revenged on him if I can.

SCENE VII.—MARIANNE, FROSINE, MASTER JACQUES.

FRO. Do you know if your master is at home?
JAC. Yes, he is indeed; I know it but too well.
FRO. Tell him, please, that we are here.

SCENE VIII.—MARIANNE, FROSINE.

MAR. Ah! Frosine, how strange I feel, and how I dread this interview!

FRO. Why should you? What can you possibly dread?

MAR. Alas! can you ask me? Can you not understand the alarms of a person about to see the instrument of torture to which she is to be tied.

FRO. I see very well that to die agreeably, Harpagon is not the torture you would embrace; and I can judge by your looks that the fair young man you spoke of to me is still in your thoughts.

MAR. Yes, Frosine; it is a thing I do not wish to deny. The respectful visits he has paid at our house have left, I confess, a great impression on my heart.

FRO. But do you know who he is?

MAR. No, I do not. All I know is that he is made to be loved; that if things were left to my choice, I would much rather marry him than any other, and that he adds not a little to the horrible dread that I have of the husband they want to force upon me.

FRO. Oh yes! All those dandies are very pleasant, and can talk agreeably enough, but most of them are as poor as church mice; and it is much better for you to marry an old husband, who gives you plenty of money. I fully acknowledge that the senses somewhat clash with the end I propose, and that there are certain little inconveniences to be endured with such a husband; but all that won't last; and his death, believe me, will soon put

you in a position to take a more pleasant husband, who will make amends for all.

MAR. Oh, Frosine! What a strange state of things that, in order to be happy, we must look forward to the death of another. Yet death will not fall in with all the projects we make.

FRO. You are joking. You marry him with the express understanding that he will soon leave you a widow; it must be one of the articles of the marriage contract. It would be very wrong in him not to die before three months are over. Here he is himself.

MAR. Ah! dear Frosine, what a face!

SCENE IX.—HARPAGON, MARIANNE, FROSINE.

HAR. (*to* MARIANNE). Do not be offended, fair one, if I come to you with my glasses on. I know that your beauty is great enough to be seen with the naked eye; but, still, it is with glasses that we look at the stars, and I maintain and uphold that you are a star, the most beautiful and in the land of stars. Frosine, she does not answer, star, it seems to me, shows no joy at the sight of me.

FRO. It is because she is still quite awe-struck, and young girls are always shy at first, and afraid of showing what they feel.

HAR. (*to* FROSINE). You are right. (*To* MARIANNE) My pretty darling, there is my daughter coming to welcome you.

SCENE X.—HARPAGON, ÉLISE, MARIANNE, FROSINE.

MAR. I am very late in acquitting myself of the visit I owed you.

ELI. You have done what I ought to have done. It was for me to have come and seen you first.

HAR. You see what a great girl she is; but ill weeds grow apace.

MAR. (*aside to* FROSINE). Oh, what an unpleasant man!

HAR. (*to* FROSINE). What does my fair one say?

FRO. That she thinks you perfect.

HAR. You do me too much honour, my adorable darling.

MAR. (*aside*). What a dreadful creature!

HAR. I really feel too grateful to you for these sentiments.

MAR. (*aside*). I can bear it no longer.

SCENE XI.—HARPAGON, MARIANNE, ÉLISE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, BRINDAVOINE.

HAR. Here is my son, who also comes to pay his respects to you.

MAR. (*aside to* FROSINE). Oh, Frosine! what a strange meeting! He is the very one of whom I spoke to you.

FRO. (*to* MARIANNE). Well, that is extraordinary.

HAR. You are surprised to see that my children can be so old; but I shall soon get rid of both of them.

CLE. (*to* MARIANNE). Madam, to tell you the truth, I little expected such an event; and my father surprised me not a little when he told me to-day of the decision he had come to.

MAR. I can say the same thing. It is an unexpected meeting; and I certainly was far from being prepared for such an event.

CLE. Madam, my father cannot make a better choice, and it is a great joy to me to have the honour of welcoming you here. At the same time, I cannot say that I should rejoice if it were your intention to become my stepmother. I must confess that I should find it difficult to pay you the compliment; and it is a title, forgive me, that I cannot wish you to have. To some this speech would seem coarse, but I feel that you understand it. This marriage, Madam, is altogether repugnant to me. You are not ignorant, now that you know who I am, how opposed it is to all my own interests, and with my father's permission I hope you will allow me to say that, if things depended on me, it would never take place.

HAR. (*aside*). What a very impertinent speech to make; and what a confession to make to her!

MAR. And as my answer, I must tell you that things are much the same with me, and that, if you have any repugnance in seeing me your stepmother, I shall have no less in seeing you my stepson. Do not believe, I beg

of you, that it is of my own will that this trouble has come upon you. I should be deeply grieved to cause you the least sorrow, and unless I am forced to it by a power I must obey, I give you my word that I will never consent to a marriage which is so painful to you.

HAR. She is right. A foolish speech deserves a foolish answer. I beg your pardon, my love, for the impertinence of my son. He is a silly young fellow, who has not yet learnt the value of his own words.

MAR. I assure you that he has not at all offended me. I am thankful, on the contrary, that he has spoken so openly. I care greatly for such a confession from him, and if he had spoken differently, I should feel much less esteem for him.

HAR. It is very kind of you to excuse him thus. Time will make him wiser, and you will see that his feelings will change.

CLE. No, father, they will never change; and I earnestly beg of you, Madam, to believe me.

HAR. Did ever anybody see such folly? He is becoming worse and worse.

CLE. Would you have me false to my inmost feelings?

HAR. Again! Change your manners, if you please.

CLE. Very well, since you wish me to speak differently. Allow me, Madam, to take for a moment my father's place; and forgive me if I tell you that I never saw in the world anybody more charming than you are; that I can understand no happiness to equal that of pleasing you, and that to be your husband is a glory, a felicity, I should prefer to the destinies of the greatest princes upon earth. Yes, Madam, to possess you is, in my mind, to possess the best of all treasures; to obtain you is all my ambition. There is nothing I would not do for so precious a conquest, and the most powerful obstacles . . . .

HAR. Gently, gently, my son, if you please.

CLE. These are complimentary words which I speak to her in your name.

HAR. Bless me! I have a tongue of my own to explain my feelings, and I really don't care for such an advocate as you . . . . Here, bring us some chairs.

FRO. No; I think it is better for us to go at once to the

fair, in order to be back earlier, and have plenty of time for talking.

HAR. (*to* BRINDAVOINE). Have the carriage ready at once.

SCENE XII.—HARPAGON, MARIANNE, ÉLISE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE.

HAR. (*to* MARIANNE). I hope you will excuse me, my dear, but I forgot to order some refreshments for you, before you went out.

CLE. I have thought of it, father, and have ordered to be brought in here some baskets of China oranges, sweet citrons, and preserves, which I sent for in your name.

HAR. (*aside, to* VALÈRE). Valère!

VAL. (*aside, to* HARPAGON). He has lost his senses!

CLE. You are afraid, father, that it will not be enough? I hope, Madam, that you will have the kindness to excuse it.

MAR. It was by no means necessary.

CLE. Did you ever see, Madam, a more brilliant diamond than the one my father has upon his finger?

MAR. It certainly sparkles very much.

CLE. (*taking the diamond off his father's finger*). You must see it near.

MAR. It is a beautiful one; it possesses great lustre.

CLE. (*steps before* MARIANNE, *who wants to restore it*). No, Madam, it is in hands too beautiful; it is a present my father gives you.

HAR. I?

CLE. Is it not true, father, that you wish her to keep it for your sake?

HAR. (*aside, to his son*). What?

CLE. (*to* MARIANNE). A strange question indeed! He is making me signs that I am to force you to accept it.

MAR. I would not . . . .

CLE. (*to* MARIANNE). I beg of you . . . . He would not take it back.

HAR. (*aside*). I am bursting with rage!

MAR. It would be . . . .

CLE. (*still hindering* MARIANNE *from returning it*). No; I tell you, you will offend him.

MAR. Pray . . . .
CLE. By no means.
HAR. (*aside*). Plague take . . . .
CLE. He is perfectly shocked at your refusal.
HAR. (*aside, to his son*). Ah! traitor!
CLE. (*to* MARIANNE). You see he is in despair.
HAR. (*aside, to his son, threatening him*). You villain!
CLE. Really, father, it is not my fault. I do all I can to persuade her to accept it; but she is obstinate.
HAR. (*in a rage, aside to his son*). Rascal!
CLE. You are the cause, Madam, of my father scolding me.
HAR. (*aside, with the same looks*). Scoundrel!
CLE. (*to* MARIANNE). You will make him ill; for goodness' sake, hesitate no longer.
FRO. (*to* MARIANNE). Why so much ceremony? Keep the ring, since the gentleman wishes you to.
MAR. (*to* HARPAGON). I will keep it now, Sir, in order not to make you angry, and I shall take another opportunity of returning it to you.

SCENE XIII.—HARPAGON, MARIANNE, ÉLISE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, BRINDAVOINE.

BRIND. Sir, there is a gentleman here who wants to speak to you.
HAR. Tell him that I am engaged, and that I cannot see him to-day.
BRIND. He says he has some money for you.
HAR. (*to* MARIANNE). Pray, excuse me; I will come back directly.

SCENE XIV.—HARPAGON, MARIANNE, ÉLISE, CLÉANTE, FROSINE, LA MERLUCHE.

LA MER. (*comes in running, and throws* HARPAGON *down*). Sir . . . .
HAR. Oh! he has killed me.
CLE. What's the matter, father? Have you hurt yourself?
HAR. The wretch must have been bribed by some of my debtors to break my neck.

VAL. (*to* HARPAGON). There is nothing serious.

LA MER. (*to* HARPAGON). I beg your pardon, Sir; I thought I had better run fast to tell you . . . .

HAR. What?

LA MER. That your two horses have lost their shoes.

HAR. Take them quickly to the smith.

CLE. In the meantime, father, I will do the honours of the house for you, and take this lady into the garden, where lunch will be brought.

SCENE XV.—HARPAGON, VALÈRE.

HAR. Valère, look after all this; and take care, I beseech you, to save as much of it as you can, so that we may send it back to the tradesman again.

VAL. I will.

HAR. (*alone*). Miscreant! do you mean to ruin me?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CLÉANTE, MARIANNE, ÉLISE, FROSINE.

CLE. Let us come in here; we shall be much better. There is no one about us that we need be afraid of, and we can speak openly.

ELI. Yes, Madam, my brother has told me of the love he has for you. I know what sorrow and anxiety such trials as these may cause, and I assure you that I have the greatest sympathy for you.

MAR. I feel it a great comfort in my trouble to have the sympathy of a person like you, and I entreat you, Madam, ever to retain for me a friendship so capable of softening the cruelty of my fate.

FRO. You really are both very unfortunate not to have told me of all this before. I might certainly have warded off the blow, and not have carried things so far.

CLE. What could I do? It is my evil destiny which has willed it so. But you, fair Marianne, what have you resolved to do? What resolution have you taken?

MAR. Alas! Is it in my power to take any resolution? And, dependent as I am, can I do anything else except form wishes?

CLE. No other support for me in your heart? Nothing but mere wishes? No pitying energy? No kindly relief? No active affection?

MAR. What am I to say to you? Put yourself in my place, and judge what I can possibly do. Advise me, dispose of me, I trust myself entirely to you, for I am sure that you will never ask of me anything but what is modest and seemly.

CLE. Alas! to what do you reduce me when you wish me to be guided entirely by feelings of strict duty and of scrupulous propriety.

MAR. But what would you have me do? Even if I were, for you, to divest myself of the many scruples which our sex imposes on us, I have too much regard for my mother, who has brought me up with great tenderness, for me to give her any cause of sorrow. Do all you can with her. Strive to win her. I give you leave to say and do all you wish; and if anything depends upon her knowing the true state of my feelings, by all means tell her what they are; indeed I will do it myself if necessary.

CLE. Frosine, dear Frosine, will you not help us?

FRO. Indeed, I should like to do so, as you know. I am not naturally unkind. Heaven has not given me a heart of flint, and I feel but too ready to help when I see young people loving each other in all earnestness and honesty. What can we do in this case?

CLE. Try and think a little.

MAR. Advise us.

ELI. Invent something to undo what you have done.

FRO. Rather a difficult piece of business. (*To* MARIANNE) As far as your mother is concerned, she is not altogether unreasonable, and we might succeed in making her give to the son the gift she reserved for the father. (*To* CLÉANTE) But the most disheartening part of it all is that your father is your father.

CLE. Yes, so it is.

FRO. I mean that he will bear malice if he sees that he is refused, and he will be in no way disposed after-

wards to give his consent to your marriage. It would be well if the refusal could be made to come from him, and you ought to try by some means or other to make him dislike you, Marianne.

CLE. You are quite right.

FRO. Yes, right enough, no doubt. That is what ought to be done; but how in the world are we to set about it? Wait a moment. Suppose we had a somewhat elderly woman with a little of the ability which I possess, and able sufficiently well to represent a lady of rank, by means of a retinue made up in haste, and of some whimsical title of a marchioness or viscountess, whom we would suppose to come from Lower Brittany. I should have enough power over your father to persuade him that she is a rich woman, in possession, besides her houses, of a hundred thousand crowns in ready money; that she is deeply in love with him, and that she would marry him at any cost, were she even to give him all her money by the marriage contract. I have no doubt he would listen to the proposal. For certainly he loves you very much, my dear, but he loves money still better. When once he has consented to your marriage, it does not signify much how he finds out the true state of affairs about our marchioness.

CLE. All that is very well made up.

FRO. Leave it to me; I just remember one of my friends who will do beautifully.

CLE. Depend on my gratitude, Frosine, if you succeed. But, dear Marianne, let us begin, I beg of you, by gaining over your mother; it would be a great deal accomplished if this marriage were once broken off. Make use, I beseech you, of all the power that her tenderness for you gives you over her. Display without hesitation those eloquent graces, those all-powerful charms with which Heaven has endowed your eyes and lips; forget not, I beseech you, those sweet persuasions, those tender entreaties, those loving caresses to which, I feel, nothing could be refused.

MAR. I will do all I can, and will forget nothing.

SCENE II.—HARPAGON, MARIANNE, ÉLISE, FROSINE.

HAR. (*aside, and without being seen*). Ah! ah! my son

is kissing the hand of his intended stepmother, and his intended stepmother does not seem much averse to it! Can there be any mystery in all this?

ELI. Here comes my father.

HAR. The carriage is quite ready, and you can start when you like.

CLE. Since you are not going, father, allow me to take care of them.

HAR. No, stop here; they can easily take care of themselves, and I want you.

SCENE III.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

HAR. Well, now, all consideration of stepmother aside, tell me what do you think of this lady?

CLE. What I think of her?

HAR. Yes, what do you think of her appearance, her figure, her beauty and intelligence?

CLE. So, so.

HAR. But still?

CLE. To tell you the truth, I did not find her such as I expected. Her manner is that of a thorough coquette, her figure is rather awkward, her beauty very middling, and her intelligence of the meanest order. Do not suppose that I say this to make you dislike her; for if I must have a stepmother, I like the idea of this one as well as of any other.

HAR. You spoke to her just now, nevertheless . . . .

CLE. I paid her several compliments in your name, but it was to please you.

HAR. So then you don't care for her?

CLE. Who? I? Not in the least.

HAR. I am sorry for it, for that puts an end to a scheme which had occurred to me. Since I have seen her here, I have been thinking of my own age; and I feel that people would find fault with me for marrying so young a girl. This consideration had made me determine to abandon the project, and as I had demanded her in marriage, and had given her my promise, I would have given her to you if it were not for the dislike you have for her.

CLE. To me?

HAR. To you.

CLE. In marriage?

HAR. In marriage.

CLE. It is true she is not at all to my taste; but, to please you, father, I will bring myself to marry her, if you please.

HAR. If I please! I am more reasonable than you think. I don't wish to compel you.

CLE. Excuse me! I will make an attempt to love her.

HAR. No, no; a marriage cannot be happy where there is no love.

CLE. That, my father, will, perhaps, come by and by, and it is said that love is often the fruit of marriage.

HAR. No, it is not right to risk it on the side of the man, and there are some troublesome things I don't care to run the chance of. If you had felt any inclination for her, you should have married her instead of me, but as it is, I will return to my first intention and marry her myself.

CLE. Well, father, since things are so, I had better be frank with you, and reveal our secret to you. The truth is that I have loved her ever since I saw her one day on the promenade. I intended to ask you to-day to let me marry her, and I was only deterred from it because you spoke of marrying her, and because I feared to displease you.

HAR. Have you ever paid her any visits?

CLE. Yes, father.

HAR. Many?

CLE. Yes; considering how long we have been acquainted.

HAR. You were well received.

CLE. Very well, but without her knowing who I was; and that is why Marianne was so surprised when she saw me to-day.

HAR. Have you told her of your love, and of your intention of marrying her?

CLE. Certainly, and I also spoke a little to the mother on the subject.

HAR. Did she kindly receive your proposal for her daughter?

CLE. Yes, very kindly.

HAR. And does the daughter return your love?

CLE. If I can believe appearances, she is certainly well disposed towards me.

HAR. (*aside*). Well! I am very glad to have found out this secret; it is the very thing I wanted to know. (*To his son*) Now, look here, my son, I tell you what. You will have, if you please, to get rid of your love for Marianne, to cease to pay your attentions to a person I intend for myself, and to marry very soon the wife I have chosen for you.

CLE. So, father, it is thus you deceive me! Very well, since things are come to such a pass, I openly declare to you that I shall not give up my love for Marianne. No! understand that henceforth there is nothing from which I shall shrink in order to dispute her with you; and if you have on your side the consent of the mother, perhaps I shall have some other resources left to aid me.

HAR. What, rascal! You dare to trespass on my grounds?

CLE. It is you who trespass on mine. I was the first.

HAR. Am I not your father, and do you not owe me respect?

CLE. There are things in which children are not called upon to pay deference to their fathers; and love is no respector of persons.

HAR. My stick will make you know me better.

CLE. All your threatenings are nothing to me.

HAR. You will give up Marianne?

CLE. Never!

HAR. Bring me my stick. Quick, I say! my stick!

SCENE IV.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, MASTER JACQUES.

JAC. Hold! hold! Gentlemen, what does this mean? What are you thinking of?

CLE. I don't care a bit for it.

JAC. (*to* CLÉANTE). Ah! Sir, gently.

HAR. He dares to speak to me with such impudence as that!

JAC. (*to* HARPAGON). Ah! Sir, I beg of you.

CLE. I shall keep to it.

JAC. (*to* CLÉANTE). What! to your father?

HAR. Let me do it.

JAC. (*to* HARPAGON). What! to your son? To me it's different.

HAR. I will make you judge between us, Master Jacques, so that you may see that I have right on my side.

JAC. Willingly. (*To* CLÉANTE) Go a little farther back.

HAR. There is a young girl I love and want to marry, and the scoundrel has the impudence to love her also, and wants to marry her in spite of me.

JAC. Oh! he is wrong.

HAR. Is it not an abominable thing to see a son who does not shrink from becoming the rival of his father? And is it not his bounden duty to refrain from interfering with my love?

JAC. You are quite right; stop here, and let me go and speak to him.

CLE. (*to* MASTER JACQUES, *who comes near him*). Very well; if he wants to make you a judge between us, I have no objection. I care little who it is, and I don't mind referring our quarrel to you.

JAC. You do me great honour.

CLE. I am in love with a young girl who returns my affection, and who receives kindly the offer of my heart; but my father takes it into his head to disturb our love by asking her in marriage.

JAC. He certainly is wrong.

CLE. Is it not shameful for a man of his age to think of marrying? I ask you if it is right for him to fall in love? and ought he not now to leave that to younger men?

JAC. You are quite right; he is not serious; let me speak a word or two to him. (*To* HARPAGON) Really, your son is not so extravagant as you think, and is amenable to reason. He says that he is conscious of the respect he owes you, and that he only got angry in the heat of the moment. He will willingly submit to all you wish if you will only promise to treat him more kindly than you do, and will give him in marriage a person to his taste.

HAR. Ah! tell him, Master Jacques, that he will ob-

tain everything from me on those terms, and that, except Marianne, I leave him free to choose for his wife whomsoever he pleases.

JAC. Leave that to me. (*To* CLÉANTE) Really, your father is not so unreasonable as you make him out to me; and he tells me that it is your violence which irritated him. He only objects to your way of doing things, and is quite ready to grant you all you want, provided you will use gentle means and will give him the deference, respect, and submission that a son owes to his father.

CLE. Ah! Master Jacques, you can assure him that if he grants me Marianne, he will always find me the most submissive of men, and that I shall never do anything contrary to his pleasure.

JAC. (*to* HARPAGON). It's all right; he consents to what you say.

HARP. Nothing could be better.

JAC. (*to* CLÉANTE). It's all settled; he is satisfied with your promises.

CLE. Heaven be praised!

JAC. Gentlemen, you have nothing to do but to talk quietly over the matter together; you are agreed now, and yet you were on the point of quarrelling through want of understanding each other.

CLE. My poor Jacques, I shall be obliged to you all my life.

JAC. Don't mention it, Sir.

HAR. You have given me great pleasure, Master Jacques, and deserve a reward. (HARPAGON *feels in his pocket*, JACQUES *holds out his hand, but* HARPAGON *only pulls out his handkerchief, and says,*) Go; I will remember it, I promise you.

JAC. I thank you kindly, Sir.

SCENE V.—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

CLE. I beg your pardon, father, for having been angry.

HAR. It is nothing.

CLE. I assure you that I feel very sorry about it.

HAR. I am very happy to see you reasonable again.

CLE. How very kind of you so soon to forget my fault.

HAR. One easily forgets the faults of children when they return to their duty.

CLE. What! you are not angry with me for my extravagant behaviour?

HAR. By your submission and respectful conduct you compel me to forget my anger.

CLE. I assure you, father, I shall for ever keep in heart the remembrance of all your kindness.

HAR. And I promise you that, in future, you will obtain all you like from me.

CLE. Oh, father! I ask nothing more; it is sufficient for me that you give me Marianne.

HAR. What?

CLE. I say, father, that I am only too thankful already for what you have done, and that when you give me Marianne, you give me everything.

HAR. Who talks of giving you Marianne?

CLE. You, father.

HAR. I?

CLE. Yes.

HAR. What! is it not you who promised to give her up?

CLE. I! give her up?

HAR. Yes.

CLE. Certainly not.

HAR. Did you not give up all pretensions to her?

CLE. On the contrary, I am more determined than ever to have her.

HAR. What, scoundrel! again?

CLE. Nothing can make me change my mind.

HAR. Let me get at you again, wretch!

CLE. You can do as you please.

HAR. I forbid you ever to come within my sight.

CLE. As you like.

HAR. I abandon you.

CLE. Abandon me.

HAR. I disown you.

CLE. Disown me.

HAR. I disinherit you.

CLE. As you will.

HAR. I give you my curse.

CLE. I want none of your gifts.

SCENE VI.—CLÉANTE, LA FLÈCHE.

LA FL. (*leaving the garden with a casket*). Ah! Sir, you are just in the nick of time. Quick! follow me.

CLE. What is the matter?

LA FL. Follow me, I say. We are saved.

CLE. How?

LA FL. Here is all you want.

CLE. What?

LA FL. I have watched for this all day.

CLE. What is it?

LA FL. Your father's treasure that I have got hold of.

CLE. How did you manage it?

LA FL. I will tell you all about it. Let us be off. I can hear him calling out.

SCENE VII.—HARPAGON, *from the garden, rushing in without his hat, and crying—*

Thieves! thieves! assassins! murder! Justice, just heavens! I am undone; I am murdered; they have cut my throat; they have stolen my money! Who can it be? What has become of him? Where is he? Where is he hiding himself? What shall I do to find him? Where shall I run? Where shall I not run? Is he not here? Who is this? Stop! (*To himself, taking hold of his own arm*) Give me back my money, wretch .... Ah! .... it is myself .... My mind is wandering, and I know not where I am, who I am, and what I am doing. Alas! my poor money! my poor money! my dearest friend, they have bereaved me of thee; and since thou art gone, I have lost my support, my consolation, and my joy. All is ended for me, and I have nothing more to do in the world! Without thee it is impossible for me to live. It is all over with me; I can bear it no longer. I am dying; I am dead; I am buried. Is there nobody who will call me from the dead, by restoring my dear money to me, or by telling me who has taken it? Ah! what is it you say? It is no one. Whoever has committed the deed must have watched carefully for his opportunity, and must have chosen the

very moment when I was talking with my miscreant of a son. I must go. I will demand justice, and have the whole of my house put to the torture—my maids and my valets, my son, my daughter, and myself too. What a crowd of people are assembled here! Everyone seems to be my thief. I see no one who does not rouse suspicion in me. Ha! what are they speaking of there? Of him who stole my money? What noise is that up yonder? Is it my thief who is there? For pity's sake, if you know anything of my thief, I beseech you to tell me. Is he hiding there among you? They all look at me and laugh. We shall see that they all have a share in the robbery. Quick! magistrates, police, provosts, judges, racks, gibbets, and executioners. I will hang everybody, and if I do not find my money, I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.

Scene I.—Harpagon, a Police Officer.

Off. Leave that to me. I know my business. Thank heaven! this is not the first time I have been employed in finding out thieves; and I wish I had as many bags of a thousand francs as I have had people hanged.

Har. Every magistrate must take this affair in hand; and if my money is not found, I shall call justice against justice itself.

Off. We must take all needful steps. You say there was in that casket? . . . .

Har. Ten thousand crowns in cash.

Off. Ten thousand crowns!

Har. Ten thousand crowns.

Off. A considerable theft.

Har. There is no punishment great enough for the enormity of the crime; and if it remain unpunished, the most sacred things are no longer secure.

Off. In what coins was that sum?

Har. In good louis d'or and pistoles of full weight.

OFF. Whom do you suspect of this robbery?

HAR. Everybody. I wish you to take into custody the whole town and suburbs.

OFF. You must not, if you trust me, frighten anybody, but must use gentle means to collect evidence, in order afterwards to proceed with more rigour for the recovery of the sum which has been taken from you.

SCENE II.—HARPAGON, THE POLICE OFFICER, MASTER JACQUES.

JAC. (*at the end of the stage, turning back to the door by which he came in*). I am coming back. Have his throat cut at once; have his feet singed; put him in boiling water, and hang him up to the ceiling.

HAR. What! Him who has robbed me?

JAC. I was speaking of a sucking pig that your steward has just sent me; and I want to have it dressed for you after my own fancy.

HAR. This is no longer the question; and you have to speak of something else to this gentleman.

OFF. (*to* JACQUES). Don't get frightened. I am not a man to cause any scandal, and matters will be carried on by gentle means.

JAC. (*to* HARPAGON). Is this gentleman coming to supper with you?

OFF. You must, in this case, my good man, hide nothing from your master.

JAC. Indeed, Sir, I will show you all I know, and will treat you in the best manner I possibly can.

OFF. That's not the question.

JAC. If I do not give as good fare as I should like, it is the fault of your steward, who has clipped my wings with the scissors of his economy.

HAR. Rascal! We have other matters to talk about than your supper; and I want you to tell me what has become of the money which has been stolen from me.

JAC. Some money has been stolen from you?

HAR. Yes, you rascal! And I'll have you hanged if you don't give it me back again.

OFF. (*to* HARPAGON). Pray, don't be hard upon him. I see by his looks that he is an honest fellow, and that

he will tell you all you want to know without going to prison. Yes, my friend, if you confess, no harm shall come to you, and you shall be well rewarded by your master. Some money has been stolen from him, and it is not possible that you know nothing about it.

JAC. (*aside*). The very thing I wanted in order to be revenged of our steward. Ever since he came here, he has been the favourite, and his advice is the only one listened to. Moreover, I have forgotten neither the cudgelling of to-day nor . . . .

HAR. What are you muttering about there?

OFF. (*to* HARPAGON). Leave him alone. He is preparing himself to satisfy you; I told you that he was an honest fellow.

JAC. Sir, since you want me to tell you what I know, I believe it is your steward who has done this.

HAR. Valère?

JAC. Yes.

HAR. He who seemed so faithful to me!

JAC. Himself. I believe that it is he who has robbed you.

HAR. And what makes you believe it?

JAC. What makes me believe it?

HAR. Yes.

JAC. I believe it . . . . because I believe it.

OFF. But you must tell us the proofs you have.

HAR. Did you see him hanging about the place where I had put my money?

JAC. Yes, indeed. Where was your money?

HAR. In the garden.

JAC. Exactly; I saw him loitering about in the garden; and in what was your money?

HAR. In a casket.

JAC. The very thing. I saw him with a casket.

HAR. And this casket, what was it like? I shall soon see if it is mine.

JAC. What it was like?

HAR. Yes.

JAC. It was like . . . . like a casket.

OFF. Of course. But describe it a little, to see if it is the same.

JAC. It was a large casket.

HAR. The one taken from me is a small one.

JAC. Yes, small if you look at it in that way; but I call it large because of what it contains.

HAR. And what colour was it?

JAC. What colour?

OFF. Yes.

JAC. Of a colour . . . . of a certain colour . . . . Can't you help me to find the word?

HAR. Ugh!

JAC. Red; isn't it?

HAR. No, grey.

JAC. Ha! yes, reddish-grey! That's what I meant.

HAR. There is no doubt about it, it's my casket for certain. Write down his evidence, Sir! Heavens! whom can we trust after that? We must never swear to anything, and I believe now that I might rob my own self.

JAC. (*to* HARPAGON). There he is coming back, Sir; I beg of you not to go and tell him that it was I who let it all out, Sir.

SCENE III.—HARPAGON, THE POLICE OFFICER, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

HAR. Come, come near, and confess the most abominable action, the most horrible crime, that was ever committed.

VAL. What do you want, Sir?

HAR. What, wretch! you do not blush for shame after such a crime?

VAL. Of what crime do you speak?

HAR. Of what crime I speak? Base villain, as if you did not know what I mean! It is in vain for you to try to hide it; the thing is discovered, and I have just heard all the particulars. How could you thus abuse my kindness, introduce yourself on purpose into my house to betray me, and to play upon me such an abominable trick?

VAL. Sir, since everything is known to you, I will neither deny what I have done nor will I try to palliate it.

JAC. (*aside*). Oh! oh! Have I guessed the truth?

VAL. I intended to speak to you about it, and I was

watching for a favourable opportunity; but, as this is no longer possible, I beg of you not to be angry, and to hear my motives.

HAR. And what fine motives can you possibly give me, infamous thief?

VAL. Ah! Sir, I do not deserve these names. I am guilty towards you, it is true; but, after all, my fault is pardonable.

HAR. How pardonable? A premeditated trick, and such an assassination as this!

VAL. I beseech you not to be so angry with me. When you have heard all I have to say, you will see that the harm is not so great as you make it out to be.

HAR. The harm not so great as I make it out to be! What! my heart's blood, scoundrel!

VAL. Your blood, Sir, has not fallen into bad hands. My rank is high enough not to disgrace it, and there is nothing in all this for which reparation cannot be made.

HAR. It is, indeed, my intention that you should restore what you have taken from me.

VAL. Your honour, Sir, shall be fully satisfied.

HAR. Honour is not the question in all this. But tell me what made you commit such a deed?

VAL. Alas! do you ask it?

HAR. Yes, I should rather think that I do.

VAL. A god, Sir, who carries with him his excuses for all he makes people do. Love.

HAR. Love?

VAL. Yes.

HAR. Fine love that! fine love, indeed! the love of my gold!

VAL. No, Sir, it is not your wealth that has tempted me, it is not that which has dazzled me; and I swear never to pretend to any of your possessions, provided you leave me what I have.

HAR. In the name of all the devils, no, I shall not leave it to you. But did anyone ever meet with such villainy! He wishes to keep what he has robbed me of!

VAL. Do you call that a robbery?

HAR. If I call that a robbery? A treasure like that!

VAL. I readily acknowledge that it is a treasure, and

the most precious one you have. But it will not be losing it to leave it to me. I ask you on my knees to leave in my possession this treasure so full of charms; and if you do right, you will grant it to me.

HAR. I will do nothing of the kind. What in the world are you driving at?

VAL. We have pledged our faith to each other, and have taken an oath never to forsake one another.

HAR. The oath is admirable, and the promise strange enough!

VAL. Yes, we are engaged to each other for ever.

HAR. I know pretty well how to disengage you, I assure you of that.

VAL. Nothing but death can separate us.

HAR. You must be devilishly bewitched by my money.

VAL. I have told you already, Sir, that it is not self-interest which has prompted me to what I have done. It was not that which prompted my heart; a nobler motive inspired me.

HAR. We shall hear presently that it is out of Christian charity that he covets my money! But I will put a stop to all this, and justice, impudent rascal, will soon give me satisfaction.

VAL. You will do as you please, and I am ready to suffer all the violence you care to inflict upon me, but I beg of you to believe, at least, that if there is any harm done, I am the only one guilty, and that your daughter has done nothing wrong in all this.

HAR. I should think not! It would be strange, indeed, if my daughter had a share in this crime. But I will have that treasure back again, and you must confess to what place you have carried it off.*

VAL. I have not carried it off, and it is still in your house.

HAR. (*aside*). O my beloved casket! (*To* VALÈRE) My treasure has not left my house?

VAL. No, Sir.

HAR. Well, then, tell me, have you taken any liberties with . . . .?

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* A good deal of the mystification is lost in the translation through the necessity of occasionally putting *it* for *casket*, and *she* for Élise.

VAL. Ah! Sir, you wrong us both; the flame with which I burn is too pure, too full of respect.

HAR. (*aside*). He burns for my casket!

VAL. I had rather die than show the least offensive thought: I found too much modesty and too much purity for that.

HAR. (*aside*). My cash-box modest!

VAL. All my desires were limited to the pleasures of sight, and nothing criminal has profaned the passion those fair eyes have inspired me with.

HAR. (*aside*). The fair eyes of my cash-box! He speaks of it as a lover does of his mistress.

VAL. Dame Claude knows the whole truth, and she can bear witness to it.

HAR. Hallo! my servant is an accomplice in this affair?

VAL. Yes, Sir, she was a witness to our engagement; and it was after being sure of the innocence of my love that she helped me to persuade your daughter to engage herself to me.

HAR. Ah! (*Aside.*) Has the fear of justice made him lose his senses? (*To* VALÈRE) What rubbish are you talking about my daughter?

VAL. I say, Sir, that I found it most difficult to make her modesty consent to what my love asked of her.

HAR. The modesty of whom?

VAL. Of your daughter; and it was only yesterday that she could make up her mind to sign our mutual promise of marriage.

HAR. My daughter has signed a promise of marriage?

VAL. Yes, Sir, and I have also signed.

HAR. O heavens! another misfortune!

JAC. (*to the* OFFICER). Write, Sir, write.

HAR. Aggravation of misery! Excess of despair! (*To the* OFFICER) Sir, discharge your duty, and draw me up an indictment against him as a thief and a suborner.

JAC. As a thief and a suborner.

VAL. These are names which I do not deserve, and when you know who I am . . . .

SCENE IV.—HARPAGON, ÉLISE, MARIANNE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, MASTER JACQUES, THE POLICE OFFICER.

HAR. Ah! guilty daughter! unworthy of a father like me! is it thus that you put into practice the lessons I have given you? You give your love to an infamous thief, and engage yourself to him without my consent! But you shall both be disappointed. (*To* ÉLISE) Four strong walls will answer for your conduct in the future; (*to* VALÈRE) and good gallows, impudent thief, shall do me justice for your audacity.

VAL. Your anger will be no judge in this affair, and I shall at least have a hearing before I am condemned.

HAR. I was wrong to say gallows; you shall be broken alive on the wheel.

ELI. (*kneeling to her father*). Ah! my father, be more merciful, I beseech you, and do not let your paternal authority drive matters to extremes. Do not suffer yourself to be carried away by the first outburst of your anger, but give yourself time to consider what you do. Take the trouble of inquiring about him whose conduct has offended you. He is not what you imagine, and you will think it less strange that I should have given myself to him, when you know that without him you would long ago have lost me for ever. Yes, father, it is he who saved me from the great danger I ran in the waters, and to whom you owe the life of that very daughter who . . . .

HAR. All this is nothing; and it would have been much better for me if he had suffered you to be drowned rather than do what he has done.

ELI. My father, I beseech you, in the name of paternal love, grant me . . . .

HAR. No, no. I will hear nothing, and justice must have its course.

JAC. (*aside*). You shall pay me for the blows you gave me.

FRO. What a perplexing state of affairs!

SCENE V.—ANSELME, HARPAGON, ÉLISE, MARIANNE, FROSINE, VALÈRE, THE POLICE OFFICER, MASTER JACQUES.

ANS. What can have happened, Mr. Harpagon? You are quite upset.

HAR. Ah, Mr. Anselme, you see in me the most unfortunate of men; and you can never imagine what vexation and disorder is connected with the contract you have come to sign! I am attacked in my property; I am attacked in my honour; and you see there a scoundrel and a wretch who has violated the most sacred rights, who has introduced himself into my house as a servant in order to steal my money, and seduce my daughter.

VAL. Who ever thought of your money about which you rave?

HAR. Yes; they have given each other a promise of marriage. This insult concerns you, Mr. Anselme; and it is you who ought to be plaintiff against him, and who at your own expense ought to prosecute him to the utmost, in order to be revenged.

ANS. It is not my intention to force anybody to marry me, and to lay claim to a heart which has already bestowed itself; but as far as your interests are concerned, I am ready to espouse them as if they were my own.

HAR. This is the gentleman, an honest commissary, who has promised that he will omit nothing of what concerns the duties of his office. (*To the* OFFICER, *showing* VALÈRE) Charge him, Sir, as he ought to be, and make matters very criminal.

VAL. I do not see what crime they can make of my passion for your daughter, nor the punishment you think I ought to be condemned to for our engagement; when it is known who I am . . . .

HAR. I don't care a pin for all those stories, and the world is full, nowadays, of those pretenders to nobility, of those impostors, who take advantage of their obscurity and deck themselves out insolently with the first illustrious name that comes into their head.

VAL. Know that I am too upright to adorn myself with a name which is not mine, and that all Naples can bear testimony to my birth!

ANS. Softly! Take care of what you are about to say. You speak before a man to whom all Naples is known, and who can soon see if your story is true.

VAL. (*proudly putting on his hat*). I am not the man to fear anything; and if all Naples is known to you, you know who was Don Thomas d'Alburci.

ANS. Certainly; I know who he is, and few people know him better than I do.

HAR. I care neither for Don Thomas nor Don Martin.
(*Seeing two candles burning, he blows one out.*)

ANS. Have patience and let him speak; we shall soon know what he has to say of him.

VAL. That it is to him that I owe my birth.

ANS. To him?

VAL. Yes.

ANS. Nonsense; you are laughing. Try and make out a more likely story, and don't pretend to shelter yourself under such a piece of imposture.

VAL. Consider your words better before you speak; it is no imposture, and I say nothing here that I cannot prove.

ANS. What! You dare to call yourself the son of Don Thomas d' Alburci?

VAL. Yes, I dare to do so; and I am ready to maintain the truth against anyone, who ever he may be.

ANS. This audacity is marvellous. Learn to your confusion that it is now at least sixteen years ago since the man of whom you speak died in a shipwreck at sea with his wife and children, when he was trying to save their lives from the cruel persecutions which accompanied the troubles at Naples, and which caused the banishment of several noble families.

VAL. Yes; but learn to your confusion that his son, seven years of age, was, with a servant, saved from the wreck by a Spanish vessel, and that this son is he who now speaks to you. Learn that the captain of that ship, touched with compassion at my misfortune, loved me; that he had me brought up as his own son, and that the profession of arms has been my occupation ever since I was fit for it; that lately I heard that my father is not dead, as I thought he was; that, passing this way to go and find him out, an accident, arranged by heaven, brought to my sight the charming Élise; that the sight of her made me a slave to her beauty, and that the violence of my love and the harshness of her father made me take the resolution to come into his house disguised as a servant, and to send some one else to look after my parents.

ANS. But what other proofs have you besides your own words that all this is not a fable based by you upon truth.

VAL. What proofs? The captain of the Spanish vessel; a ruby seal which belonged to my father; an agate bracelet which my mother put upon my arm; and old Pedro, that servant who was saved with me from the wreck.

MAR. Alas! I can answer here for what you have said; that you do not deceive us; and all you say clearly tells me that you are my brother.

VAL. You my sister!

MAR. Yes, my heart was touched as soon as you began to speak; and our mother, who will be delighted at seeing you, often told me of the misfortunes of our family. Heaven spared us also in that dreadful wreck; but our life was spared at the cost of our liberty, for my mother and myself were taken up by pirates from the wreck of our vessel. After ten years of slavery a lucky event gave us back to liberty, and we returned to Naples, where we found all our property sold, and could hear no news of our father. We embarked for Genoa, where my mother went to gather what remained of a family estate which had been much disputed. Leaving her unjust relatives, she came here, where she has lived but a weary life.

ANS. O heaven! how wonderful are thy doings, and how true it is that it only belongs to thee to work miracles! Come to my arms, my children, and share the joy of your happy father!

VAL. You are our father?

MAR. It was for you that my mother wept?

ANS. Yes, my daughter; yes, my son; I am Don Thomas d' Alburci, whom heaven saved from the waves, with all the money he had with him, and who, after sixteen years, believing you all dead, was preparing, after long journeys, to seek the consolations of a new family in marrying a gentle and virtuous woman. The little security there was for my life in Naples has made me abandon the idea of returning there, and having found the means of selling what I had, I settled here under the name of Anselme. I wished to forget the sorrows of a name associated with so many and great troubles.

HAR. (*to* ANSELME). He is your son?

ANS. Yes.

HAR. That being so, I make you responsible for the ten thousand crowns that he has stolen from me.

ANS. He steal anything from you!

HAR. Yes.

VAL. Who said so?

HAR. Master Jacques.

VAL. (*to* MASTER JACQUES). You say that?

JAC. You see that I am not saying anything.

HAR. He certainly did. There is the officer who has received his deposition.

VAL. Can you really believe me capable of such a base action?

HAR. Capable or not capable, I must find my money.

SCENE VI.—HARPAGON, ANSELME, ÉLISE, MARIANNE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, THE POLICE OFFICER, MASTER JACQUES, LA FLÈCHE.

CLE. Do not grieve for your money, father, and accuse any one. I have news of it, and I come here to tell you that if you consent to let me marry Marianne, your money will be given back to you.

HAR. Where is it?

CLE. Do not trouble yourself about that. It is in a safe place, and I answer for it; everything depends on your resolve. It is for you to decide, and you have the choice either of losing Marianne or your cash-box.

HAR. Has nothing been taken out?

CLE. Nothing at all. Is it your intention to agree to this marriage, and to join your consent to that of her mother, who leaves her at liberty to do as she likes?

MAR. (*to* CLÉANTE). But you do not know that this consent is no longer sufficient, and that heaven has given me back a brother (*showing* VALÈRE), at the same time that it has given me back a father (*showing* ANSELME); and you have now to obtain me from him.

ANS. Heaven, my dear children, has not restored you to me that I might oppose your wishes. Mr. Harpagon, you must be aware that the choice of a young girl is more

likely to fall upon the son than upon the father. Come, now, do not force people to say to you what is unnecessary, and consent, as I do, to this double marriage.

HAR. In order for me to be well advised, I must see my casket.

CLE. You shall see it safe and sound.

HAR. I have no money to give my children in marriage.

ANS. Never mind, I have some; do not let this trouble you.

HAR. Do you take upon yourself to defray the expenses of these two weddings?

ANS. Yes, I will take this responsibility upon myself. Are you satisfied?

HAR. Yes, provided you order me a new suit of clothes for the wedding.

ANS. Agreed! Let us go and enjoy the blessings this happy day brings us.

OFF. Stop, Sirs, stop; softly, if you please. Who is to pay me for my writing?

HAR. We have nothing to do with your writing.

OFF. Indeed! and yet I do not pretend to have done it for nothing.

HAR. (*showing* MASTER JACQUES). There is a fellow you can hang in payment!

JAC. Alas! what is one to do? I receive a good cudgelling for telling the truth, and now they would hang me for lying.

ANS. Mr. Harpagon, you must forgive him this piece of imposture.

HAR. You will pay the officer then?

ANS. Let it be so. Let us go quickly, my children, to share our joy with your mother!

HAR. And I to see my dear casket!

MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.

'Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,' acted on October 6, 1669, is nothing but a farce. But Molière excels in farce as well as in higher comedy, and 'Monsieur de Pourceaugnac' is one of the best of its kind. The attacks upon the doctors of the time are not exaggerated.

Molière acted the part of Mr. de Pourceaugnac.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.

ORONTE, *father to* JULIA.

ÉRASTE, *lover to* JULIA.

SBRIGANI, *a Neapolitan adventurer.*

FIRST PHYSICIAN.

SECOND PHYSICIAN.

AN APOTHECARY.

A PEASANT.

A FEMALE PEASANT.

FIRST SWISS.

SECOND SWISS.

A POLICE OFFICER.

TWO INFERIOR POLICE OFFICERS.

JULIA, *daughter to* ORONTE.

NÉRINE, *an intriguing woman, supposed to come from Picardy.*

LUCETTE, *supposed to come from Gascony.*

The scene is in Paris.

MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ÉRASTE, A LADY SINGER, TWO MEN SINGERS, *several others performing on instruments*, DANCERS.

ERA. (*to the* MUSICIANS *and* DANCERS). Carry out the orders I have given you for the serenade. As for myself, I will withdraw, for I do not wish to be seen here.

SCENE II.—A LADY SINGER, TWO MEN SINGERS, *several others performing on instruments*, DANCERS.

LADY (*sings*).

Spread, charming night, spread over every brow
The subtle scent of thy narcotic flower,
And let no wakeful hearts keep vigil now
Save those enthralled by love's resistless power.
More beautiful than day's most beauteous light,
Thy silent shades were made for love's delight.

FIRST SINGER.

Love is sweet when none our wills oppose;
Then peaceful tastes our gentle hearts dispose;
But tyrants reign, who gave us birth and life.
Ah! love is sweet when love is free from strife.

SECOND SINGER.

All who strive 'gainst love must fall;
Perfect love will conquer all.

ALL THREE.

Let us love with an eternal ardour!
Let parents frown, and try in vain to cure,
Absence, hardship, or cruel fortune's rigour
Will only strengthen love when true and pure.

First entry of the BALLET.
(*Dance of the two* DANCING MASTERS.)

Second entry of the BALLET.
(*Dance of the two* PAGES.)

Third entry of the BALLET.
(*Four* SPECTATORS, *who quarrelled during the dance, now dance, sword in hand, fighting all the while.*)

Fourth entry of the BALLET.
(*Two* SOLDIERS *separate the combatants, and dance with them.*)

SCENE III.—JULIA, ÉRASTE, NÉRINE.

JUL. Oh dear, Éraste! take care that we are not discovered. I am so afraid of being seen with you; all would be lost after the command I have received to the contrary.

ERA. I see nobody about.

JUL. (*to* NÉRINE). Just keep watch, Nérine, and be careful that nobody comes.

NER. (*going to the farther end of the stage*). Trust me for that; and say all you have to say to each other.

JUL. Have you thought of anything to favour our plan, Éraste? And do you think that we shall succeed in breaking off that marriage which my father has taken into his head?

ERA. We are at least doing all we can for it, and we have ready many schemes to bring such an absurd notion to naught.

NER. (*running towards* JULIA). I say, here is your father.

JUL. Ah! let us separate quickly.

NER. No, no; don't go; I made a mistake.

JUL. How absurd you are, Nérine, to give us such a fright!

ERA. Yes, dear Julia, we have plenty of stratagems ready for the purpose; and, in accordance with the permission you have given me, we will not hesitate to make use of every means. Do not ask me what it is we are going to do; you will have the fun of seeing it, and, as at a comedy, it will be nice for you to have the pleasure of being surprised without my letting you know beforehand what is going to take place. This is telling you that we have many schemes in hand for the occasion, and that our clever Nérine and the dexterous Sbrigani have undertaken to bring the affair to a successful issue.

NER. Yes, we have indeed. Is your father crazy to think of entangling you with his lawyer of Limoges; that Mr. de Pourceaugnac, whom he has never seen in his life, and who comes by the coach to take you away before our very eyes? Ought three or four thousand crowns, more or less—and that, too, upon the word of your uncle—to make him refuse a lover you like? Besides, are you made for a Limousin? If he has taken it into his head to marry, why does he not take one of his own countrywomen, and let Christians be at peace? The very name of Pourceaugnac puts me in a frightful rage. I boil over with Mr. de Pourceaugnac. If it were only because of the name, I would do anything to prevent the match. No, you shall not be Mrs. de Pourceaugnac. Pourceaugnac! Was ever such a name heard of!* No, I could never put up with Pourceaugnac; and we will abuse the man to such an extent, and play him so many tricks, that he will have to return to Limoges, Mr. de Pourceaugnac.

ERA. Here is our cunning Neapolitan, who will give us news.

SCENE IV.—JULIA, ÉRASTE, SBRIGANI, NÉRINE.

SBRI. Our man has just come, Sir. I saw him at a place three leagues away from here, where the coach stops; and I studied him for more than half an hour in the kitchen, where he went down to breakfast, and I know him now

* Pourceaugnac equals *pourceau*, "a young pig," plus the local ending *-gnac*.

perfectly. As to his appearance, I will say nothing about it; you will see for yourselves what nature has done for him, and if his dress is not the very thing to set that off. But as for his understanding, I can tell you beforehand that it is among the dullest I have met with for a long time. We shall find in him a fit subject to work upon as we like. He is just the man to fall into all the traps laid for him.

ERA. Is all that possible?

SBRI. Perfectly true, and I am skilled in the knowledge of men.

NER. (*pointing to* SBRIGANI). This is a famous man, Madam; and your affair could not be trusted to better hands. He is the hero of the age, for the wonders he has performed. A man who, twenty times in his life, has generously braved the galleys to serve his friends; who, at the peril of his arms and shoulders,* knows how to bring to a successful issue the most difficult enterprises; and who is, in short, banished from his country for I don't know how many honourable actions he has generously engaged in.

SBRI. I am ashamed to hear the praises with which you honour me, and I could most justly extol the marvellous things you did in your life; I could particularly speak of the glory you acquired when you cheated at play that young nobleman we brought to your house, and won twelve thousand crowns from him; when you handsomely made that false contract which ruined a whole family; when with such greatness of soul you denied all knowledge of the deposit which had been entrusted to you, and so generously gave evidence which hung two innocent people.

NER. These are trifles not worth mentioning, and your praises make me blush.

SBRI. Then I will spare your modesty. Let us leave that aside, and speak of our business. To begin with, I will quickly rejoin our countryman, while you, on your side, will see that all the other actors in the comedy are kept in readiness.

ERA. And you, Madam, pray remember your part, that

* Compare the "royal cautery" in 'The Flying Doctor,' vol. i. p. 25.

in order to conceal our aim the better, you are to affect to be quite perfectly delighted with your father's resolutions.

JUL. If it only depends on that, things will be sure to succeed.

ERA. But, dear Julia, if everything were to fail?

JUL. I will declare my real inclinations to my father.

ERA. And if he persists in his designs in spite of your inclinations?

JUL. I will threaten to shut myself up in a convent.

ERA. But if, notwithstanding all that, he wished to force you to this marriage?

JUL. Why, what would you have me say?

ERA. What do I want you to say?

JUL. Yes.

ERA. What is said when one loves truly?

JUL. But what?

ERA. That nothing shall force you; that in spite of all your father can do, you promise to be mine.

JUL. Ah me! Éraste, be satisfied with what I do now, and leave the future alone. Do not perplex me in my duty, by speaking of sad expedients to which we may not be obliged to have recourse. Allow me to be led by the course of events.

ERA. Will . . . .

SBRI. Sir, here is our man. Be careful.

NER. Ah! what a guy! *

SCENE V.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI.

MR. POUR. (*turning to the side he came from, and speaking to the people who are following him*). Well, what is it? What is the matter? What do you want? Deuce take this stupid town, and the people who live in it! Nobody can walk a step without meeting a lot of asses staring and laughing like fools at one. You boobies, mind your business; and let folk pass without grinning in their faces. Deuce take me if I don't knock down the first man I see laughing.

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* Sbrigani and Nérine are merely the conventional rogues of the stage. Compare Mascarille, Scapin.

SBRI. (*speaking to the same people*). What are you about? What is the meaning of such conduct? What is it you want? Is it right to make fun like that of strangers who come here?

MR. POUR. Here is a man of sense at last.

SBRI. What manners! And what is there to laugh at?

MR. POUR. Quite right.

SBRI. Is there anything ridiculous in this gentleman?

MR. POUR. I ask you?

SBRI. Is he not like other people?

MR. POUR. Am I crooked or hunchbacked?

SBRI. Learn to distinguish people.

MR. POUR. Well said.

SBRI. This gentleman's qualities call for your respect.

MR. POUR. Perfectly true.

SBRI. He is a person of quality.

MR. POUR. Yes, a gentleman from Limoges.

SBRI. A man of intelligence.

MR. POUR. Who has studied the law.*

SBRI. He does you too much honour in coming to this town.

MR. POUR. Ay, indeed.

SBRI. This gentleman has nothing in him that can make you laugh.

MR. POUR. Certainly not.

SBRI. And the first who laughs at him, I will call to account.

MR. POUR. (*to* SBRIGANI). Sir, I am extremely obliged to you.

SBRI. I am sorry, Sir, to see a person like you received after uch a fashion.

MR. POUR. Your servant, Sir.

SBRI. I saw you breakfasting this morning, Sir, with the other passengers; and the grace with which you ate created in me at once a great friendship for you; and as I know that you have never been here before, and that you are a perfect stranger, I am glad I met you, to offer you my services at your arrival, and to assist you among

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* Compare act ii. scene xii.

these people, who do not always behave to strangers of quality as they should.

MR. POUR. You are really very kind.

SBRI. I have told you already; the moment I saw you, I felt an inclination for you.

MR. POUR. I am greatly obliged to you.

SBRI. Your countenance pleased me.

MR. POUR. You do me much honour.

SBRI. I read honesty in it.

MR. POUR. I am your servant.

SBRI. Something amiable.

MR. POUR. Ah! ah!

SBRI. Graceful.

MR. POUR. Ah! ah!

SBRI. Sweet.

MR. POUR. Ah! ah!

SBRI. Majestic.

MR. POUR. Ah! ah!

SBRI. Frank.

MR. POUR. Ah! ah!

SBRI. And cordial.

MR. POUR. Ah! ah!

SBRI. Believe that I am entirely yours.

MR. POUR. I am greatly obliged to you.

SBRI. I speak from the bottom of my heart.

MR. POUR. I believe you.

SBRI. If I had the honour of being known to you, you would find that I am altogether sincere.

MR. POUR. I do not doubt it.

SBRI. An enemy to deceit.

MR. POUR. I feel sure of it.

SBRI. And that I am incapable of disguising my thoughts.

MR. POUR. It is exactly what I think.

SBRI. You look at my dress, which is not like that of other people; but I came originally from Naples, at your service; and I always like to keep up the way of dressing as well as the sincerity of my country.*

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* The Neapolitans had no great reputation for sincerity.

MR. POUR. You are quite right. For my part, I was desirous of appearing in the court dress for the country.*

SBRI. Truly, it becomes you better than it does all our courtiers.

MR. POUR. Exactly what my tailor told me. The coat is suitable and rich; it will tell here among these people

SBRI. You will go to the Louvre, no doubt?

MR. POUR. Yes; I must go and pay my court.

SBRI. The king will be charmed to see you.

MR. POUR. I believe so.

SBRI. Have you fixed upon rooms?

MR. POUR. No; I was going to look for some.

SBRI. I shall be very glad to go with you; I know all this city well.

SCENE VI.—ÉRASTE, MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI.

ERA. Ah, who is this? What do I see? What a happy meeting! Mr. de Pourceaugnac! How delighted I am to see you! What! anyone would think that you find it difficult to remember me!

MR. POUR. Sir, I am your servant.

ERA. Is it possible that five or six years can have made you forget me? Do you not remember the best friend of the de Pourceaugnacs?

MR. POR. Yes, yes. (*Aside to* SBRIGANI) Deuce take me if I know who he is.

ERA. There is not one of the de Pourceaugnacs of Limoges that I do not know, from the greatest to the smallest; I visited only them during my stay there, and I had the honour of seeing you every day.

MR. POUR. The honour was mine, Sir.

ERA. You do not remember my face?

MR. POUR. Yes, yes. (*To* SBRIGANI) I don't know him a bit.

ERA. You do not remember that I had the pleasure of drinking with you I don't know how many times?

MR. POUR. Excuse me. (*To* SBRIGANI) I don't know anything about it.

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* *Mode de la cour pour la campagne.*

ERA. What is the name of that pastrycook who cooks such capital dinners?

MR. POUR. Petit-Jean.

ERA. Just so. We used often to go there together to enjoy ourselves. How do you call that place where people go for a walk?

MR. POUR. The cemetery of the Arènes.

ERA. Exactly. It is there I enjoyed so many happy hours of your pleasant talk. Don't you remember it all now?

MR. POUR. Pardon me; yes, I remember. (*To* SBRIGANI) Deuce take me if I do.

SBRI. (*aside to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). There are a hundred things like that which one is apt to forget altogether.

ERA. Let us embrace, I pray, and renew our former friendship.

SBRI. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). This man seems to have a great affection for you.

ERA. Tell me some news of all the family. How is that gentleman your . . . . he who is such an honest man?

MR. POUR. My brother the sheriff?*

ERA. Yes.

MR. POUR. He is as well as can be.

ERA. I am delighted to hear it. And that good-tempered man? You know, your . . . .

MR. POUR. My cousin, the assessor?

ERA. Exactly.

MR. POUR. Always gay and hearty.

ERA. It gives me much pleasure to hear it. And your uncle, the . . . .

MR. POUR. I have no uncle.

ERA. But you had one in those days?

MR. POUR. No; only an aunt . . . .

ERA. Ah! it's what I meant; your aunt, Mrs. . . . . How is she?

MR. POUR. She died six months ago.

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* *Consul* in the south equalled *échevin* in the north. Both words are obsolete in this sense.

ERA. Alas! poor woman. She was so good, too!

MR. POUR. We have also my nephew, the canon, who almost died of the smallpox.

ERA. What a pity if it had happened!

MR. POUR. Do you know him also?

ERA. Indeed I do; a tall handsome fellow.

MR. POUR. Not so very tall.

ERA. No; but well-shaped.

MR. POUR. Yes, yes.

ERA. He's your nephew, isn't he?

MR. POUR. Yes.

ERA. Son of your brother or your sister?

MR. POUR. True.

ERA. A canon of the church of . . . . How do you call it?

MR. POUR. Saint Stephen.

ERA. Just so; I don't know any other.

MR. POUR. (*to* SBRIGANI). He knows all my relations.

SBRI. He knows you better than you think.

MR. POUR. You must have lived a long time in our town, I see.

ERA. Two whole years.

MR. POUR. You were there, then, when our governor was godfather to my cousin the assessor's child?

ERA. To be sure; I was one of the first invited.

MR. POUR. The thing was well done.

ERA. Very.

MR. POUR. The dinner was well got up.

ERA. Yes, indeed.

MR. POUR. Then you must remember the quarrel I had with that gentleman from Périgord.

ERA. Yes.

MR. POUR. He met with his match, eh?

ERA. Ah! ah!

MR. POUR. He slapped my face; but I paid him back handsomely.

ERA. Very handsomely. By the bye, I shall not allow you to go to any other house but mine.

MR. POUR. I would not . . . .

ERA. Nonsense! I will not allow one of my best friends to go anywhere but to my house.

MR. POUR. It would be disturb . . . .

ERA. No; deuce take it all. You shall stay with me.

SBRI. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Since he will have it so, I advise you to accept.

ERA. Where is your luggage?

MR. POUR. With my servant, where we stopped.

ERA. Send somebody to fetch it.

MR. POUR. No. I forbade him to let it go out of his sight, for fear of swindlers.

SBRI. You did quite right.

MR. POUR. It is good to be cautious in this place.

ERA. We always know a man of sense.

SBRI. I will accompany this gentleman, and bring him back where you wish.

ERA. Do so. I have a few orders to give; but you only need come to that house yonder.

SBRI. We will come back presently.

ERA. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). I shall expect you with great impatience.

MR. POUR. (*to* SBRIGANI). I find an acquaintance when I little expected to meet with one.

SBRI. He looks like an honest man. (*Exeunt.*)

ERA. (*alone*). Ah! ah! Mr. de Pourceaugnac, you will get it hot! Everything is ready, and I have only to give the word. Soho! there.

SCENE VII.—ÉRASTE, AN APOTHECARY.

ERA. I think, Sir, that you are the doctor to whom somebody went to speak in my name.

APO. No, Sir. I am not the doctor; such an honour does not belong to me. I am only an unworthy apothecary; at your service.

ERA. Is the doctor at home, then.

APO. Yes; he is in there, trying to get rid quickly of some patients. I will tell him that you are here.

ERA. No; you need not disturb him; I will wait till he has done. I have to entrust to his care a certain relation of mine he was told about to-day. He is attacked with a sort of madness that we should like to see cured before we marry him to anyone.

APO. I know; I know all about it. I was there when he was told of this affair. Upon my word, Sir; upon my word, you could not apply to a more skilful doctor. He is a man who understands medicine thoroughly, as well as I do my A B C;* and who, were you to die for it, would not abate one iota of the rules of the ancients. Yes, he always follows the high-road—the high-road, Sir, and doesn't spend his time finding out mares' nests. For all the gold in the world he would not cure anybody with other medicines than those prescribed by the faculty.

ERA. He is quite right. A patient should not wish to be cured unless the faculty consents to it.

APO. It is not because we are great friends that I speak so of him; but it is a pleasure to be his patient, and I had rather die by his medicines than be cured with those of another. For, whatever may happen, we know for certain that things are always in due order; and should we die under his care, our heirs have nothing to reproach us with.

ERA. A great comfort to a dead man.

APO. Certainly; it is pleasant to have died according to rules. Moreover, he is not one of those doctors who let a disease off. He is an expeditious man—expeditious, Sir, who likes to clear off his patients; and when they are to die, the thing is done in no time.

ERA. There is, to be sure, nothing like going through the business quickly.

APO. Indeed, what is the use of haggling over the matter, and beating so long about the bush? One should know offhand the long and short of an illness.

ERA. You are quite right.

APO. Why, he did me the honour of taking care of three of my children; they died in less than four days, whereas with another they would have lingered for more than three months.

ERA. It is a blessing to have friends like these.

APO. Decidedly. I have still two children left, of whom he takes care as if they were his own; he attends

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* *Ma croix de par Dieu*, "my Christ-cross-row," or "Criss-cross-row," in old and provincial English.

them, and physics them as he pleases, without my interfering in the least; and very frequently on my return from the city, I am quite surprised to find that they have been bled or purged by his direction.

ERA. This is kind care indeed!

APO. Here he is, here he is; here he is coming.

SCENE VIII.—ÉRASTE, 1ST PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY, COUNTRYMAN, COUNTRYWOMAN.

C. MAN. Sir, he can hold out no longer; he says he feels the greatest pains imaginable in his head.

1ST PHY. The patient is a fool; for in the disease by which he is attacked it is not his head, according to Galen, but the spleen, which must give pain.

C. MAN. However this may be, Sir, he has had for the last six months a laxity with it.

1ST PHY. That's right. It is a sign that his body is clearing. I will go and see him in two or three days; but if he dies before, mind you do not forget to give me notice, for it is not proper that a doctor should go to visit a dead man.

C. WOM. (*to* PHYSICIAN). My father, Sir, is getting worse and worse.

1ST PHY. It is no fault of mine; I send him remedies; why does he not get better? How many times has he been bled?

C. WOM. Fifteen times, Sir, in twenty days.

1ST PHY. Fifteen times?

C. WOM. Yes.

1ST PHY. And he does not get better?

C. WOM. No, Sir.

PHY. It is a sign that the seat of the malady is not in the blood. He must be purged as many times, to see if it is in the humours; and if this does not succeed, we will send him to the bath.

APO. This is the *beau-idéal* of physic.

SCENE IX.—ÉRASTE, 1ST PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY.

ERA. (*to the* PHYSICIAN). It was I, Sir, who sent to you a few days ago about a relation of mine who is not quite

right in his mind; and I want him to live in your house, as it would be more convenient for you to attend to him, and to prevent him from being seen by too many people.

1ST PHY. Yes, Sir, I have got everything ready; and I will take the utmost care of him.

ERA. Here he is.

1ST PHY. That is most fortunate; for I have with me just now an old physician, a friend of mine, with whom I should be glad to consult concerning this disorder.

SCENE X.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, ÉRASTE, 1ST PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY.

ERA. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). I am obliged to leave you a moment for a little affair which requires my presence; (*showing the* PHYSICIAN) but this person, in whose hands I leave you, will do for you all he possibly can.

1ST PHY. I am bound by my profession to do so; and it is enough that you should lay this duty upon me.

MR. POUR. (*aside*). It is his steward, no doubt; he must be a man of quality.

1ST PHY. (*to* ÉRASTE). Yes, Sir; I assure you that I shall treat this gentleman methodically, and in strict accordance with the rules of our art.

MR. POUR. Indeed, I do not ask for so much ceremony; and I have not come here to trouble you so.

1ST PHY. Such a duty is a pleasure to me.

ERA. (*to* 1ST PHYSICIAN). Nevertheless, here are ten pistoles beforehand, as an earnest of what I have promised you.

MR. POUR. No, if you please; I won't hear of your spending anything on my account, nor do I wish you to send for anything particular for me.

ERA. Ah, pray, do not trouble yourself; it is not for that you imagine.

MR. POUR. I beg of you to treat me only as a friend.

ERA. It is exactly what I mean to do. (*Aside to the* PHYSICIAN) I particularly recommend you not to let him slip out of your hands, for at times he tries to escape.

1ST PHY. You need not fear.

ERA. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Pray excuse the incivility I commit.

MR. POUR. Don't mention it. You are really too kind.

SCENE XI.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, 1ST PHYSICIAN, 2ND PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY.

1ST PHY. It is a great honour to me to be chosen to do you a service.

MR. POUR. I am your servant.

1ST PHY. Here is a clever man, one of my brethren, with whom I will consult concerning the manner of our treating you.

MR. POUR. There is no need of so much ceremony, I tell you; I am easily satisfied.

1ST PHY. Bring some seats. (*Servants come in and place chairs.*)

MR. POUR. (*aside*). These servants are rather dismal for a young man.

1ST PHY. Now, Sir; take a seat, Sir. (*The two* PHYSICIANS *make* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC *sit between them.*)

MR. POUR. (*seated*). Your very humble servant. (*Each* PHYSICIAN *takes one of his hands, and feels his pulse.*) What are you about?

1ST PHY. Do you eat well, Sir?

MR. POUR. Yes; and drink still better.

1ST PHY. So much the worse! That great craving for cold and wet is a sign of the heat and aridity that is within. Do you sleep well?

MR. POUR. Yes; when I have made a hearty supper.

1ST PHY. Do you dream much?

MR. POUR. Now and then.

1ST PHY. Of what nature are your dreams?

MR. POUR. Of the nature of dreams. What the deuce is the meaning of this conversation?

1ST PHY. Have a little patience. We will reason upon your affair in your presence; and we will do it in the vulgar tongue, so that you may understand better.

MR. POUR. What great reasoning is there wanted to eat a mouthful?

1ST PHY. Since it is a fact that we cannot cure any

disease without first knowing it perfectly, and that we cannot know it perfectly without first establishing its exact nature and its true species by its diagnosis and prognosis, you will give me leave, you, my senior, to enter upon the consideration of the disease that is in question, before we think of the therapeutics and the remedies that we must decide upon in order to effect a perfect cure. I say then, Sir, if you will allow me, that our patient here present is unhappily attacked, affected, possessed, and disordered by that kind of madness which we properly name hypochondriac melancholy; a very trying kind of madness, and which requires no less than an Æsculapius deeply versed in our art like you; you, I say, who have become grey in harness, as the saying hath it; and through whose hands so much business of all sorts has passed. I call it hypochondriac melancholy, to distinguish it from the other two; for the celebrated Galen establishes and decides in a most learned manner, as is usual with him, that there are three species of the disease which we call melancholy, so called, not only by the Latins, but also by the Greeks; which in this case is worthy of remark: the first, which arises from a direct disease of the brain; the second, which proceeds from the whole of the blood, made and rendered atrabilious; and the third, termed hypochondriac, which is our case here, and which proceeds from some lower part of the abdomen, and from the inferior regions, but particularly the spleen; the heat and inflammation whereof sends up to the brain of our patient abundance of thick and foul fuliginosities; of which the black and gross vapours cause deterioration to the functions of the principal faculty, and cause the disease by which he is manifestly accused and convicted. In proof of what I say, and as an incontestable diagnostic of it, you need only consider that great seriousness, that sadness, accompanied by signs of fearfulness and suspicion—pathognomonic and particular symptoms of this disease, so well defined by the divine ancient Hippocrates; that countenance, those red and staring eyes, that long beard, that habit of body, thin, emaciated, black, and hairy—signs denoting him greatly affected by the disease proceeding from a defect in the hypochondria; which disease, by lapse of time,

being naturalised, chronic, habitual, ingrained, and established within him, might well degenerate either into monomania, or into phthisis, or into apoplexy, or even into downright frenzy and raving. All this being taken for granted, since a disease well-known is a disease half cured, for *ignoti nulla est curatio morbis*, it will not be difficult for you to conclude what are the remedies needed by our patient. First of all, to remedy this obdurate plethora, and this luxuriant cacochymy throughout the body, I opine that he should be freely phlebotomised; by which I mean that there should be frequent and abundant bleedings, first in the basilic vein, then in the cephalic vein; and if the disease be obstinate, that even the vein of the forehead should be opened, and that the orifice be large, so that the thick blood may issue out; and, at the same time, that he should be purged, deobstructed, and evacuated by fit and suitable purgatives, i.e. by chologues and melanogogues. And as the real source of all this mischief is either a foul and feculent humour or a black and gross vapour, which obscures, empoisons, and contaminates the animal spirits, it is proper afterwards that he should have a bath of pure and clean water, with abundance of whey; to purify, by the water, the feculency of the foul humour, and by the whey to clarify the blackness of the vapour. But, before all things, I think it desirable to enliven him by pleasant conversations, by vocal and instrumental music, to which it will not be amiss to add dancers, that their movements, figures, and agility may stir up and awaken the sluggishness of his spirits, which occasions the thickness of his blood from whence the disease proceeds. These are the remedies I propose, to which may be added many better ones by you, Sir, my master and senior, according to the experience, judgment, knowledge and sufficiency that you have acquired in our art. *Dixi.*

2ND PHY. Heaven forbid, Sir, that it should enter my thoughts to add anything to what you have just been saying! You have discoursed too well on all the signs, symptoms, and causes of this gentleman's disease. The arguments you have used are so learned and so delicate that it is impossible for him not to be mad and hypo-

chondriacally melancholic; or, were he not, that he ought to become so, because of the beauty of the things you have spoken, and of the justness of your reasoning. Yes, Sir, you have graphically depicted, *graphice depinxisti*, everything that appertains to this disease. Nothing can be more learnedly, judiciously, and ingeniously conceived, thought, imagined, than what you have delivered on the subject of this disease, either as regards the diagnostic, the prognostic, or the therapeutic; and nothing remains for me to do but to congratulate this gentleman upon falling into your hands, and to tell him that he is but too fortunate to be mad, in order to experience the gentle efficacy of the remedies you have so judiciously proposed. I approve them in toto, *manibus et pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam.* All I should like to add is to let all his bleedings and purgings be of an odd number, *numero deus impare gaudet*, to take the whey before the bath, and to make him a forehead plaster, in the composition of which there should be salt—salt is a symbol of wisdom; to whitewash the walls of his room, to dissipate the gloominess of his mind; *album est disgregativum visas;* and to give him a little injection immediately, to serve as a prelude and introduction to those judicious remedies, from which, if he is curable, he must receive relief. Heaven grant that these remedies, which are yours, Sir, may succeed with the patient according to our wish!

MR. POUR. Gentlemen, I have been listening to you for the last hour. Are we acting a comedy here?

1ST PHY. No, Sir; we are not acting a comedy.

MR. POUR. What does it all mean? What are you about with this gibberish and nonsense of yours?

1ST PHY. Ah! Insulting language! A diagnostic which was wanting for the confirmation of his disease. This may turn to mania.

MR. POUR. (*aside*). With what kind of people have they left me here. (*He spits two or three times.*)

1ST PHY. Another diagnostic: frequent expectoration.

MR. POUR. Let us cease all this, and go away.

1ST PHY. Another: anxiety to move about.

MR. POUR. What is the meaning of all this business? What do you want with me?

1ST PHY. To cure you, according to the order we have received.

MR. POUR. Cure me?

1ST PHY. Yes.

MR. POUR. S'death! I am not ill.

1ST PHY. It is a bad sign when a patient does not feel his illness.

MR. POUR. I tell you that I am quite well.

1ST PHY. We know better than you how you are; we are physicians who see plainly into your constitution.

MR. POUR. If you are physicians, I have nothing to do with you; and I snap my fingers at all your physic.

1ST PHY. H'm! h'm! This man is madder than we thought.

MR. POUR. My father and mother would never have anything to do with remedies; and they both died without the help of doctors.

1ST PHY. I do not wonder if they have begotten a son who is mad. (*To the* 2ND PHYSICIAN) Come, let us begin the cure; and, through the exhilarating sweetness of harmony, let us dulcify, lenify, and pacify the acrimony of his spirits, which, I see, are ready to be inflamed.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE XII.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC (*alone*).

What the devil is all this? Are the people of this place crazy? I never saw anything like it; and I don't understand it a bit.

SCENE XIII.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, TWO PHYSICIANS (*in grotesque clothes*).

(*They all three at first sit down; the* PHYSICIANS *rise up at different times to bow to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, *who rises up as often to bow to them in return.*)

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

Buon dì, buon dì, buon dì!
Non vi lasciate uccidere
Dal dolor malinconico.
Noi vi faremo ridere

Col nostro canto armonico;
Sol per guarirvi.
Siamo venuti quì.
Buon dì, buon dì, buon dì!

1ST PHYSICIAN.

Altro non è la pazzia
Che malinconia.
Il malato
Non è disperato
Se vol pigliar un poco d'allegria,
Altro non è la pazzia
Che malinconia.

2ND PHYSICIAN.

Sù; cantate, ballate, ridete.
E, se far meglio volete,
Quando sentite il deliro vicino
Pigliate del vino,
E qualche volta un poco di tabàc.
Allegramente, Monsu Pourceaugnàc.*

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* THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

Good day, good day, good day!
Yield not yourself a prey
To melancholy sway.
We'll make you laugh, I trow,
With songs harmonious, gay:
Unto us your cure is dear,
For that alone we're here.
Good day, good day, good day!

1ST PHYSICIAN.

Nought else is madness true
Save melancholy blue.
Not lost is he,
Though sick he be,
Who sips of mirth the dew.
Nought else is madness true
Save melancholy blue.

2ND PHYSICIAN.

Up then! sing loud, and dance and play.
"Better still I'd do!" you say.
Delirium 's nigh—if you must pine,
Take first some wine;
And sometimes, too, take your tabàc
Right joyfully, Monsu Pourceaugnac.

SCENE XIV.—BALLET.

SCENE XV.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, AN APOTHECARY.

APO. Sir, here is a little remedy; a little remedy which you must take, if you please; if you please.

MR. POUR. How? I have no occasion for anything of the kind.

APO. It was ordered, Sir; it was ordered.

MR. POUR. Ah! What noise and bother.

APO. Take it, Sir; take it, Sir. It will do you no harm; it will do you no harm, &c.

(MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC *runs away, the* APOTHECARY, *&c. after him.*)

SCENE XVI.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, AN APOTHECARY, TWO PHYSICIANS (*in grotesque clothes*).

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

Piglialo sù,*
Signor Monsu;
Piglialo, piglialo, piglialo sù,
Che non ti fara male,
&c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1ST PHYSICIAN, SBRIGANI.

1ST PHY. He has forced through every obstacle I had placed to hinder him, and has fled from the remedies I was beginning to prepare for him.

SBRI. To avoid remedies so salutary as yours is to be a great enemy to oneself.

1ST PHY. It is the mark of a disturbed brain and of a depraved reason to be unwilling to be cured.

* Take it, take it, Sir; it will do you no harm, &c.

SBRI. You would have cured him, for certain, in no time.

1ST PHY. Certainly; though there had been the complication of a dozen diseases.

SBRI. With all that he makes you lose those fifty well-earned pistoles.

1ST PHY. I have no intention of losing them; and I am determined to cure him in spite of himself. He is bound and engaged to take my remedies; and I will have him seized, wherever I can find him, as a deserter from physic and an infringer of my prescriptions.

SBRI. You are right. Your medicines were sure of their effect; and it is so much money he takes from you.

1ST PHY. Where could I find him?

SBRI. No doubt, at the house of that goodman Oronte, whose daughter he comes to marry; and who, knowing nothing of the infirmity of his future son-in-law, will perhaps be in a hurry to conclude the marriage.

1ST PHY. I will go and speak to him at once.

SBRI. You should, in justice to yourself.

1ST PHY. He is in need of my consultations; and a patient must not make a fool of his doctor.

SBRI. That is well said; and, if I were you, I would not suffer him to marry till you have physicked him to your heart's content.

1ST PHY. Leave that to me.

SBRI. (*aside, and going*). For my part, I will bring another battery into play; for the father-in-law is as much of a dupe as the son-in-law.

SCENE II.—ORONTE, 1ST PHYSICIAN.

1ST PHY. A certain gentleman, Sir, a Mr. de Pourceaugnac, is to marry your daughter; is he not?

ORO. Yes; I expect him from Limoges, and he ought to have been here before now.

1ST PHY. And he has come; he has run away from my house, after having been placed under my care; but I forbid you, in the name of the faculty, to proceed with the marriage you have decided upon, before I have duly prepared him for it, and put him in a state to have children well-conditioned both in mind and body.

ORO. What is it you mean?

1ST PHY. Your intended son-in-law was entered as my patient. His disease which was given me to cure is a chattel which belongs to me, and which I reckon among my possessions. I therefore declare to you that I will not allow him to marry before he has rendered due satisfaction to the faculty, and submitted to the remedies which I have ordered for him.

ORO. He is suffering from some disease?

1ST PHY. Yes.

ORO. And from what disease, if you please?

1ST PHY. Don't trouble yourself about that.

ORO. Is it some disease . . . .?

1ST PHY. Doctors are bound to keep things secret. Let it suffice you that I enjoin both you and your daughter not to celebrate the wedding without my consent, upon pain of incurring the displeasure of the faculty, and of undergoing all the diseases which we choose to lay upon you.

ORO. If that is the case, I shall take good care to put a stop to the marriage.

1ST PHY. He was entrusted to me, and he is bound to be my patient.

ORO. Very well.

1ST PHY. It is in vain for him to run away; I will have him sentenced to be cured by me.

ORO. I am very willing.

1ST PHY. Yes; he must either die or be cured by me.

ORO. I consent to it.

1ST PHY. And if I cannot find him, I will make you answerable, and cure you instead of him.

ORO. I am in very good health.

1ST PHY. No matter. I must have a patient, and I will take anyone I can.

ORO. Take whom you will, but it shall not be me. (*Alone*) Did you ever hear of such a thing!

SCENE III.—ORONTE, SBRIGANI *as a Flemish merchant.*

SBRI. Sir, py your leafe, I pe one voreign marchant, and vould like ask you one littel news.

ORO. What, Sir?

SBRI. Put you de hat on de head, Sir, if you pleace.

ORO. Tell me, Sir, what you want.

SBRI. I tell nozink, Sir, if you not put de hat on de head.

ORO. Very well, then, what is it, Sir?

SBRI. You not know in dis town one Mister Oronte?

ORO. Yes, I know him.

SBRI. And vat for one man is he, Sir, if you pleace?

ORO. He is like any other man.

SBRI. I ask you, Sir, if he one man of money is?

ORO. Yes.

SBRI. But very mooch rich, Sir?

ORO. Yes.

SBRI. It does me mooch pleasure, Sir.

ORO. But why should it?

SBRI. It is, Sir, for one littel great reason for us.

ORO. But why?

SBRI. It is, Sir, dat dis Mr. Oronte his tauchter in marriage to a certain Mr. Pourgnac gifes.

ORO. Well!

SBRI. And dis Mr. Pourgnac, Sir, is one man vat owes mooch golt to ten or twelf Flemish marchants vat come here.

ORO. This Mr. de Pourceaugnac owes a great deal to ten or twelve merchants?

SBRI. Yes, Sir; and for de last eight months ve hafe obtain one littel judgment against him, and he put off all de credeetors till dis marriage vat Mr. Oronte gifes to his tauchter.

ORO. Ho! ho! So he puts off paying his creditors till then?

SBRI. Yes, Sir; and vid great defotion ve all vait for dis marriage.

ORO. The idea is not bad. (*Aloud*) I wish you good day.

SBRI. I tank de gentleman for de favour great.

ORO. Your very humble servant.

SBRI. I pe, Sir, more great obliged dan all py de goot news vat the Mister gife me. (*Alone, after having taken off his beard, and taken off the Flemish dress which he has put over his*) Things don't go badly. All is going on swimmingly.

I must throw off this disguise and think of something else. We will put so much suspicion between the father-in-law and his son-in-law that the intended marriage must come to nothing. They are both equally fit to swallow the baits that are laid for them, and it is mere child's play for us great sharpers when we find such easy gulls.

SCENE IV.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI.

MR. POUR. (*thinking himself alone*). *Piglialo sù, piglialo sù, Signor Monsu.* What the deuce does it all mean? (*Seeing* SBRIGANI) Ah!

SBRI. What is the matter, Sir? what ails you?

MR. POUR. Everything I see seems injection.

SBRI. How is that?

MR. POUR. You can't think what has happened to me in that house where you took me.

SBRI. No! What has happened?

MR. POUR. I thought I should be well feasted there.

SBRI. Well?

MR. POUR. I leave you in this gentleman's hands. Doctors dressed in black. In a chair. Feel the pulse In proof of what I say. He is mad. Two big, fat-faced fellows, with large-brimmed hats. *Buon dì, buon dì.* Six pantaloons. Ta, ra, ta, toi, ta, ra, ta, ta, toi. *Allegramente, Monsu Pourceaugnac,* Take, Sir; take, take. It is gentle, gentle, gentle. *Piglialo sù, Signor Monsu; piglialo, piglialo sù.* I never was so surfeited with absurdities in all my life.

SBRI. What does it all mean?

MR. POUR. It means, Sir, that this gentleman, with all his kissing and hugging, is a deceitful rascal, who has sent me to that house to play me some trick.

SBRI. Is it possible?

MR. POUR. It is, indeed. They were a dozen devils at my heels, and I had all the difficulty in the world to escape out of their clutches.

SBRI. Just fancy how deceitful people's looks are; I should have taken him for the most affectionate friend you have. It is a wonder to me how there can exist such rascals in the world.

MR. POUR. My imagination is full of it all; and it seems to me that I see everywhere a dozen injections threatening me.

SBRI. This is really too bad! how treacherous and wicked people are!

MR. POUR. Pray, tell me where Mr. Oronte lives. I should be glad to go there at once.

SBRI. Ah! ah! you are of a loving disposition, I see; and you have heard that Mr. Oronte has a daughter?

MR. POUR. Yes; I am come to marry her.

SBRI. To ma . . . . to marry her?

MR. POUR. Yes.

SBRI. In wedlock?

MR. POUR. How could it be otherwise?

SBRI. Oh! it is another thing, and I beg your pardon.

MR. POUR. What is it you mean?

SBRI. Oh, nothing.

MR. POUR. But, pray!

SBRI. Nothing, I tell you. I spoke rather hastily.

MR. POUR. I beg of you to tell me what it is.

SBRI. No; it is not necessary.

MR. POUR. Pray do.

SBRI. No; I beg you to excuse me.

MR. POUR. What! are you not one of my friends?

SBRI. Yes, certainly; nobody more so.

MR. POUR. Then you ought not to hide anything from me.

SBRI. It is a thing in which a neighbour's honour is concerned.

MR. POUR. That I may oblige you to treat me like a friend, here is a small ring I beg of you to keep for my sake.

SBRI. Let me consider a little if I can in conscience do it. (*Goes away a small distance from* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.) He is a man who looks after his own interests, who tries to provide for his daughter as advantageously as possible; and one should injure nobody. It is true that these things are no secret; but I shall be telling them to a man who knows nothing about it, and it is forbidden to talk scandal of one's neighbour. All this is true. On the other hand, however here is a stranger they want to impose upon,

who comes in all good faith to marry a girl he knows nothing about, and whom he has never seen. A gentleman all openheartedness, for whom I feel some inclination, who does me the honour of reckoning me his friend, puts his confidence in me, and gives me a ring to keep for his sake. (*To* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC) Yes, I think that I can tell you how things are without wounding my conscience. But I must try to tell it all to you in the mildest way possible, and to spare people as much as I can. If I were to tell you that this girl leads a bad life, it would be going too far. I must find some milder term to explain myself. The word coquette does not come up to the mark; that of downright flirt seems to me to answer the purpose pretty well, and I can make use of it to tell you honestly what she is.

MR. POUR. They want to make a fool of me then?

SBRI. But it may not be so bad as people think; and after all, there are men who set themselves above such things, and who do not think that their honour depends upon . . . .

MR. POUR. I am your servant; I have no wish to adorn my person with such a head-dress, and the Pourceaugnacs are accustomed to walk with their heads free.

SBRI. Here is the father.

MR. POUR. Who? this old man?

SBRI. Yes. Allow me to withdraw.

SCENE V.—ORONTE, MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.

MR. POUR. Good morning, Sir; good morning.

ORO. Your servant, Sir; your servant.

MR. POUR. You are Mr. Oronte; are you not?

ORO. Yes.

MR. POUR. And I, Mr. de Pourceaugnac.

ORO. Ah, indeed!

MR. POUR. Do you think, Mr. Oronte, that the people of Limoges are fools?

ORO. Do you think, Mr. de Pourceaugnac, that the people of Paris are asses?

MR. POUR. Do you imagine, Mr. Oronte, that a man like me can be dying for a wife?

ORO. Do you imagine, Mr. de Pourceaugnac, that a daughter like mine can be dying for a husband?

SCENE VI.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, JULIA, ORONTE.

JUL. I have just been told, father, that Mr. de Pourceaugnac has come. Ah, there he is, no doubt; my heart tells me so. How handsome he is! How splendidly he holds himself. How pleased I am to have such a husband! * Give me leave to kiss him and to show him . . . .

ORO. Softly, daughter, softly.

MR. POUR. (*aside*). Heyday! At what a pace she goes, and how she takes fire!

ORO. I should very much like to know, Mr. de Pourceaugnac, for what reason you . . . .

JUL. (*approaches* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, *looks at him with a languishing look, and tries to take his hand*). How pleased I am to see you! And how impatient I am to . . . .

ORO. Hey! daughter, go away; will you?

MR. POUR. (*aside*). What a free and easy young damsel!

ORO. I should like to know what made you have the boldness to . . . . (JULIA *continues as above.*)

MR. POUR. (*aside*). By Jove!

ORO. (*to* JULIA). Again! What do you mean?

JUL. May I not kiss the husband you have chosen for me?

ORO. No; go in.

JUL. Allow me to look at him.

ORO. Go in, I tell you.

JUL. I should like to stop here, if you please.

ORO. I will not suffer it. If you do not go in immediately, I . . . .

JUL. Very well then, I will go in.

ORO. My daughter is a foolish girl who does not understand things.

MR. POUR. (*aside*). How taken she is with me!

ORO. (*to* JULIA, *who has stopped*). You won't go.

JUL. When will you marry me to this gentleman?

ORO. Never. You are not intended for him.

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* See p. 75.

JUL. I will have him, I will have him; you promised him to me.

ORO. If I promised him to you, I take my promise back again.

MR. POUR. (*aside*). She would fain eat me.

JUL. Do what you will, we will be married in spite of everybody.

ORO. I shall know how to prevent it, I forewarn you. What madness has taken hold of her?

SCENE VII.—ORONTE, MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.

MR. POUR. I say, our intended father-in-law, don't give yourself so much trouble; I have no intention of running away with your daughter; and your pretence won't take at all.

ORO. And yours will in no way succeed.

MR. POUR. Did you think that Leonardo de Pourceaugnac is a man to buy a pig in a poke, and that he has not the sense to find out what goes on in the world, and to see if, in marrying, his honour is safe?

ORO. I do not know what you mean; but did you take into your head that a man of sixty-three years old has so little common sense, and so little consideration for his daughter, as to marry her to a man who has you know what, and who was put with a doctor to be cured?

MR. POUR. This is a trick that was practised upon me, and there is nothing the matter with me.

ORO. The doctor told us so himself.

MR. POUR. The doctor told a lie. I am a gentleman, and I will meet him sword in hand.

ORO. I know what I ought to believe, and you can no more impose upon me in this matter than about the debts you are bound to pay on your marriage day.

MR. POUR. What debts?

ORO. It is of no use to affect ignorance. I have seen the Flemish merchant who with other creditors obtained a decision against you eight months ago.

MR. POUR. What Flemish merchant? What creditors? What decision obtained against me?

ORO. You know perfectly well what I mean.

SCENE VIII.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, ORONTE, LUCETTE.

LUC. *(pretending to be a woman from Languedoc).** Oh, yèu be yur, be'e! an' I've avoun thee to làs, àrter all this yur tràepsin' vùrwurd an' backwurd. Cans thee now, yèu rascal; cans leuk me in the fae-as?

MR. POUR. What is it this woman wants?

LUC. What do I want o' thee, yèu villun! Thee's mak wise neet to know me, disn? an' thee disn turn rid nuther, èempodent oseburd that thee art! What! thee witn turn colour vur tu leuk me in the fae-as! *(To* ORONTE) I baent sàaf, Maister, nif 'tis yèu that they do zay 'ee weeshth vur to marry wi' the darter o'? but 'owsomever I zwear to yèu, I be the weiv o' un, an' that zeben yur agone when 'ee was a travellin' drue Pézenas, he made out, we' 'iz falseness, that 'ee knowth zo wul 'ow vur act vur to come over my 'art, an' zo by one way or tother vur to git me vur to gèe unmy 'an vur to marry un.

ORO. Oh! oh!

LUC. The rascal lef me dree yur àrterwurds, purtendin' that 'eed agot some bizness vur to deu in 'iz own country, an' ivur sinz I 'ant ayeard no news at all o' un; but when I wadn thinkin' nothin' 'tall 'bout 'ee, I yeard 'em say as 'ow 'ee was acomin' yur, into this yur town, vur to be amarried agee'an wi' another young ummun, that her father an' mother 'd apromised teu un athout knowin' nothin' 'ow that 'ee was amarried avore. Zo I starts toràcly, an' I be acome yur to this yur place so zeun's ivur I pausible keud, vur to staup this yur wicked marridge, an' vur to show op, avore all the wurdl, the very wissest man that iver was.

MR. POUR. What wonderful impudence!

LUC. Eempurence! Baent yèu ashèe'amd o' yurzul vur to mak sport o' me, 'stid o' bein' abroke down wi' e nward feelins, that thee wicked 'art aurt vur to gee thee?

MR. POUR. Do you mean to say that I am your husband?

LUC. Villun! dis dare to zay tidn zo? Ah! thee's

* Somerset dialect is employed here.

know wul 'nuf, wiss luck to me, that tis all zo treu's the Gauspel; an' I weesh to Heben twadn zo, an' that thee'ds alef me so èenocent an' so quiet like eens I used to be, avore thy charms an' thy trumpery, bad luck, made me vur to 'sake it all! I nivur sheudn abin abrought down vur to be the pour weesh thing that I be now—vur to zee my man, cruel like, mak a laughin' sport of all the love that I've a 'ad vorn, an' lef me athout one beet o' pity, vur the mortal pàin I've abeared, 'bout the shee'amful way 'eev asàrd me.

ORO. Really, I feel quite ready to weep. Go! you are a wicked man!

SCENE IX.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, NÉRINE, LUCETTE, ORONTE.

NER. (*pretending to be from Picardy*).* Oh! Aa can stand nowt more; aa'm rait winded! Ah! good for nowt, thou's made me run well for it; thou'lt not 'scape me now. Joostice! Joostice! Aa forbid the weddin'. (*To* ORONTE) He's my ain man, Mast-ther, and aa sh'd joost loik to have him stroong up, the precious hang-dog there.

MR. POUR. Another!

ORO. What a devil of a man!

LUC. An' what be yèu a-tullin' o', wai yur vur-bèedin' an' yur 'àngin'? Thiki man's yo-ur ùzban, is ur?

NER. You're rait, Missis, an aa'm joost his woif.

LUC. That's a lie then; 'tis me that's the rail weiv o' un; an eef 'ee ought vur to be a'ànged, why 'tis me that ought vur to 'ave it adeud.

NER. Me; aa can mak nowt o' that soort o' talk.

LUC. I do tul 'ee 'ow that I be 'is weiv.

NER. His woif?

LUC. Ees fie!

NER. Aa tell ye once more, that it's me at's joost that.

LUC. An' I vows an' declares as 'ow tez me, my own zul.

NER. 'Twere fowr yeer agone 'at he wed me.

LUC. An' me, tez zeben yur sinz 'e teuk me vur 'iz weiv.

* Lowland Scotch is employed here.

NER. Aa can proove aal 'at aa say.
LUC. All my naibours knowth ut.
NER. Owr town can well witness to it.
LUC. All Pézénas zeed us amarried.
NER. All Sin Quintin helpt at owr weddin'.
LUC Thur cant be nort more saafur.
NER. Nowt can be more sartin.
LUC. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Dis thee dare to zay òrt agin ut, yèu villun?
NER. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Canst thou deny me, wicked man?
MR. POUR. One is as true as the other.
LUC. What èemperence! What, yèu rogue, yèu don't mind poor leedle Franky an' poor leedle Jinny—they that be the outcomin's o' our marridge?
NER. Joost look, there's cheek! What! thou's forgot yon poor cheel, owr little Maggy, 'at thou's lef me for a pledge o' thy faith?
MR. POUR. What impudent jades!
LUC. Yur Franky! Yur Jinny, come both o' ee, come both o' ee, come an' mak yur bad rascal of a father own to 'ow ee've asàrd all o' us.
NER. Coom hither, Maggy, maa cheel, coom heere quick, an' shame your fayther of th' impudence 'at he's gotten.

SCENE X.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, ORONTE, LUCETTE, NÉRINE, SEVERAL CHILDREN.

CHI. Fayther! fayther! fayther!
MR. POUR. Deuce take the little brats!
LUC. What yèu, villun, artn thee fit to drap, vur to tak to yur chillurn arter jis farshin, an' to keep thee eyes vàs, 'feerd thee mids show lig a father teu 'em? Thee shetn git away vrom me, yèu scàulus oseburd! I'll volly thee ivery place, and cry op thee wickedness 'gin I've asàrd thee out, an' 'gin I've amade thee zwing. Rascal, I sheud like vur to mak thee zwing vor't, an' that I sheud.
NER. Wilt not bloosh to spaik yon words, an' to tak no thowt o'th kissin' o' yon poor cheel? Thou'lt not

get clear o' ma claws; aa can tell thee! an spoit o' thy showin' thy teeth, aa'l mak thee know 'at aa'm thy woif, an' aa'l mak thee hang for it.

CHIL. Fayther! fayther! fayther!

MR. POUR. Help! help! Where shall I run?

ORO. Go; you will do right to have him punished, and he richly deserves to be hanged.

SCENE XI.—SBRIGANI (*alone*).

Everything has been done according to my wish, and is succeeding admirably. We will so weary out our provincial that he will only be too thankful to leave the place.

SCENE XII.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI.

MR. POUR. Ah! I am murdered! What vexation! What a cursed town! Assassinated everywhere!

SBRI. What is it, Sir? Has anything new happened?

MR. POUR. Yes; it rains doctors and women in this country.

SBRI. How is that?

MR. POUR. Two jabbering jades have just been accusing me of being married to both of them, and have threatened me with justice.

SBRI. This is a bad business, for in this country justice is terribly rigorous against that sort of crime.

MR. POUR. Yes; but even if there should be information, citation, decree, and verdict obtained by surprise, default, and contumacy, I have still the alternative of a conflict of jurisdiction to gain time, and a resort to the means of nullity that will be found in the court case.

SBRI. The very terms, and it is easy to see that you are in the profession, Sir.

MR. POUR. I? Certainly not; I am a gentleman.*

SBRI. But to speak as you do, you must have studied the law.

MR. POUR. Not at all. It is only common sense

* Compare act i. scene v.

which tells me that I shall always be admitted to be justified by facts, and that I could not be condemned upon a simple accusation, without witnesses, evidence, and confrontation with my adverse party.

SBRI. This is more clever still.

MR. POUR. These words come into my head without my knowledge.

SBRI. It seems to me that the common sense of a gentleman may go so far as to understand what belongs to right and the order of justice, but not to know the very terms of chicane.

MR. POUR. They are a few words I remember from reading novels.

SBRI. Ah! I see.

MR. POUR. To show you that I understand nothing of chicane, I beg of you to take me to a lawyer to have advice upon this affair.

SBRI. Willingly. I will take you to two very clever men; but, first, I must tell you not to be surprised at their manner of speaking. They have contracted at the bar a certain habit of declaiming which looks like singing, and you would think all they tell you is nothing but music.

MR. POUR. It does not matter how they speak, as long as they tell me what I wish to know!

SCENE XIII.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, TWO LAWYERS, TWO ATTORNEYS, TWO SERGEANTS.

1ST LAWYER (*drawling out his words*).

Polygamy 's a case, you find,
A case of hanging.

2ND LAWYER (*singing and speaking very fast*).

Your deed
Is plain and clear,
And all the gear
Of wigs and law
Upon this flaw
One verdict bear.

Consult our authors,
Legislators and glossators,
Justinian, Papinian,
Ulpian and Tribonian,
Fernand, Rebuffe, Jean Imole,*
Paul Castro, Julian Barthole,*
Jason, Alcyat, and Cujas
That mighty mind!
Polygamy 's a case, you'll find,
A case of hanging.

BALLET, *while the* 2ND LAWYER *sings as before.*

All nations civilised,
French, Dutch, and English,
Portuguese, Germans, Flemish,
Italians and Spanish,
By wisdom's sceptre swayed,
For this the self-same law have made.
The affair allows no doubt,
Polygamy 's a case,
A case of hanging.

(MR DE POURCEAUGNAC, *irritated, drives them all away.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ÉRASTE, SBRIGANI.

SBRI. Yes; everything is succeeding splendidly; and as his knowledge of things is very shallow, and his understanding of the poorest, I put him in such a terrible fright at the severity of the law in this country, and at the preparations which were already set on foot to put him to death,† that he is determined to run away, and in order the better to escape from the people who, I have told him, are placed at the city gates to stop him, he has decided upon disguising himself as a woman.

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* The French forms have been retained for the sake of the rhyme.
† Bigamists were really put to death.

ERA. How I should like to see him dressed up in that way!

SBRI. Take care you carry out the farce properly; and whilst I go through my parts with him, you go and .... (*Whispers to him.*) You understand, don't you?

ERA. Yes.

SBRI. And when I have taken him where I mean .... (*Whispers.*)

ERA. All right.

SBRI. And when the father has been forewarned by me .... (*Whispers.*)

ERA. Nothing could be better.

SBRI. Here is our young lady. Go quickly; she must not see us together.

SCENE II.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC (*as a lady*), SBRIGANI.

SBRI. For my part, I don't think any one can know you, and you look exactly like a lady of birth.

MR. POUR. I am so astonished that in this province the forms of justice should not be observed.

SBRI. Yes; as I have already told you, they begin by hanging a man, and try him afterwards.

MR. POUR. What unjust justice!

SBRI. It is devilishly severe, particularly on this kind of crime.

MR. POUR. Still, when one is innocent?

SBRI. Ah me! They care little for that, and, besides, they have here a most intolerable hatred for the people of your province; and nothing gives them more pleasure than to hang a man from Limoges.*

MR. POUR. What have the people from Limoges done to them?

SBRI. How do I know? They are downright brutes, enemies to all the gentility and merit of other cities. For my part, I am in the greatest fear on your account, and I should never comfort myself if you were hanged.

MR. POUR. It is not so much the fear of death that urges me to fly as the fact of being hanged, for it is a

* Molière seems to have had a grudge against Limoges. Compare act i. scene i.

most degrading thing for a gentleman, and would ruin one's title of nobility.

SBRI. You are right; after such a thing they would contest your right of bearing a title of nobility.* But, be careful, when I lead you by the hand, to walk like a woman, and to assume the manners and the language of a lady of quality.

MR. POUR. Leave that to me; I have seen people of high standing in the world. The only thing that troubles me is that I have somewhat of a beard.

SBRI. Oh! it's not worth mentioning. There are many women who have as much. Now, let us just see how you will behave yourself. (MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC *mimics a lady of rank.*) Good.

MR. POUR. Why, my carriage is not here! Where is my carriage? Gracious me! how wretched to have such attendants! Shall I have to wait all day in the street? Will not some one call my carriage for me?

SBRI. Very good.

MR. POUR. Soho! there, coachman. Little page! Ah! little rogue, what a whipping you will get by and by! Little page-boy! little page-boy! Where in the world is that page-boy? Will that little page never be found? Will nobody call that little page for me? Is my little page nowhere to be found?

SBRI. Marvellous! But there is one thing that I see does not do. This hood is a little too thin; I must go and fetch you a thicker one, to hide your face better in case of any accident.

MR. POUR. What shall I do in the meantime?

SBRI. Wait for me here. I will be back in a moment; you have only to walk about.

(MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC *walks forward and backward on the stage, mimicking the lady of rank.*)

SCENE III.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, TWO SWISS.

1ST SWISS (*without seeing* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Come you, make haste, mein comrad, ve vill, both of us, go to ze

* Noblemen were beheaded.

market-place: to zee dis Porcegnac at de chustice, which him contemns to pe hung py de neck.

2ND SWISS (*without seeing* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Ve moost hire one vindow to zee dis chustice.

1ST SWISS. Man says dat zey alreaty a great new gallow plant hafe, to hang dis Porcegnac to it.

2ND SWISS. It vill pe, yes, a great pleazure to see dis Limossin hung.

1ST SWISS. Ja! to see him vaggle de feet up zere pefor all de peoples!

2ND SWISS. He pe one funny man, he pe; man says dat he married dree times hafe.

1ST SWISS. Ze room fellow! he vant dree wifes all to himself! one fery much pe quite enough for him.

2ND SWISS (*perceiving* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC.) Ah! goct tay, missy.

1ST SWISS. Vat do you zere all by self.

MR. POUR. I am waiting for my servants, gentlemen.

2ND SWISS. You pe prooty, missy?

MR. POUR. Gently, sirs.

1ST SWISS. Missy, vill you come and amuse you on de market-place? Ve vill make you zee one little hanging fery prooty.

MR. POUR. I am much obliged to you.

2ND SWISS. It is a Limossin chentleman vat vill hung pe fery prootily at a great gallow.

MR. POUR. I am not desirous to see it.

1ST SWISS. You hafe one much funny prest . . . .

MR. POUR. Ah! this is too much! and such odious things are not said to a woman of my position.

2ND SWISS. You go avay.

1ST SWISS. Me vill let not you.

2ND SWISS. Put I vill, I tell ye. (*Both lay hold of* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC *roughly.*)

1ST SWISS. I vill not let you.

2ND SWISS. You hafe told one fery mooch lie.

1ST SWISS. You hafe told one lie yourself.

MR. POUR. Help! help! police!

SCENE IV.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, THREE POLICE OFFICERS, TWO SWISS.

OFF. What is it? what is the meaning of this violence? and what are you doing to this lady? Be off at once, unless you wish to be put in prison.

1ST SWISS. Goot, you gone, you vill not hafe her.

2ND SWISS. Goot, you gone too, you vill not hafe her also.

SCENE V.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, THREE POLICE OFFICERS.

MR. POUR. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for saving me from those insolent fellows.

OFF. Oh! oh! This is a face which is deucedly like that which was described to me.

MR. POUR. It is not I, I assure you.

OFF. Oh! oh! what does this mean?

MR. POUR. I don't know.

OFF. What is it, then, that makes you say that?

MR. POUR. Nothing.

OFF. This manner of speaking is somewhat ambiguous, and you are my prisoner.

MR. POUR. O, Sir, I pray!

OFF. No, no; to judge by your appearance and your manner of speaking, you must be that Mr. de Pourceaugnac we are looking for, although you are disguised in this manner, and you must come to prison at once.

MR. POUR. Alas!

SCENE VI.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, THREE POLICE OFFICERS.

SBRI. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). Heavens! what does this mean?

MR. POUR. They have discovered who I am.

OFF. Yes, yes; I am delighted about it.

SBRI. (*to the* OFFICER). Ah, Sir! for my sake! do not take him to prison; you know that we have been friends a long while.

OFF. I cannot help it.

SBRI. You are a man to hear reason. Is there no way of adjusting this matter with the help of a few pistoles?

OFF. (*to his subordinates*). Go farther back.

SCENE VII.—MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, A POLICE OFFICER.

SBRI. (*to* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC). You must give him some money for him to let you go. Be quick.

MR. POUR. (*giving some money to* SBRIGANI). Ah! cursed place.

SBRI. Here, Sir.

OFF. How much is there?

SBRI. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

OFF. No; I have express orders.

SBRI. (*to the* OFFICER, *who is going*). Pray wait. (*To* MR. DE POURCEAUGNAC) Be quick, give him as much again.

MR. POUR. But . . . .

SBRI. Be quick, I tell you; don't waste time; you would be happy, would you not, if you were hanged?

MR. POUR. Ah! (*Gives more money to* SBRIGANI.)

SBRI. (*to the* OFFICER). Here, Sir.

OFF. (*to* SBRIGANI). I must go off with him, for I should not be in safety here after this. Leave him to me, and don't stir from this place.

SBRI. I beg of you to take the utmost care of him.

OFF. I promise you not to leave him one moment till I see him safe.

MR. POUR. (*to* SBRIGANI). Farewell! This is the first honest man I have found in this town.

SCENE VIII.—ORONTE, SBRIGANI.

SBRI. (*affecting not to see* ORONTE). Ah! What a strange adventure! What terrible news for a father! Poor Oronte, how much I pity you! What will you say? How will you ever be able to bear with such a misfortune?

ORO. What is it? Of what misfortune do you speak?

SBRI. Ah, Sir! This wretch of a Limousin has run away with your daughter!

ORO. Run away with my daughter!

SBRI. Yes; she became so infatuated with him that she has left you to follow him. It is said that he has a charm to make all women fall in love with him.

ORO. Quick! Justice! Let the police be set after them!

SCENE IX.—ORONTE, ÉRASTE, JULIA, SBRIGANI.

ERA. (*to* JULIA). Come along; you shall come in spite of yourself. I will put you in your father's hands. Sir, here is your daughter, whom I had to take by force from the man with whom she was running away; it is not for her sake that I did it, but entirely for yours. For, after such conduct, I ought to despise her, and it is enough to cure me altogether of my love.

ORO. Ah! infamous girl that you are!

ERA. (*to* JULIA). How could you treat me in that way, after all the proofs of affection I have given you? I do not blame you for being obedient to your father's will; he is wise and judicious in all he does; and I do not complain of him for having preferred another to me. They told him that that other man was richer than I by four or five thousand crowns, and four or five thousand crowns are a good round sum, and are enough to make a gentleman break his word; but that you should forget in a moment all the love I had for you, suffer yourself to fall madly in love with the first new-comer, and shamefully follow him, without the consent of your father, after all the crimes that were charged upon him! It is what all the world will condemn, and what my heart can never cease to reproach you with.

JUL. Well, yes; I fell in love with him, and I wanted to follow him, since my father had chosen him to be my husband. Whatever you may say, he is a very honest man, and all the crimes they accuse him of are so many detestable falsehoods.

ORO. Be silent; you are an impertinent hussy, and I know better than you.

JUL. They are some tricks they have played him, and (*showing* ÉRASTE) it is he himself, no doubt, who managed it all, to disgust you with him.

ERA. What! I should be capable of such a thing?

JUL. Yes, you.

ORO. Be silent, I tell you. You are a silly girl.

ERA. You need not think that I have any wish to prevent the match, and that it is because I love you that I hastened to rescue you. I have already told you that it is only because of the regard I have for your father. I could not bear to see an honourable man exposed to the shame of all the gossip that would be occasioned by such an action.

ORO. I am truly and sincerely obliged to you, Sir.

ERA. Farewell, Sir! I had the greatest desire to enter into your family; I did everything to deserve such an honour; but I have been unfortunate, and you did not judge me worthy of that honour. It will not prevent me from retaining towards you all those feelings of esteem and regard which your person demands; and although I cannot be your son-in-law, I shall always be at your service.

ORO. Stay. Your behaviour touches my heart, and I give you my daughter in marriage.

JUL. I won't have any other husband than Mr. de Pourceaugnac.

ORO. And I will have you marry Éraste at once.

JUL. No; I will not.

ORO. I shall give it you about the ears.

ERA. No, no, Sir; don't use violence towards her, I pray you.

ORO. I will have her obey me, and I will show her that I am the master.

ERA. Do you not see how fast in love she is with that man; and would you have me possess the body while another has the heart?

ORO. He has thrown some charm upon her. You may be sure that she will change before long. Give me your hand. Come.

JUL. No; I . . . .

ORO. Ah! What, rebellion! Your hand, I tell you, at once. Ah!

ERA. Do not think that it is because of my love for you that I agree to marry you; it is your father only I am in love with, and it is him whom I marry.

ORO. I am truly obliged to you, and I add ten thousand crowns to my daughter's portion. Quick; a notary to draw up the contract.

ERA. In the meanwhile, let us enjoy the pleasures of the season, and fetch in those masks whom the report of Mr. de Pourceaugnac's wedding has attracted hither.

SCENE X.—A BALLET

THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

(LES AMANTS MAGNIFIQUES.)

The subject of this play was given by Louis XIV. It was acted before him at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, on February 4, 1670, but was never represented in Paris, and was only printed after Molière's death. It is one of the weakest plays of Molière, upon whom unfortunately now rested the whole responsibility of the court entertainments. His attack upon astrology is the most interesting part.

Molière acted the part of Clitidas.

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

The King, who will have nothing but what is magnificent in all he undertakes, wished to give his court an entertainment which should comprise all that the stage can furnish. To facilitate the execution of so vast an idea, and to link together so many different things, his Majesty chose for the subject two rival princes, who, in the lovely vale of Tempe, where the Pythian Games were to be celebrated, vie with each other in fêting a young princess and her mother with all imaginable gallantries.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, } *princes in love with* ERIPHYLE.

SOSTRATUS, *a general, also in love with* ERIPHYLE.

ANAXARCHUS, *an astrologer.*

CLEON, *his son.*

CHORŒBUS, *in the suit of* ARISTIONE.

CLITIDAS, *a court jester, one of the attendants of* ERIPHYLE.

ARISTIONE, *a princess, mother to* ERIPHYLE.

ERIPHYLE, *a princess, daughter to* ARISTIONE.

CLEONICE, *confidante to* ERIPHYLE.

A sham VENUS, *acting in concert with* ANAXARCHUS.

THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The scene opens with the pleasant sound of a great many instruments, and represents a vast sea, bordered on each side by four large rocks. On the summit of each is a river god, leaning on the insignia usual to those deities. At the foot of these rocks are twelve Tritons on each side, and in the middle of the sea four Cupids on dolphins; behind them the god ÆOLUS *floating on a small cloud above the waves.* ÆOLUS *commands the winds to withdraw; and whilst four Cupids, twelve Tritons, and eight river gods answer him, the sea becomes calm, and an island rises from the waves. Eight fishermen come out of the sea with mother-of-pearl and branches of coral in their hands, and after a charming dance seat themselves each on a rock above one of the river gods. The music announces the advent of* NEPTUNE, *and while this god is dancing with his suite, the fishermen, Tritons, and river gods accompany his steps with various movements and the clattering of the pearl shells. The spectacle is a magnificent compliment paid by one of the princes to the princesses during their maritime excursion.*

ÆOLUS.

Ye winds that cloud the fairest skies,
Retire within your darkest caves,
And leave the realm of waves
To Zephyr, Love, and sighs.

A TRITON.

What lovely eyes these moist abodes have pierced?
Ye mighty Tritons, come; ye Nereids, hide.

ALL THE TRITONS.

Then rise we all these deities fair to meet;
With softest strains and homage let us greet
Their beauty rare.

A CUPID.

How dazzling are these ladies' charms!

ANOTHER CUPID.

What heart but seeing them must yield?

ANOTHER CUPID.

The fairest of th' Immortals—arms
So keen hath none to wield.

CHORUS.

Then rise we all these deities fair to meet;
With softest strains and homage let us greet
Their beauty rare.

A TRITON.

What would this noble train that meets our view?
'Tis Neptune! He and all his mighty crew!
He comes to honour, with his presence fair,
These lovely scenes, and charm the silent air.

CHORUS.

Then strike again,
And raise your strain,
And let your homes around
With joyous songs resound!

NEPTUNE.

I rank among the gods of greatest might;
'Tis Jove himself hath placed me on this height!
Alone, as king, I sway the azure wave;
In all this world there 's none my power to brave.

There are no lands on earth my might that know
But trembling dread that o'er their meads I flow;
No states, o'er which the boisterous waves I tread
In one short moment's space I cannot spread.

There 's nought the raging billows' force can stay,
No triple dike, but e'en it easily
My waves can crush,
When rolls along their mass with wildest rush.

And yet these billows fierce I force to yield,
Beneath the wisdom of the power I wield;
And everywhere I let the sailors bold
Where'er they list their trading courses hold.

Yet rocks sometimes are found within my states,
Where ships do perish, so doomed by fates;
Yet 'gainst my power none murmurs aye,
For Virtue knows no wreck where'er I sway.

A Sea God.

Within this realm are many treasures bright;
All mortals crowd its pleasant shores to view.
And would you climb of fame the dazzling height,
Then seek nought else, but Neptune's countenance sue.

Second Sea God.

Then trust the god of this vast billowy realm,
And shielded from all storms, you'll guide the helm;
The waves would fain inconstant often be,
But ever constant Neptune you will see.

Third Sea God.

Launch then with dauntless zeal, and plough the deep;
Thus shall you Neptune's kindly favour reap.

ACT I

Scene I.—Sostratus, Clitidas.

Cli. (*aside*). He is buried in thought.

Sos. (*believing himself alone*). No, Sostratus, I do not see where you can look for help, and your troubles are of a kind to leave you no hope.

Cli. (*aside*). He is talking to himself.

Sos. (*believing himself alone*). Alas!

Cli. These sighs must mean something, and my surmise will prove correct.

Sos. (*believing himself alone*). Upon what fancies can you build any hope? And what else can you expect but the protracted length of a miserable existence, and sorrow to end only with life itself.

Cli. (*aside*). His head is more perplexed than mine.

Sos. (*believing himself alone*). My heart! my heart! to what have you brought me?

Cli. Your servant, my Lord Sostratus!

Sos. Where are you going, Clitidas?

Cli. Rather tell me what you are doing here? And what secret melancholy, what gloomy sorrow, can keep you in these woods when all are gone in crowds to the magnificent festival which the Prince Iphicrates has just given upon the sea to the princesses. There they are treated to wonderful music and dancing, and even the rocks and the waves deck themselves with divinities to do homage to their beauty.

Sos. I can fancy all this magnificence, and as there are generally so many people to cause confusion at these festivals, I did not care to increase the number of unwelcome guests.

Cli. You know that your presence never spoils anything, and that you are never in the way wherever you go. Your face is welcome everywhere, and is not one of those ill-favoured countenances which are never well received by sovereigns. You are equally in favour with both princesses, and the mother and the daughter show plainly enough the regard they have for you; so that you

need not fear to be accounted troublesome. In short, it was not this fear that kept you away.

Sos. I acknowledge that I have no inclination for such things.

Cli. Oh indeed! Yet, although we may not care to see things, we like to go where we find everybody else; and whatever you may say, people do not, during a festival, stop all alone among the trees to dream moodily as you do, unless they have something to disturb their minds.

Sos. Why? What do you think could disturb my mind?

Cli. Well, I can't say; but there is a strong scent of love about here, and I am sure it does not come from me, and it must come from you.

Sos. How absurd you are, Clitidas!

Cli. Not so absurd as you would make out. You are in love; I have a delicate nose, and I smelt it directly.

Sos. What can possibly make you think so?

Cli. What? I daresay you would be very much surprised if I were to tell you besides with whom you are in love.

Sos. I?

Cli. Yes; I wager that I will guess presently whom you love. I have some secrets, as well as our astrologer with whom the Princess Aristione is so infatuated; and if his science makes him read in the stars the fate of men, I have the science of reading in the eyes of people the names of those they love. Hold up your head a little, and open your eyes wide. *E*, by itself, *E; r, i, ri, Eri; p, h, y, phy, Eriphy; l, e, le, Eriphyle.* You are in love with the Princess Eriphyle.

Sos. Ah! Clitidas, I cannot conceal my trouble from you, and you crush me with this blow.

Cli. You see how clever I am!

Sos. Alas! if anything has revealed to you the secret of my heart, I beseech you to tell it to no one; and, above all things, to keep it secret from the fair princess whose name you have just mentioned.

Cli. But, to speak seriously, if for awhile I have read in your actions the love you wish to keep secret, do you think that the Princess Eriphyle has been blind enough

not to see it? Believe me, ladies are always very quick to discover the love they inspire, and the language of the eyes and of sighs is understood by those to whom it is addressed sooner than by anybody else.

Sos. Leave her, Clitidas, leave her to read, if she can, in my sighs and looks the love with which her beauty has inspired me; but let us be careful not to let her find it out in any other way.

Cli. And what is it you dread? Is it possible that this same Sostratus, who feared neither Brennus nor all the Gauls, and whose arm has been so gloriously successful in ridding us of that swarm of barbarians which ravaged Greece; is it possible, I say, that a man so dauntless in war should be so fearful as to tremble at the very mention of his being in love?

Sos. Ah! Clitidas, I do not tremble without a cause; and all the Gauls in the world would seem to me less to be feared than those two beautiful eyes full of charms.

Cli. I am not of the same opinion, and I know, as far as I am concerned, that one single Gaul, sword in hand, would frighten me much more than fifty of the most beautiful eyes in the world put together. But, tell me, what do you intend to do?

Sos. To die without telling my love.

Cli. A fine prospect! Nonsense, you are joking; you know that a little boldness always succeeds with lovers; it is only the bashful and timid who are losers; and were I to fall in love with a goddess, I would tell her of my passion at once.

Sos. Alas! too many things condemn my love to an eternal silence.

Cli. But what?

Sos. The lowness of my birth, by which it pleased heaven to humble the ambition of my love; the princess's rank, which puts between her and my desires such an impassable barrier. The rivalry of two princes who can back the offer of their heart by the highest titles; two princes who offer the most magnificent entertainments by turn to her whose heart they strive to win, and between whom it is expected every moment that she will make a

choice. Besides all this, Clitidas, there is the inviolable respect to which she subjugates the violence of my love.

CLI. Respect is not always as welcome as love; and if I am not greatly mistaken, the young princess knows of your affection, and is not insensible to it.

SOS. Ah! pray do not, out of pity, flatter the heart of a miserable lover.

CLI. I do not say it without good reasons. She is a long time postponing the choice of a husband, and I must try and discover a little more about all this. You know that I enjoy a kind of favour with her, that I have free access to her, and that, by dint of trying all kinds of ways, I have gained the privilege of saying a word now and then, and of speaking at random on any subject. Sometimes I do not succeed as I should like, but at others I succeed very well. Leave it to me, then; I am your friend, I love men of merit, and I will choose my time to speak to the princess of . . . .

SOS. Oh! for heaven's sake, however much you may pity my misfortune, Clitidas, be careful not to tell her anything of my love. I had rather die than to be accused by her of the least temerity, and this deep respect in which her divine charms . . . .

CLI. Hush! they are all coming.

SCENE II.—ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS ANAXARCHUS, CLEON, CLITIDAS.

ARI. (*to* IPHICRATES). Prince, I cannot say too much, there is no spectacle in the world which can vie in magnificence with this one you have just given us. This entertainment had wonderful attractions, which will make it surpass all that can ever be seen. We have witnessed something so noble, so grand and glorious that heaven itself could do no more; and I feel sure there is nothing in the world that could be compared to it.

TIM. This is a display that cannot be expected in all entertainments, and I greatly fear, Madam, for the simplicity of the little festival which I am preparing to give you in the wood of Diana.

ARI. I feel sure that we shall see nothing there bu*

what is delightful; and we must acknowledge that the country ought to appear very beautiful to us, and that we have no time left for dulness in this charming place, which all poets have celebrated under the name of Tempe. For, not to mention the pleasures of hunting, which we can enjoy at any hour, and the solemnity of the Pythian Games which are about to be celebrated, you both take care to supply us with pleasures that would charm away the sorrows of the most melancholy. How is it, Sostratus, that we did not meet you in our walks?

Sos. A slight indisposition, Madam, prevented me from going there.

Iph. Sostratus is one of those men who think it unbecoming to be curious like others, and who esteem it better to affect not to go where everybody is anxious to be.

Sos. My Lord, affectation has little share in anything I do, and, without paying you a compliment, there were things to be seen in this festival which would have attracted me if some other motive had not hindered me.

Ari. And has Clitidas seen it all?

Cli. Yes, Madam, but from the shore.

Ari. And why from the shore?

Cli. Well, Madam, I feared one of those accidents which generally happen in such large crowds. Last night I dreamt of dead fish and broken eggs, and I have learnt from Anaxarchus that broken eggs and dead fish forebode ill luck.

Ana. I observe one thing, that Clitidas would have nothing to say if he did not speak of me.

Cli. It is because there are so many things that can be said of you that one can never say too much.

Ana. You might choose some other subject of conversation, particularly since I have asked you to do so.

Cli. How can I? Do you not say that destiny is stronger than everything? And if it is written in the stars that I shall speak of you, how can I resist my fate?

Ana. With all the respect due to you, Madam, allow me to say that there is one thing in your court which it is sad to find there. It is that everybody takes the

liberty of talking, and that the most honourable man is exposed to the scoffing of the first buffoon he meets.

CLI. I thank you for the honour you do me.

ARI. (*to* ANAXARCHUS). Why be put out by what he says?

CLI. With all due respect to you, Madam, there is one thing which amazes me in astrology; it is that people who know the secrets of the gods, and who have such knowledge as to place themselves above all other men, should have need of paying court and of asking for anything.

ANA. This is a paltry joke, and you should earn your money by giving your mistress wittier and better ones.

CLI. Upon my word, I give what I have. You speak most comfortably about it; the trade of a buffoon is not like that of an astrologer. To tell lies well and to joke well are things altogether different, and it is far easier to deceive people than to make them laugh.

ARI. Ha! what is the meaning of that?

CLI. (*speaking to himself*). Peace, fool that you are! Do you not know that astrology is an affair of state, and that you must not play upon that string? I have often told you that you are getting a great deal too bold, and that you take certain liberties which will bring trouble upon you. You will see that some day you will be kicked out like a knave. Hold your peace if you be wise.

ARI. Where is my daughter?

TIM. She is gone away, Madam. I offered her my arm, which she refused to accept.

ARI. Princes, since in your love for Eriphyle you have consented to submit to the laws I had imposed upon you, since it has been possible for me to obtain that you should be rivals without being enemies, and that, with a full submission to my daughter's feelings, you are waiting for her choice, speak to me openly and tell me what progress you each think you have made on her heart.

TIM. Madam, I do not mean to flatter myself; but I have done all that I possibly could to touch the heart of the Princess Eriphyle. I have neglected none of the tender means that a lover should adopt. I have offered her the

humble homage of my great love, I have been assiduous near her, I have attended on her daily. I have had my love sung by the most touching voices, and expressed in verse by the most skilful pens. I have complained in passionate terms of my sufferings. My eyes, as well as my words, have told her of my despair and my love. I have laid my love at her feet; I have even had recourse to tears, but all in vain, and I have failed to see that in her soul she was in any way touched by my love.

ARI. And you, Prince?

IPH. For my part, Madam, knowing her indifference and the little value she sets upon the homage that is paid to her, I did not mean to waste either sighs or tears upon her. I know that she is entirely submissive to your wishes, and that it is from you alone that she will accept a husband; therefore it is to you alone that I can address my wishes for her hand, to you rather than to her that I offer my homage and my attentions. Would to heaven, Madam, that you could bring yourself to take her place, enjoy the conquests which you make for her, and receive for yourself the affections which you refer to her!

ARI. Prince, the compliment comes from a cunning lover. You have heard that the mothers must be flattered in order to obtain the daughters from them; but here however, this will be useless, for I have determined to leave my daughter entirely free in her choice, and in no way to thwart her inclination.

IPH. However free you leave her in her choice, what I tell you is no flattery, Madam. I court the Princess Eriphyle only because she is your daughter, and I think her charming in that which she inherits from you; and it is you whom I adore in her.

ARI. That is very pretty.

IPH. Yes, Madam, all the earth beholds in you charms and attractions . . . .

ARI. Ah! Prince, pray, let us leave those charms and attractions; you know that these are words I banish from the compliments that are paid to me. I can endure to be praised for my sincerity, to be called a good princess, for it is true that I have a kind word for everybody, love for my friends and esteem for merit and virtue; yes,

I can enjoy all that; but as for your charms and attractions, I had rather have nothing to do with them, and whatever truth there may be in them, one should make a scruple of wishing to be praised when one is mother to a daughter like mine.

IPH. Ah! Madam. It is you only who will remind everyone that you are a mother; everybody's feelings are against it, and it depends entirely on yourself to pass for the sister of the Princess Eriphyle.

ARI. Believe me, Prince, I have no relish for all this idle nonsense, so welcome to too many women. I wish to be a mother, because I am one, and it would be in vain to wish to be otherwise. This title has nothing that wounds me, since I received it by my own consent. It is a weakness in our sex, from which, thank heaven! I am free, and I do not trouble myself about those grand discussions concerning ages about which there is so much folly. Let us resume what we were saying. Is it possible that until now you have been unable to discover my daughter's feelings?

IPH. They are a secret to me.

TIM. And to me an impenetrable mystery.

ARI. She may be prevented by modesty from explaining herself either to you or to me. Let us make use of another to try and discover what she feels. Sostratus, take this message upon yourself for me, and oblige these princes by skilfully trying to discover towards which of the two my daughter's feeling are inclined.

SOS. Madam, you have a great many people in your court who are better qualified than I for such a delicate mission, and I feel little fit to do what you ask of me.

ARI. Your merit, Sostratus, is not confined to the business of war only. You have brain, tact, and skill, and my daughter greatly esteems you.

SOS. Another better than I, Madam . . . .

ARI. No, no, in vain you excuse yourself.

SOS. Since it is your wish, Madam, I must obey; but I assure you that there is not one person in the whole of your court who would be less qualified for such a commission than myself.

ARI. You are too modest, and you will always acquit

yourself well in whatever is entrusted to you. Sound my daughter gently on her feelings, and remind her that she must be early at the wood of Diana.

SCENE III.—IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS, CLITIDAS.

IPH. (*to* SOSTRATUS). I assure you that I rejoice to see you held in such esteem by the princess.

TIM. (*to* SOSTRATUS). I assure you that I am delighted that the choice should have fallen on you.

IPH. You have it now in your power to serve your friends.

TIM. You will be able to do good service to those you esteem.

IPH. I do not commend my interests to you.

TIM. I do not ask you to speak for me.

SOS. My Lords, all this is useless. I should be wrong to exceed my orders, and you will excuse me if I speak for neither.

IPH. I leave it to you to do as you please.

TIM. Do exactly as you think best.

SCENE IV.—IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

IPH. (*aside to* CLITIDAS). Well, Clitidas, remember that he is one of my friends. I hope he will still forward my interests with the princess against those of my rival.

CLI. (*aside to* IPHICRATES). You may trust me. There is a great difference between you and him. He is a fine prince, indeed, to dispute it with you.

IPH. (*aside to* CLITIDAS). I will not forget such a service.

SCENE V.—TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

TIM. My rival pays his court to Clitidas; but Clitidas knows that he has promised to help me in my love against him.

CLI. Certainly. How very absurd to think of carrying the day against you. A fine gentleman, indeed, to be compared with you!

TIM. There is nothing I could not do for Clitidas.

CLI. (*alone*). Plenty of fine words on all sides! But here is the princess; we will take our opportunity to speak to her.

SCENE VI.—ERIPHYLE, CLEONICE.

CLEON. It will be thought strange, Madam, that you should keep away from everybody.

ERI. Ah! to persons like us, always surrounded by so many indifferent people, how pleasant is solitude! How sweet to be left alone to commune with one's thoughts when one has had to bear with so much trifling conversation. Leave me alone to walk a few moments by myself.

CLEON. Would you not like for a moment to see what those wonderful people, who are desirous of serving you, can do? It seems by their steps and gestures they can express everything to the eye. They are called pantomimists. I feared to pronounce that word before you, and there are some in your court who would not forgive me for using it.

ERI. You seem to me to propose some strange entertainment; for you never fail to introduce indifferently all that presents itself to you, and you have a kind welcome for everything. Therefore to you alone do we see all necessitous Muses have recourse. You are the great patroness of all merit in distress, and all virtuous indigents knock at your door.

CLEON. If you do not care to see them, Madam, you have only to say so.

ERI. No, no; let us see them. Bring them here.

CLEON. But, Madam, their dancing may be bad.

ERI. Bad or not, let us see it. It would only be putting off the thing with you. It is just as well to have it over.

CLEON. To-day it will only be an ordinary dance, Madam. Another time . . . .

ERI. No more about it, Cleonice. Let them dance.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

The confidante of the young PRINCESS *calls forth three dancers under the name of pantomimists; that is, men who express all sorts of things by their movements. The* PRINCESS *sees them dance, and receives them into her service.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ERIPHYLE, CLEONICE.

ERI. This is admirable! I do not think any dancing could ever be better; and I am glad to have them belonging to me.

CLEON. And I am very glad, Madam, for you to see that my taste is not so bad as you thought.

ERI. Do not be so triumphant. You won't be long before giving me my revenge. Leave me alone here.

SCENE II.—ERIPHYLE, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

CLEON. (*going to meet* CLITIDAS). I warn you, Clitidas, that the princess wishes to be alone.

CLI. Leave that to me. I understand court etiquette.

SCENE III.—ERIPHYLE, CLITIDAS.

CLI. (*singing*). La, la, la, la. (*Affecting surprise on seeing* ERIPHYLE.) Ah!

ERI. (*to* CLITIDAS, *who affects to go away*). Clitidas!

CLI. I did not see you, Madam.

ERI. Come near. Where have you been?

CLI. With the princess your mother, who was just going towards the temple of Apollo, accompanied by a great many people.

ERI. Do you not think this one of the most charming places in the world?

CLI. Certainly. The two princes, your lovers, were there.

ERI. The river Peneus has here the most charming windings.

CLI. Very charming. Sostratus was there also.

ERI. How is it that he was not with us to-day?

CLI. He has something on his mind which prevents him from taking any pleasure in all those beautiful entertainments. He wanted to tell me something; but you have so expressly forbidden me to intercede for any one to you that I would not hear him, and I told him flatly that I had no leisure.

ERI. You were wrong to say such a thing to him, and you ought to have heard him.

CLI. I told him at first that I was not at leisure to hear him; but afterwards I listened to what he had to say.

ERI. You did well.

CLI. In fact, he is a man after my own heart; a man with all the manners and qualities I should like to see in all men. He never assumes boisterous manners and provoking tones of voice, but is prudent and careful in everything. He never speaks but to the point, is never hasty in his decisions, is never annoying by his exaggerations. However fine may be the verses our poets repeat to him, I have never heard him say, "This is more beautiful than anything that Homer ever wrote." In short, he is a man to my taste; and if I were a princess, I would not see him unhappy.

ERI. He is evidently a man of great merit; but what had he to say to you?

CLI. He asked me if you were very pleased with the royal entertainments that are offered to you. He spoke of your person with the greatest transports of delight, extolled you to the sky, and gave you all the praises that could be given to the most accomplished princess in the world, and with all this uttering many sighs which told me more than he thought. At last, by dint of questioning him in all kinds of ways, and pressing him to tell me the cause of his melancholy, which is noticed by everyone at court, he was forced to acknowledge that he is in love.

ERI. How, in love? What boldness is this? I will never see him again.

CLI. What are you offended at, Madam?

ERI. To be audacious enough to love me, and, moreover, to dare to say it!

CLI. It is not with you he is in love, Madam.

ERI. Not with me?

CLI. No; he has too much respect for you, and he is too wise to do such a thing.

ERI. With whom, then, Clitidas?

CLI. With one of your maids-of-honour, the young Arsinoë.

ERI. Is she so very beautiful that he can think none but her worthy of his love?

CLI. He loves her to distraction, and entreats you to honour his love with your protection.

ERI. Me!

CLI. No, no, Madam; I see that this offends you. Your anger forced me to make use of this subterfuge; and, to tell you the truth, it is you he loves to distraction.

ERI. You are an insolent knave to come thus to sound my feelings. Out of my sight this moment! Do you pretend to read people's thoughts and penetrate into the secrets of a princess's heart? Away with you; let me never see your face again . . . . Clitidas!

CLI. Madam.

ERI. Come here. I forgive you this affair.

CLI. You are too kind, Madam.

ERI. But on condition—mind what I say—that you will never mention it to anybody, at the peril of your life.

CLI. Enough.

ERI. Then Sostratus told you that he loved me?

CLI. No, Madam; I must now tell you the whole truth. I got from him by surprise a secret he intended to conceal from all the world, and which he said he would wish to die with him. He was in despair when I wrenched it with subtlety from him; and, far from asking me to tell you of it, he entreated me with the most earnest prayers never to reveal anything to you; and I have committed a piece of treachery against him by telling you what I have said.

ERI. I am glad of it. It is by his respect only that he can please me; and if he were bold enough to tell me of his love, he would forfeit for ever both my presence and my esteem.

CLI. Do not fear, Madam . . . .

ERI. Here he is. Remember, if you are wise, what I have forbidden you.

CLI. Certainly, Madam; I have no wish to be an indiscreet courtier.

SCENE IV.—ERIPHYLE, SOSTRATUS.

SOS. I have an excuse, Madam, for daring to disturb your solitude. I have received from the princess your mother a mission which authorises the bold step I now take.

ERI. What mission is it, Sostratus?

SOS. To try to learn from you, Madam, towards which of the two princes your heart inclines?

ERI. The princess my mother shows a judicious spirit in choosing you for such a message. This mission is very pleasant to you, no doubt, Sostratus, and you must have accepted it with great joy?

SOS. I have accepted it, Madam, because my duty obliges me to obey; and if the princess had kindly listened to my excuses, she would have appointed another for the task.

ERI. What reason could you have had, Sostratus, for refusing it?

SOS. The fear of not acquitting myself well.

ERI. Do you think that I have not enough esteem for you to open my heart to you, and say all you wish to know from me about the two princes?

SOS. As far as I am concerned, Madam, I have no desire to know anything; I only ask you what you think you can say in answer to the commands which bring me here.

ERI. Until now I have had no wish to explain myself, and the princess my mother has kindly allowed me to put off the choice which is to bind me. But I should be glad to show to everyone that I am willing to do something for your sake; and if you insist, I may give you this long expected verdict.

SOS. I will not importune you, Madam, and urge a princess who knows well what she has to do.

ERI. Yet it is what the princess my mother expects from you.

SOS. I told her that I was sure to acquit myself but badly of my message.

ERI. Well, tell me, Sostratus; you have far-seeing eyes, and I believe that there are few things that escape you. Have you not been able to discover what everybody is anxious to know? Have you no idea of the inclination of my heart? You see all the attentions that are bestowed on me, all the homage that is paid to me. Which of these two princes do you think I look upon with a most favourable eye?

SOS. The conjectures we make upon such matters generally arise from the greater or less interest we take.

ERI. Which would you prefer of the two, Sostratus? Tell me which one you would have me marry?

SOS. Ah! Madam! your inclination, not my wishes, must decide the matter.

ERI. But if I wished to consult you in this choice?

SOS. If you were to consult me, I should feel very much perplexed.

ERI. You could not tell me which of the two you think most worthy of preference?

SOS. If I were to be judge, I should find no one worthy of that honour. All the princes of the world would be too mean to aspire to you; the gods alone can pretend to you, and you would have from men but incense and sacrifice.

ERI. This is very kind, and I esteem you my friend. But I must have you tell me for which of the two you feel the greatest inclination, and which is the one you reckon your friend?

SCENE V.—ERIPHYLE, SOSTRATUS, CHORŒBUS.

CHO. Madam, the princess is coming to fetch you to go to the wood of Diana.

SOS. (*aside*). Alas! how seasonably you came in.

SCENE VI.—ARISTIONE, ERIPHYLE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS, ANAXARCHUS, CLITIDAS.

ARI. You are asked for, my daughter, and there are some who are much pained by your absence.

ERI. I should think, Madam, that they only asked after me out of compliment, and that no one is as pained as you say.

ARI. There are so many entertainments made for your sake that all our time is taken up, and we have not a moment to lose if we wish to see them all. Let us enter the wood at once, and see what awaits us there. This is the most beautiful place in the world. Let us take our seats quickly.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

The stage represents a forest where the PRINCESS *has been invited to go. A Nymph does the honours, singing; and to amuse the* PRINCESS, *a small musical comedy is played, the subject of which is as follows:—A shepherd complains to two other shepherds, his friends, of the coldness of her whom he loves; the two friends comfort him; at that moment the beloved shepherdess appears, and all three retire to observe her. After a plaintive love-song, she reclines on the turf, and gives way to sweet slumber. The lover makes his two friends approach to contemplate the beauty of his shepherdess, and invokes everything to contribute to her rest. The shepherdess, on waking up, sees her swain at her feet, complains of his persecution; but taking his constancy into consideration, she grants him his wish, and consents to be loved by him, in the presence of his two friends. The Satyrs arrive, upbraid her with her change, and, distressed by the disgrace into which they have fallen, look for comfort in wine.*

CLIMENE, PHILINTE.

PHILINTE.

There was a time I pleased you well,
Content I lived, and loved the spell;

I had not changed for god or throne
The sway o'er you I held alone.

CLIMENE.

So, when by gentle passion swayed,
You held me dear above all maid,
The regal crown I would have spurned
If for me still your heart had burned.

PHILINTE.

Another's faith hath cured the wound
I nursed for you within my breast.

CLIMENE.

Another's love for me hath found
Revenge I sought, and kindly rest.

PHILINTE.

Chloris the fair true passion sways,
For me she pours her soul in sighs,
And I would gladly close my days
If so should bid her beauteous eyes.

CLIMENE.

Myrtil, of youthful hearts the flower,
He loves me true e'en more than light;
And I, to prove love's mighty power,
Content, would pass to endless night.

PHILINTE.

But if our passion's gentle ray
A lingering spark would kindle anew,
And from my heart expel to-day
Chloris the fair, thy love to sue?

CLIMENE.

Though Myrtil loves me true,
Though constant e'er to sigh,
Still, I confess, with you
I'd gladly live and die.

BOTH (*together*).

'Midst love then more than ever let us fleet
The lingering hours, and own a bond so sweet.

BALLET, DIVERTISSEMENT, ETC.

ACT III.

ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, ERIPHYLE, ANAXARCHUS, SOSTRATUS, CLITIDAS.

ARI. We must always repeat the same words. We have always to exclaim: This is admirable! Wonderful! It is beyond all that has ever been seen.

TIM. You bestow too much praise on these trifles, Madam.

ARI. Such trifles may agreeably engage the thoughts of the most serious people. Indeed, my daughter, you have cause to be thankful to these princes, and you can never repay all the trouble they take for you.

ERI. I am deeply grateful for it, Madam.

ARI. And yet you make them languish a long time for what they expect from you. I have promised not to constrain you; but their love claims from you a declaration that you should not put off any longer the reward of their attentions. I had asked Sostratus to sound your heart, but I do not know if he has begun to acquit himself of his commission.

ERI. Yes, Madam, he has. But it seems to me that I cannot put off too long the decision which is asked of me, and that I could not give it without incurring some blame. I feel equally thankful for the love, attentions, and homage of these two princes, and I think it a great injustice to show myself ungrateful either to the one or to the other by the refusal I must make of one in preference to his rival.

IPH. We should call this, Madam, a very pretty way of refusing us both.

ARI. This scruple, daughter, should not stop you; and

those two princes have both long since agreed to submit to the preference you show.

ERI. Our inclinations easily deceive us, Madam, and disinterested hearts are more able to make a right choice.

ARI. You know that I have engaged my word to give no opinion upon this matter, and you cannot make a bad choice when you have to choose between these two princes.

ERI. In order not to do violence either to your promise or to my scruples, Madam, pray agree to what I shall propose.

ARI. And what is that, my daughter?

ERI. I should like Sostratus to decide for me. You chose him to try to discover the secret of my heart; suffer me to choose him to end the perplexity I am in.

ARI. I have such a high regard for Sostratus that, whether you mean to employ him to explain your feelings or to leave him entirely to decide for you, I consent heartily to this proposition.

IPH. Which means, Madam, that we must pay our court to Sostratus.

SOS. No, my Lord, you will have no court to pay to me; and with all the respect due to the princesses, I refuse the glory to which they would raise me.

ARI. How is that, Sostratus?

SOS. I have reasons, Madam, which do not allow me to accept the honour you would do me.

IPH. Are you afraid, Sostratus, of making yourself an enemy?

SOS. I should have but little fear for the enemies I might make in obeying the will of my sovereigns.

TIM. Why, then, do you refuse to accept the power which is entrusted to you, and to acquire to yourself the friendship of a prince who would owe all his happiness to you?

SOS. Because it is not in my power to grant to that prince what he would wish from me.

IPH. What reason can you have?

SOS. Why should you so insist upon this? Perhaps I may have, my Lord, some secret interest opposed to the pretensions of your love. Perhaps I may have a friend who burns with a respectful flame for the divine charms

with which you are in love. Perhaps that friend makes me the daily confidant of his sufferings, that he complains to me of the rigour of his fate, and is looking upon the marriage of the princess as the dreadful sentence which is to send him to his grave. Supposing it were so, my Lord, would it be right that he should receive his death-wound from my hands?

IPH. You seem to me, Sostratus, very likely to be that friend whose interests you have so much at heart.

SOS. I beg of you, my Lord, not to render me odious to the persons who hear you. I know what I am, and unfortunate people like me are not ignorant of the limits which fortune assigned to their desires.

ARI. Let us drop this subject; we will find means for overcoming my daughter's irresolution.

ANA. Are there better means of arriving at a conclusion that would satisfy everbody than to consult the light which heaven can give us on that marriage? I have already begun, as I told you, to cast the mysterious figures which our art teaches us; and I hope soon to be able to show you what the future has in reserve regarding this longed for union. After that, who can still hesitate? Will not the glory or the prosperity which will be promised to one or the other be choice sufficient to decide it, and can he who is rejected be offended when heaven itself decides who is to be preferred?

IPH. For my part, I submit to it altogether, and I declare that this way seems the most reasonable.

TIM. I am entirely of the same opinion, and whatever heaven may decide, I yield to it without reluctance.

ERI. But, my Lord Anaxarchus, do you really read so clearly destiny that you can never be deceived? And pray, who will give us security for this prosperity, this glory which you say heaven promises us?

ARI. My daughter, you have a little incredulity which never leaves you.

ANA. The proofs, Madam, which everybody has seen, of the infallibility of my predictions are sufficient security for the promises I make. But, in short, when I have shown you what heaven has in reserve for you, you may act as you please, and choose one or the other destiny.

ERI. Heaven, you say, Anaxarchus, will show me the good or bad destiny that is in reserve for me?

ANA. Yes, Madam; the felicity with which you will be blessed if you marry the one, and the misery that will accompany you if you marry the other.

ERI. But since it is impossible for me to marry them both at once, it seems that we find written in the heavens not only what is to happen, but also what is not to happen.

CLI. (*aside*). Here is a puzzler for our astrologer!

ANA. I should have to give you, Madam, a long dissertation on the principles of astrology to make you understand this.

CLI. Well answered. I have no harm, Madam, to say of astrology; astrology is a fine thing. My Lord Anaxarchus is a great man.

IPH. The truth of astrology is an incontestable fact, and no one can dispute the certainty of its predictions.

CLI. Certainly not.

TIM. I am incredulous enough in many things, but as regards astrology, there is nothing more sure or constant than the certainty of the horoscopes it draws.

CLI. The things are as clear as daylight.

IPH. A hundred accidents happen every day which convince the greatest unbelievers.

CLI. Quite true.

TIM. Who could contradict the many famous incidents which are related to us in books?

CLI. Only people devoid of common sense can do so; how can anything in print be doubted?

ARI. Sostratus has not said a word yet. What is your opinion about it?

SOS. Madam, all minds are not gifted with the necessary qualities which the delicacy of those fine sciences called abstruse require. There are some so material that they cannot conceive what others understand most easily. There is nothing more agreeable, Madam, than all the great promises of these sublime sciences. To transform everything into gold; to cause people to live for ever; to cure with words; to make ourselves loved by whomsoever we please; to know all the secrets of futurity; to bring

down from heaven, according to one's will, on metals, impressions of happiness; to command demons, to raise invisible armies and invulnerable soldiers—all this is delightful, no doubt; and there are people who experience no difficulty whatever in believing all this to be possible; it is the easiest thing for them to conceive. But for me, I acknowledge that my coarse, gross mind can hardly understand and refuses to believe it; that, in fact, it thinks it all too good ever to be true. All those beautiful arguments of sympathy, magnetic power, and occult virtue, are so subtle and delicate that they escape my material understanding; and, without speaking of anything else, it has never been in my power to conceive how there is to be found in the heavens even the smallest particulars of the fortune of the least of men. What relation, what connection, what reciprocity, can there be between us and globes so immeasurably distant from our earth? And how, besides, can this sublime science have come to man? What god revealed it? or what experience can have been formed from the observation of that immense number of stars which have never as yet been seen twice in the same order?

ANA. It would not be hard to make you conceive it.

SOS. You would be more clever than all the others.

CLI. (*to* SOSTRATUS). He will deliver you a long discussion about all this whenever you please.

IPH. If you do not understand such things, you can at least believe what is seen every day.

SOS. As my understanding is so gross that I never could understand anything, my eyes also are unfortunate enough never to have witnessed anything relating to it.

IPH. For my part, I have seen things altogether convincing.

TIM. So have I.

SOS. Since you have seen, you do well to believe; and your eyes must be differently made from mine.

IPH. But, in short, the princess believes in astrology; and I think we may well, after her example, believe in it also. Would you say that Madam has not intelligence and sense, Sostratus?

SOS. My Lord, your question is rather unfair. The

mind of the princess is no rule for mine, and her understanding may raise her to light, which I, in my meaner sense, cannot reach.

ARI. No, Sostratus; I shall say nothing to you about many things to which I give no more credence than you do; but as for astrology, I have been told and been shown things so positive that I cannot doubt them.

SOS. Madam, I have nothing to answer to that.

ARI. We will say no more about this; leave us a moment. We will, my daughter and myself, go towards that fine grotto where I have promised to go. Ha! something gallant at every step.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

The stage represents a grotto, where the PRINCESSES *go to take a walk. As they enter it, eight statues, each bearing two torches, come down from their recesses, and execute a varied dance of different figures and several fine attitudes in which they place themselves at intervals.*

BALLET.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ARISTIONE, ERIPHYLE.

ARI. Nothing can be more gallant or better contrived. My daughter, I wished to come alone here with you, so that we may have a little quiet talk together; and I hope that you will in nothing hide the truth from me. Have you in your heart no secret inclination which you are unwilling to reveal to me?

ERI. I, Madam?

ARI. Speak openly, daughter; what I have done for you well deserves that you should be frank and open with me. To make you the sole object of all my thoughts, to prefer you above all things, to shut my ears, in the position I am in, to all the propositions that a hundred prin-

cesses might decently listen to in my place—all that ought to tell you that I am a kind mother, and that I am not likely to receive with severity the confidences your heart may have to make.

ERI. If I had so badly followed your example as to have allowed an inclination I had reason to conceal to enter my soul, I should have power enough over myself to impose silence on such a love, and to do nothing unworthy of your name.

ARI. No, no, daughter; I had rather you laid bare your feelings to me. I have not limited your choice to the two princes; you may extend it to whomsoever you please; merit stands so high in my estimation that I think it equal to any rank; and if you tell me frankly how things are, you will see me subscribe without repugnance to the choice you have made.

ERI. You are so kind and indulgent towards me that I can never be thankful enough for it; but I will not put your kindness to the test on such a subject, and all I ask of you is to allow me not to hurry a marriage about which I am not decided as yet.

ARI. Till now I have left everything to your decision; and the impatience of the princes your lovers . . . . But what means this noise? Ah! daughter, what spectacle is this? Some deity descends; it is the goddess Venus who seems about to speak to us.

SCENE II.—VENUS (*in the air, accompanied by four* CUPIDS), ARISTIONE, ERIPHYLE.

VEN. (*to* ARISTIONE). Princess, in you shines a glorious example, which the immortals mean to recompense; and that you may have a son-in-law both great and happy, they will guide you in the choice you should make. They announce by my voice the great and glorious fame which will come to your house by this choice. Therefore, put an end to your perplexities, and give your daughter to him who shall save your life.

SCENE III.—ARISTIONE, ERIPHYLE.

ARI. Daughter, the gods have imposed silence on all our arguments. After this, all we have to do is to wait for what they wish to give us; and we have distinctly heard what their will is. Let us go to the nearest temple to assure them of our obedience, and to render thanks to them for their goodness.

SCENE IV.—ANAXARCHUS, CLEON.

CLE. The princess is going away; do you not want to speak to her?

ANA. No; let us wait until her daughter has left her. I am afraid of her; she will never suffer herself to be led like her mother. In short, my son, as we have just been able to judge through this opening, our stratagem has succeeded. Our Venus has done wonders, and the admirable engineer, who has contrived this piece of machinery, has so well disposed everything, so cunningly cut the floor of his grotto, so well hid his wires and springs, so well adjusted his lights, and dressed his personages, that but few people could have escaped being deceived; and as the Princess Aristione is extremely superstitious, there is no doubt that she fully believes in this piece of deception. I have been a long time preparing this machine, my son, and now I have almost reached the goal of my ambition.

CLE. But for which of the two princes have you invented this trick?

ANA. Both have courted my assistance, and I have promised to both the influence of my art. But the presents of Prince Iphicrates, and the promises which he has made, by far exceed all that the other could do. Therefore, it is Iphicrates who will profit by all I can invent, and as his ambition will owe everything to me, our future is sure. I will go and take my time to confirm the princess in her error, and, the better to prepossess her mind, skilfully show her the agreement of the words of Venus with the predictions of the celestial signs which I told her I have cast. Be it your part to go and get our six men to hide themselves carefully in their boat behind the rock, and make

them wait quietly for the time when the princess comes alone in the evening for her usual walk. Then they must suddenly attack her like pirates, in order to give the opportunity to Prince Iphicrates to rush to her rescue, and lend her the help which is to put Eriphyle in his hands according to the words of Venus. I have forewarned the prince, and, acting on the belief in my prediction, he is to hold himself in readiness in that little wood that skirts the shore. But let us leave this grotto. I will tell you as we go along all that is necessary for you carefully to observe. Her is the Princess Eriphyle; let us avoid her.

SCENE V.—ERIPHYLE (*alone*).

Alas! how hard is my destiny! What have I done to the gods that they should interest themselves in what happens to me?

SCENE VI.—ERIPHYLE, CLEONICE.

CLEON. Here he is, Madam; he followed me the moment he heard your commands.

ERI. Let him come hither, Cleonice, and leave us alone for one moment.

SCENE VII.—ERIPHYLE, SOSTRATUS.

ERI. Sostratus, you love me.

SOS. I, Madam?

ERI. Yes, Sostratus, I know it, I approve of it, and allow you to tell me so. Your love appeared to me accompanied by all the merit which could render it valuable to me. Were it not for the rank in which heaven has placed me, I might tell you that your love would not have been an unhappy one, and I have often wished for a position in which I might fully show the secret feelings of my heart. It is not, Sostratus, that merit fails to have for me all the value which it should have, and because, in my inmost soul, I do not prefer the virtues which you possess to all the magnificent titles which adorn others. The princess my mother has also, it is

true, left me free in my choice, and I have no doubt that I could have obtained her consent according to my wish. But, Sostratus, there are stations in life where it is not right to wish that what pleases us should come to pass. It is painful to be above all others, and the burning light of fame often makes us pay too severely for having yielded to our inclination. I never could, therefore, expose myself to it, and I thought I would simply put off the bonds I was solicited to enter. But, at last, the gods themselves will give me a husband, and all these long delays with which I have postponed my marriage, and which the kindness of the princess my mother made possible, are no longer permitted to me. I must resign myself to the will of heaven. You may rest assured, Sostratus, that it is with the greatest repugnance that I consent to this marriage, and that, were I mistress of myself, either I should have been yours or should have belonged to no one. This is, Sostratus, what I had to tell you; what I felt I owed to your merit, and the only consolation which my tenderness can show to your love.

Sos. Ah! Madam, it is too much for one so undeserving as I am! I was not prepared to die with such glory, and from this moment I shall cease to complain of my destiny. If it caused me to be born in a rank below what I could have desired, it has made me to be born happy enough to attract some pity from the heart of a great princess, and this glorious pity is worth sceptres and crowns; is worth the power of the greatest princes of the earth. Yes, Madam, from the moment I dared to love you —it is you, Madam, who allow me to use this bold word— from the moment I dared to love you, I condemned the pride of my aspirations, and determined upon the fate I ought to expect. Death will not surprise me, for I am prepared for it, but your kindness has thrown upon it an honour which my love never dared to hope; I shall now die the happiest and most fortunate of men. If I may yet hope for anything, I on my knees will ask two favours of you: to be willing to endure my presence till that happy marriage which is to put an end to my life takes place; and amidst the glory and long prosperities which heaven promises to your union, to remember sometimes Sostratus,

who loved you. May I hope for those favours, O divine princess?

ERI. Go, Sostratus; leave me. You little care for my peace of mind if you ask me to remember you.

SOS. Ah, Madam, if your peace of mind . . . .

ERI. Leave me, Sostratus; spare my weakness; do not expose me to do more than I have resolved upon.

SCENE VIII.—ERIPHYLE, CLEONICE.

CLE. Madam, I see you quite melancholy; will you allow your dancers, who express so well all the passions of the soul, to come and give you a sample of their skill?

ERI. Yes, Cleonice; let them do what they like, provided they leave me to my thoughts.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

Four pantomimists, as a sample of their skill, adapt their movements and steps to the signs of uneasiness of the young PRINCESS ERIPHYLE.

BALLET.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—ERIPHYLE, CLITIDAS.

CLI. Where shall I go? which way shall I turn? Where am I likely to find the Princess Eriphyle? It is no small pleasure to be the first to bring news. Ah! here she is! Madam, I come to tell you that heaven has just now given you the husband it reserved for you.

ERI. Alas! leave me, Clitidas, to my gloomy sorrow.

CLI. Madam, I beg your pardon, I thought I did well to come and tell you that heaven has given you Sostratus for a husband; but, since it is unpleasant to you, I will pocket my news, and go back just as I came.

ERI. Clitidas! I say, Clitidas!

CLI. I leave you, Madam, to your gloomy melancholy.

ERI. Stay, I tell you; come here. What is it you say?

CLI. Nothing, Madam. One is sometimes too hasty in coming to tell great people things they don't care about, and I pray you to excuse me.

ERI. How cruel you are!

CLI. Another time I will take care not to come and interrupt you.

ERI. Keep me no longer in suspense; say what it is you came to tell me.

CLI. An insignificant thing about Sostratus, Madam, which I will tell you another time when you are less engaged.

ERI. Keep me no longer in suspense, and tell me the news.

CLI. You wish to know it, Madam?

ERI. Yes, be quick. What is it about Sostratus?

CLI. A wonderful adventure which nobody expected.

ERI. Tell it me at once.

CLI. Will it not trouble you, Madam, in your gloomy melancholy?

ERI. Ah! Speak, I say.

CLI. I must tell you, then, Madam, that the princess your mother was going almost alone through the forest by those little paths which are so pleasant, when a frightful boar—those ugly boars are always doing mischief, and should be banished from civilised forests—when a hideous boar, I say, driven to bay, I believe, by some huntsmen, came right across the path where we were. I ought, perhaps, to adorn my account with an elaborate description of this said boar; but you must try and do without it, if you please, and be satisfied to know that it was a terribly ugly brute. It was going on its way, and it would have been as well not to disturb it; but the princess wished to show her skill, and with her dart, which, if I may say so, she launched somewhat unseasonably, inflicted a slight wound just above the ear. The ill-bred boar turned impertinently upon us. We were then two or three wretches who became pale with fright; each gained

his tree, and the princess was left alone, exposed to the fury of the beast, when Sostratus appeared, just in time, as if the very gods had sent him.

ERI. And so, Clitidas?

CLI. If this account wearies you, Madam, I can put off the remainder for another occasion.

ERI. End it quickly.

CLI. It is, indeed, quickly that I shall end, for a grain of cowardice prevented me from seeing the details of the struggle, and all that I can tell you is that, when we came back to the spot, we found the boar dead and bleeding, and the princess full of joy, and proclaiming Sostratus her deliverer and your husband, according to the words spoken by the gods. When I heard this, I did not stop to hear any more, and I ran in search of you to bring you this piece of news.

ERI. Ah! Clitidas, you could never have given me a more welcome one.

CLI. Oh! here they are coming to find you.

SCENE II.—ARISTIONE, SOSTRATUS, ERIPHYLE, CLITIDAS.

ARI. I perceive, my daughter, that you already know everything which we are coming to tell you. You see that the gods have explained themselves sooner than we expected. The danger I have just run has told us what their will is, and it is easy to see that the choice comes from them, since merit alone shines in the selection they have made. Will it be repugnant to you to recompense with the gift of your heart the one to whom I owe my life, and will you refuse to accept Sostratus for your husband?

ERI. Both from the hands of the gods and from yours, Madam, I could receive no gift that would be disagreeable to me.

SOS. Is not this a glorious dream with which the gods wish to flatter me? Am I not to expect some dreadful awakenings which will plunge me back into all the baseness of my former fortune?

SCENE III.—ARISTIONE, ERIPHYLE, SOSTRATUS, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

CLEON. Madam, I am come to tell you that Anaxarchus had till now deceived both the princes, with the hope of favouring the choice upon which their souls were bent; and that, hearing what has taken place, they have both given way to their resentment against him, and things growing worse, he has received several wounds, from which it is impossible to say what may happen. But here they are both coming.

SCENE IV.—ARISTIONE, ERIPHYLE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

ARI. Princes, you are very quick in avenging yourselves; if Anaxarchus offended you, I was here to do you justice.

IPH. And what justice can you have done us, Madam, when you do so little to our rank in the choice you have made?

ARI. Had you not both agreed to submit to what the order of the gods or my daughter's inclination might decide in this matter? and of what consequence can the interests of a rival be to you?

TIM. Yes, Madam; we were ready to submit to a choice between the Prince Iphicrates and myself, but not to find ourselves both repulsed. It were some consolation to see the choice fall on an equal, but your blindness is something terrible.

ARI. Prince, I have no wish to fall out with one who has had the kindness to praise me so much; and I beg of you, in all sincerity, to base your sorrow upon better foundation. Try and remember, I pray, that Sostratus' merit is known throughout Greece, and that by the rank to which the gods raise him to-day the distance between you and him disappears.

IPH. Yes, we shall remember it, Madam. But, perhaps, you will be pleased also to remember that two insulted princes may be enemies to be feared.

TIM. You may not have long to enjoy the contempt in which you hold us.

ARI. I forgive all these threats for the sake of the sorrow of a love which thinks itself insulted; and we will none the less go and see the Pythian Games in all peace. Let us go at once, and let us crown by the glorious spectacle this wonderful day.

SIXTH INTERLUDE.

The scene represents a great hall in the form of an amphitheatre, with a grand open arcade at the farther end, above which is a tribune, closed by a curtain, and in the distance is seen an altar prepared for the sacrifice. Six men, dressed as if they were almost naked, each carrying an axe on his shoulder, like executioners of the sacrifice, enter by the portico, to the sound of violins, and are followed by two sacrificers who play, by a priestess, also playing, and by their suite.

BALLET AND DIVERTISSEMENT.

THE SHOPKEEPER TURNED GENTLEMAN.

(LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.)

'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' was acted before the King for the first time at Chambord, on October 14, 1670, and on November 23 at the Palais Royal. After the second representation, Louis XIV. said to Molière, "You have never written anything which amused me more, and your play is excellent." But it obtained a still greater success in Paris, where the *bourgeois* willingly and good-humouredly laughed at what they deemed their neighbours' weaknesses. The three first acts are the best; Louis XIV. hurried Molière so with the last that they degenerated into burlesque.

Molière acted the part of the Bourgeois.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Mr. Jourdain.

Cléonte, *in love with* Lucile.

Dorante, *a count, in love with* Dorimène.

Covielle, *servant to* Cléonte.

A Music Master, etc.

A Dancing Master, etc.

A Fencing Master.

A Professor of Philosophy.

A Master Tailor.

Assistant Tailors.

Two Lackeys.

Mrs. Jourdain.

Lucile, *daughter to* Mr. Jourdain.

Dorimène, *a marchioness.*

Nicole, *maid-servant to* Mr. Jourdain.

The scene is in Paris, *in* Mr. Jourdain's *house.*

THE SHOPKEEPER TURNED GENTLEMAN.

ACT I.

The overture is played by a great many instruments; and in the middle of the stage the PUPIL *of the* MUSIC MASTER *is seated at a table composing a serenade which* MR. JOURDAIN *has asked for.*

SCENE I.—MUSIC MASTER, DANCING MASTER, THREE SINGERS, TWO VIOLIN PLAYERS, FOUR DANCERS.

MUS. MAS. (*to the* MUSICIANS). Come into this room, and rest till he comes.

DAN. MAS. (*to the* DANCERS). Come also, on this side.

MUS. MAS. (*to his* PUPIL). Have you finished?

PUP. Yes.

MUS. MAS. Let me see. Very good.

DAN. MAS. Is it anything new?

MUS. MAS. Yes; it is an air for a serenade that I made him compose while we are waiting for our gentleman to wake up.

DAN. MAS. Will you allow me to see what it is?

MUS. MAS. You shall hear it, as well as the dialogue, when he comes; he won't be long.

DAN. MAS. We both have plenty to do now; have we not?

MUS. MAS. Indeed we have. We have found the very man we both wanted. He brings us in a comfortable little income, with his notions of gentility and gallantry which

he has taken into his head; and it would be well for your dancing and my music if everybody were like him.

DAN. MAS. No; not altogether. I wish, for his sake, that he would appreciate better than he does the things we give him.

MUS. MAS. He certainly understands them but little; but he pays well, and that is nowadays what our arts require above all things.

DAN. MAS. I must confess, for my part, that I rather hunger after glory. Applause finds a very ready answer in my heart, and I think it mortifying enough that in the fine arts we should have to exhibit ourselves before fools, and submit our compositions to the vulgar taste of an ass. No! say what you will, there is a real pleasure in working for people who are able to appreciate the refinements of an art; who know how to yield a kind recognition to the beauties of a work, and who, by felicitous approbations, reward you for your labour. Yes! the most charming recompense one can receive for the things which one does is to see them understood, and to have them received with the applause that honours. Nothing, in my opinion, can repay us better than this for all our fatigues; and the praises of the enlightened are a true delight to me.

MUS. MAS. I grant it; and I relish them as much as you do. There is certainly nothing more refreshing than the applause you speak of; still we cannot live on this flattering acknowledgment of our talent. Undiluted praise does not give competence to a man; we must have something more solid to fall back upon, and the best praise is the praise of the pocket. Our man, it is true, is a man of very limited capacity, who speaks at random upon all things, and only gives applause in the wrong place; but his money makes up for the errors of his judgment. He keeps his discernment in his purse, and his praises are golden. This ignorant, commonplace citizen is, as you see, better to us than that clever nobleman who introduced us here.

DAN. MAS. There is some truth in what you say; still I think that you set a little too much value on money, and that it is in itself something so base that he who respects himself should never make a display of his love for it.

MUS. MAS. Yet you receive readily enough the money our man gives you.

DAN. MAS. Certainly: but my whole happiness does not depend upon it; and I can still wish that with all his wealth he had good taste.

MUS. MAS. I wish it as much as you do; and we are both working as hard as we can towards that end. But at the same time he gives us the opportunity of making ourselves known. He shall pay for others, and others shall praise for him.

DAN. MAS. Here he comes.

SCENE II.—MR. JOURDAIN (*in a dressing-gown and nightcap*), THE MUSIC MASTER, THE DANCING MASTER, THE PUPIL OF THE MUSIC MASTER, A LADY SINGER, TWO MEN SINGERS, DANCERS, TWO SERVANTS.

MR. JOUR. Well, gentlemen! and what have you got there? Are you ready to show me your little drollery?

DAN. MAS. How? What little drollery?

MR. JOUR. Why, the . . . . what do you call it? Your prologue or dialogue of songs and dancing.

DAN. MAS. Ah, ah!

MUS. MAS. You see we are quite ready.

MR. JOUR. I have kept you waiting a little, but it is because I am to be dressed to-day like a man of rank, and my tailor sent me a pair of silk stockings which I thought I should never be able to get on.

MUS. MAS. We are here only to await your leisure.

MR. JOUR. I hope you will both stop till they have brought me my clothes, so that you may see me.

DAN. MAS. As you please.

MR. JOUR. You will see me equipped fashionably from head to foot.

MUS. MAS. We have no doubt of it.

MR. JOUR. I have had this dressing-gown made for me.

DAN. MAS. It is very handsome.

MR. JOUR. My tailor told me that people of quality are dressed like this in the morning.

MUS. MAS. It becomes you wonderfully well.

MR. JOUR. Hullo! fellows! hullo! I say; my two lackeys, here!

1ST LACK. Do you want anything, Sir?

MR. JOUR. No; it was only to see if you heard me readily. (*To the* TWO MASTERS) What do you think of my liveries?

DAN. MAS. They are magnificent.

MR. JOUR. (*opening his gown, and showing his tight breeches of scarlet velvet, and a green velvet morning jacket which he is wearing*). This is a kind of deshabille to go about early in the morning.

MUS. MAS. It is charming.

MR. JOUR. I say! lackey!

1ST LACK. Sir.

MR. JOUR. The other.

2ND LACK. Sir.

MR. JOUR. (*taking off his dressing-gown*). Hold my dressing-gown. (*To the* TWO MASTERS) Do you think I look well so?

DAN. MAS. Perfectly well; nothing could be better.

MR. JOUR. Now let us see a little of this affair of yours.

MUS. MAS. I should like, first of all, for you to hear an air which he (*pointing to his* PUPIL) has just composed for the serenade you asked of me. He is one of my pupils, who has an admirable talent for this kind of thing.

MR. JOUR. Yes; but you should not have had it done by a pupil; you were not too good for the business yourself.

MUS. MAS. You must not be deceived, Sir, by the name of pupil. These kind of pupils know sometimes as much as the greatest masters; and the air is as beautiful as possible. Only just listen to it.

MR. JOUR. (*to his* SERVANTS). Hand me my dressing-gown, so that I may hear better . . . . Stay, I believe that I shall be better without . . . . No, give it me back again; that will be best.

THE PUPIL.

All night and day I languish on; the sick man none can save
Since those bright eyes have laid him low, to your stern laws a slave;

If thus to those you love a meed of care you bring,
What pain, fair Iris, will you find your foemen's hearts to wring?

MR. JOUR. This song seems to me rather dismal; it sends one to sleep; could you not enliven it a bit here and there?

MUS. MAS. We must, Sir, suit the air to the words.

MR. JOUR. I was taught a very pretty one quite lately; stop a moment . . . . ahem . . . . What is it? How does it begin?

DAN. MAS. Upon my word, Sir, I do not know.

MR. JOUR. There is some lamb in it.

DAN. MAS. Lamb?

MR. JOUR. Yes, ah! I have it. (*He sings.*)

When I had Jenny seen,
I thought her kind as fair,
I thought she'd gentler been
Than lambkin on the green;
But ah! but ah! she's far less mild,
Far sterner, I declare,
Than tigers are in forests wild.

Now, isn't it pretty?

MUS. MAS. The prettiest thing in the world.

DAN. MAS. And you sing it very well.

MR. JOUR. Do I? I have never learnt music.

MUS. MAS. You ought to learn it, Sir, as you do dancing. These are two arts which are closely bound together.

DAN. MAS. And which open the human mind to the beauty of things.

MR. JOUR. Do people of rank learn music also?

MUS. MAS. Yes, Sir.

MR. JOUR. I will learn it, then; but I hardly know how I shall find time for it; for, besides the fencing master who teaches me, I have engaged a professor of philosophy, who is to begin this morning.

MUS. MAS. Philosophy is something, no doubt; but music, Sir, music . . . .

DAN. MAS. Music and dancing, Sir; in music and dancing we have all that we need.

MUS. MAS. There is nothing so useful in a state as music.

DAN. MAS. There is nothing so necessary to men as dancing.

MUS. MAS. Without music no kingdom can exist.

DAN. MAS. Without dancing a man can do nothing.

MUS. MAS. All the disorders, all the wars that happen in the world, are caused by nothing but the want of music.

DAN. MAS. All the sorrows and troubles of mankind, all the fatal misfortunes which fill the pages of history, the blunders of statesmen, the failures of great captains, all these come from the want of a knowledge of dancing.

MR. JOUR. How is that?

MUS. MAS. Does not war arise from a want of concord between them?

MR. JOUR. True.

MUS. MAS. And if all men learnt music, would not this be the means of keeping them in better harmony, and of seeing universal peace reign in the world?

MR. JOUR. You are quite right.

DAN. MAS. When a man has committed some fault, either in the management of his family affairs, or in the government of a state, or in the command of an army, do we not say, "So-and-so has made a false step in such an affair"?

MR. JOUR. Yes, we do say so.

DAN. MAS. And from whence can proceed the false step if it is not from ignorance of the art of dancing?

MR. JOUR. This is true, and you are both right.

DAN. MAS. This will give you an idea of the excellence and importance of dancing and music.

MR. JOUR. I understand it now.

MUS. MAS. Will you look at our two compositions?

MR. JOUR. Yes.

MUS. MAS. I have already told you that it is a short attempt which I made some time since to represent the different passions which can be expressed by music.

MR. JOUR. Very well.

MUS. MAS. (*to the* SINGERS). Come forward. (*To* MR. JOURDAIN) You must fancy that they are dressed like shepherds.

MR. JOUR. Why always shepherds? One sees nothing but that everywhere.

DAN. MAS. When we make people speak to music, we must, for the sake of probability, adopt the pastoral. Singing has always been affected by shepherds, and it is not very likely that our princes or citizens would sing their passions in dialogue.

MR. JOUR. Well! well! Go on.

LADY SINGER.

The realm of passion in a loving heart
Full many a care may vex, full many a smart;
In vain we fondly languish, softly sigh;
We learn too late, whatever friends may cry,
To value liberty before it fly.

1ST MAN SINGER.

Sweeter than liberty are love's bright fires,
Kindling in two fond hearts the same desires;
Happiness could never live by love unfed,
Pleasure itself would die if love were dead.

2ND MAN SINGER.

Love would be sweet if love could constant be,
But ah! sad fate, no faithful loves we see!
The fair are false; no prayers their heart can move,
And who will love when they inconstant prove?

1ST SING. Ah! love, how sweet thou art!
LADY SING. Ah! freedom is happier!
2ND SING. Thou inconstant heart!
1ST SING. To me how dear, how blest!
LADY SING. My soul enraptured see!
2ND SING. I shrink, I turn from thee!
1ST SING. Ah! leave this idle strife, and learn to love.
LADY SING. I will show thee one who'll constant prove.
2ND SING. Alas! where seek her?
LADY SING.

To defend our name,
I offer you my heart, nor heed your blame.

2ND SING. But, Lady, dare I trust that promise blest?

LADY SING. Experience will decide who loves the best.
2ND SING.

Who fails in constancy or depth of love
The gods from him their favour will remove.

ALL THREE.

Such noble feelings should our souls inspire,
And melt our heart beneath love's gentle fire.
For love is sweet when hearts are true and pure,
And love shall last while earth and heaven endure.

MR. JOUR. Is that all?
MUS. MAS. Yes.
MR. JOUR. I think it very well turned out, and there are in it some pretty enough little sayings.
DAN. MAS. You have here from me an essay of the most beautiful movements and most graceful attitudes with which a dance can be varied.
MR. JOUR. Are these shepherds also?
DAN. MAS. They are what you please. (*To the* DANCERS) Ho! ho! here!

Entry of the BALLET.

FOUR DANCERS *execute the various movements and steps which the* DANCING MASTER *orders them.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MR. JOURDAIN, DANCING MASTER, MUSIC MASTER.

MR. JOUR. This performance is not bad, and these fellows don't do it badly.
MUS. MAS. When the dance is accompanied by the music, you will find it still more effective, and you will see something charming in the little ballet we have prepared for you.
MR. JOUR. It is for this afternoon, mind; and the person for whom I have ordered all this is to do me the honour of coming to dine here.

DAN. MAS. Everything is ready.

MUS. MAS. But, Sir, this is not enough; a gentleman magnificent in all his ideas like you, and who has taste for doing things handsomely, should have a concert at his house every Wednesday or Thursday.

MR. JOUR. But why should I? Do people of quality have concerts?

MUS. MAS. Yes, Sir.

MR. JOUR. Oh! very well! Then I too must have some. It'll be fine?

MUS. MAS. Very. You must have three voices: a treble, a counter-tenor, and a bass; which must be accompanied by a bass-viol, a theorbo lute, and a harpsichord for the thorough-basses, with two violins to play the harmonics.

MR. JOUR. You must also have a trumpet-marine.* The trumpet-marine is an instrument that I like, and a very harmonious one.

MUS. MAS. Leave all the arrangements to us.

MR. JOUR. Be sure you don't forget to send me, by and by, some singers to sing at table.

MUS. MAS. You shall have all that is necessary.

MR. JOUR. But, above all, give us a nice ballet.

MUS. MAS. You will be pleased with it, and particularly with certain minuets which you shall see in it.

MR. JOUR. Ah! minuets are my favourite dance, and you should see me dance one. Come, my master.

DAN. MAS. A hat, Sir, if you please. (MR. JOURDAIN *takes the hat from his* SERVANT, *and puts it on over his night-cap; his master takes him by both hands, and makes him dance to a minuet air which he hums.*) La, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la; in time, if you please; la, la, la, la, la; the right leg, la, la, la; do not shake your shoulders so much; la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; your two arms are crippled; la, la, la, la, la; hold up your head; turn out your toes; la, la, la; your body erect.

MR. JOUR. Eh! eh!

MUS. MAS. Wonderfully well done.

* An instrument with one thick string.

MR. JOUR. Now I think of it! Teach me to make a bow to a marchioness. I shall have need of it presently.

DAN. MAS. A bow to a marchioness?

MR. JOUR. Yes; a marchioness, whose name is Dorimène.

DAN. MAS. Give me your hand.

MR. JOUR. No. You need only do it yourself. I shall be sure to remember.

DAN. MAS. If you want to salute her with great respect, you must first of all bow whilst stepping backward, then, advancing towards her, make three bows, and at the last bow bend down to her very knees.

MR. JOUR. Do it a little for me to see. (*After the* DANCING MASTER *has made three bows*) Good.

SCENE II.—MR. JOURDAIN, MUSIC MASTER, DANCING MASTER, A SERVANT.

SER. Sir, your fencing master is here.

MR. JOUR. Make him come in here for my lesson. (*To the* MUSIC *and* DANCING MASTERS) I wish you to see me perform.

SCENE III.—MR. JOURDAIN, FENCING MASTER, MUSIC MASTER, DANCING MASTER, A SERVANT *holding two foils.*

FEN. MAS. (*taking the two foils from the hands of the* SERVANT, *and giving one to* MR. JOURDAIN). Now, Sir, the salute. The body upright, resting slightly on the left thigh. The legs not so far apart; the feet in a line. The wrist in a line with the thigh. The point of the foil opposite the shoulder. The arm not quite so much extended. The left hand as high as the eye. The left shoulder more squared. The head erect; the look firm. Advance; the body steady. Engage my blade in quart, and retain the engagement. One, two. As you were. Once more, with the foot firm. One, two; a step to the rear. When you make an attack, Sir, the sword should move first, and the body be well held back. One, two. Engage my blade in tierce, and retain the engagement. Advance; the body steady. Advance; one, two. Recover. Once more. One, two. A

step to the rear. On guard, Sir; on guard. (*The* FENCING MASTER *delivers two or three attacks, calling out,* "On guard!")

MR. JOUR. Ah!

MUS. MAS. You are doing wonders.

FEN. MAS. As I have already told you, the whole art of fencing consists of one of two things—in giving and not receiving; and as I showed you the other day by demonstrative reason, it is impossible for you to receive if you know how to turn aside your adversary's weapon from the line of your body; and this again depends only on a slight movement of the wrist to the inside or the out.*

MR. JOUR. So that a man, without having any courage, is sure of killing his man, and of not being killed himself.

FEN. MAS. Exactly. Did you not see plainly the demonstration of it?

MR. JOUR. Yes.

FEN. MAS. And this shows you of what importance we must be in a state; and how much the science of arms is superior to all the other useless sciences, such as dancing, music . . . .

DAN. MAS. Gently, Mr. Fencing Master; speak of dancing with respect, if you please.

MUS. MAS. Pray learn to treat more properly the excellence of music.

FEN. MAS. You certainly are odd sort of people to try and compare your sciences to mine.

MUS. MAS. Just see the man of importance!

DAN. MAS. A fine animal, to be sure, with his plastron.

FEN. MAS. Take care, my little dancing master, or I shall make you dance in fine style. And you, my little musician, I'll teach you to sing out.

DAN. MAS. And you, my beater of iron, I'll teach you your trade.

MR. JOUR. (*to the* DANCING MASTER). Are you mad to go and quarrel with a man, who understands tierce and quart, and knows how to kill another by demonstrative reason?

DAN. MAS. I don't care a straw for his demonstrative reason, and his tierce and his quart.

MR. JOUR. (*to the* DANCING MASTER). Gently, I tell you.

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* Kindly corrected by Mr. Maclaren, The Gymnasium, Oxford.

FEN. MAS. (*to the* DANCING MASTER). How! You little impudent fellow!

MR. JOUR. Ah! my fencing master!

DAN. MAS. (*to the* FENCING MASTER). How! you great cart-horse!

MR. JOUR. Stop! my dancing master!

FEN. MAS. If I once begin with you . . . .

MR. JOUR. (*to the* FENCING MASTER) Gently.

DAN. MAS. If I lay my hand upon you . . . .

MR. JOUR. Softly.

FEN. MAS. I will beat you after such a fashion . . . .

MR. JOUR. (*to the* FENCING MASTER). For goodness sake!

DAN. MAS. I'll thrash you in such a style . . . .

MR. JOUR. (*to the* DANCING MASTER). I beg of you . . . .

MUS. MAS. Let us teach him a little how to behave himself.

MR. JOUR. (*to the* MUSIC MASTER). Gracious heavens! Do stop.

SCENE IV.—PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, MR. JOURDAIN, MUSIC MASTER, DANCING MASTER, FENCING MASTER, A SERVANT.

MR. JOUR. Oh! you are in the very nick of time with your philosophy. Pray come here and restore peace among these people.

PROF. PHIL. What is going on? What is the matter, gentlemen?

MR. JOUR. They have got themselves into such a rage about the importance that ought to be attached to their different professions that they have almost come to blows over it.

PROF. PHIL. For shame, gentlemen; how can you thus forget yourselves? Have you not read the learned treatise which Seneca composed on anger? Is there anything more base and more shameful than the passion which changes a man into a savage beast, and ought not reason to govern all our actions?

DAN. MAS. How, Sir! He comes and insults us both in our professions; he despises dancing, which I teach, and music, which is his occupation.

PROF. PHIL. A wise man is above all the insults that can

be offered him; and the best and noblest answer one can make to all kinds of provocation is moderation and patience.

FEN. MAS. They have both the impertinence to compare their professions to mine!

PROF. PHIL. Why should this offend you? It is not for vain glory and rank that men should strive among themselves. What distinguishes one man from another is wisdom and virtue.

DAN. MAS. I maintain that dancing is a science which we cannot honour too much.*

MUS. MAS. And I that music is a science which all ages have revered.

FEN. MAS. And I, I maintain against them both that the science of attack and defence is the best and most necessary of all sciences.

PROF. PHIL. And for what, then, do you count philosophy? I think you are all three very bold fellows to dare to speak before me with this arrogance, and impudently to give the name of science to things which are not even to be honoured with the name of art, but which can only be classed with the trades of prize-fighter, street-singer, and mountebank.

FEN. MAS. Get out, you dog of a philosopher.

MUS. MAS. Get along with you, you beggarly pedant.

DAN. MAS. Begone, you empty-headed college scout.

PROF. PHIL. How, scoundrels that you are!

(*The* PHILOSOPHER *rushes upon them, and they all three belabour him.*)

MR. JOUR. Mr. Philosopher.

PROF. PHIL. Infamous villains!

MR. JOUR. Mr. Philosopher!

FEN. MAS. Plague take the animal!

MR. JOUR. Gentlemen!

PROF. PHIL. Impudent cads!

MR. JOUR. Mr. Philosopher!

DAN. MAS. Deuce take the saddled ass!

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* In fact, dancing was much more honoured in Molière's time than it is now.

MR. JOUR. Gentlemen!
PROF. PHIL. Scoundrels!
MR. JOUR. Mr. Philosopher!
MUS. MAS. Devil take the insolent fellow!
MR. JOUR. Gentlemen!
PROF. PHIL. Knaves, beggars, wretches, impostors!
MR. JOUR. Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher!

SCENE V.—MR. JOURDAIN, A SERVANT.

MR. JOUR. Well! fight as much as you like, I can't help it; but don't expect me to go and spoil my dressing-gown to separate you. I should be a fool indeed to thrust myself among them, and receive some blow or other that might hurt me.

SCENE VI.—PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, MR. JOURDAIN, A SERVANT.

PROF. PHIL. (*setting his collar in order*). Now for our lesson.
MR. JOUR. Ah! Sir, how sorry I am for the blows they have given you.
PROF. PHIL. It is of no consequence. A philosopher knows how to receive things calmly, and I shall compose against them a satire, in the style of Juvenal, which will cut them up in proper fashion. Let us drop this subject. What do you wish to learn?
MR. JOUR. Everything I can, for I have the greatest desire in the world to be learned; and it vexes me more than I can tell that my father and mother did not make me learn thoroughly all the sciences when I was young.
PROF. PHIL. This is a praiseworthy feeling. *Nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand this, and you have no doubt a knowledge of Latin?
MR. JOUR. Yes; but act as if I had none. Explain to me the meaning of it.
PROF. PHIL. The meaning of it is, that, *without science, life is an image of death.*
MR. JOUR. That Latin is quite right.

PROF. PHIL. Have you any principles, any rudiments of science?

MR. JOUR. Oh yes; I can read and write.

PROF. PHIL. With what would you like to begin? Shall I teach you logic?

MR. JOUR. And what may this logic be?

PROF. PHIL. It is that which teaches us the three operations of the mind.

MR. JOUR. What are they, these three operations of the mind?

PROF. PHIL. The first, the second, and the third. The first is to conceive well by means of universals; the second, to judge well by means of categories; and the third, to draw a conclusion aright by means of the figures *Barbara*, *Celarent*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, *Baralipton*, &c.

MR. JOUR. Pooh! what repulsive words. This logic does not by any means suit me. Teach me something more enlivening.

PROF. PHIL. Will you learn moral philosophy?

MR. JOUR. Moral philosophy?

PROF. PHIL. Yes.

MR. JOUR. What does it say, this moral philosophy?

PROF. PHIL. It treats of happiness, teaches men to moderate their passions, and . . . .

MR. JOUR. No, none of that. I am devilishly hot-tempered, and, morality or no morality, I like to give full vent to my anger whenever I have a mind to it.

PROF. PHIL. Would you like to learn physics?

MR. JOUR. And what have physics to say for themselves?

PROF. PHIL. Physics are that science which explains the principles of natural things and the properties of bodies, which discourses of the nature of the elements, of metals, minerals, stones, plants, and animals; which teaches us the cause of all the meteors, the rainbow, the *ignis fatuus*, comets, lightning, thunder, thunderbolts, rain, snow, hail, wind, and whirlwinds.

MR. JOUR. There is too much hullaballoo in all that; too much riot and rumpus.

PROF. PHIL. What would you have me teach you then?

MR. JOUR. Teach me spelling.

PROF. PHIL. Very good.

MR. JOUR. Afterwards you will teach me the almanac, so that I may know when there is a moon, and when there isn't one.

PROF. PHIL. Be it so. In order to give a right interpretation to your thought, and to treat this matter philosophically, we must begin, according to the order of things, with an exact knowledge of the nature of the letters, and the different way in which each is pronounced. And on this head I have to tell you that letters are divided into vowels, so called because they express the voice, and into consonants, so called because they are sounded with the vowels, and only mark the different articulations of the voice. There are five vowels or voices, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*.*

MR. JOUR. I understand all that.

PROF. PHIL. The vowel *a* is formed by opening the mouth very wide; *a*.

MR. JOUR. *A*, *a*; yes.

PROF. PHIL. The vowel *e* is formed by drawing the lower jaw a little nearer to the upper; *a*, *e*.

MR. JOUR. *A*, *e*; *a*, *e*; to be sure. Ah! how beautiful that is!

PROF. PHIL. And the vowel *i* by bringing the jaws still closer to one another, and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears; *a*, *e*, *i*.

MR. JOUR. *A*, *e*, *i*, *i*, *i*, *i*. Quite true. Long live science!

PROF. PHIL. The vowel *o* is formed by opening the jaws, and drawing in the lips at the two corners, the upper and the lower; *o*.

MR. JOUR. *O*, *o*. Nothing can be more correct; *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *i*, *o*. It is admirable! *I*, *o*, *i*, *o*.

PROF. PHIL. The opening of the mouth exactly makes a little circle, which resembles an *o*.

MR. JOUR. *O*, *o*, *o*. You are right. *O!* Ah! what a fine thing it is to know something!

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* It is scarcely necessary to say that this description, such as it is, only applies to the French vowels as they are pronounced in *pâte*, *thé*, *ici*, *côté*, *du* respectively. (See 'The Student's French Grammar.')

PROF. PHIL. The vowel *u* is formed by bringing the teeth near each other without entirely joining them, and thrusting out both the lips whilst also bringing them near together without quite joining them; *u.*

MR. JOUR. *U, u.* There is nothing more true; *u.*

PROF. PHIL. Your two lips lengthen as if you were pouting; so that, if you wish to make a grimace at anybody, and to laugh at him, you have only to *u* him.

MR. JOUR. *U, u.* It's true. Oh! that I had studied when I was younger, so as to know all this.

PROF. PHIL. To-morrow we will speak of the other letters, which are the consonants.

MR. JOUR. Is there anything as curious in them as in these?

PROF. PHIL. Certainly. For instance, the consonant *d* is pronounced by striking the tip of the tongue above the upper teeth; *da.*

MR. JOUR. *Da, da.** Yes. Ah! what beautiful things, what beautiful things!

PROF. PHIL. The *f*, by pressing the upper teeth upon the lower lip; *fa.*

MR. JOUR. *Fa, fa.* 'Tis the truth. Ah! my father and my mother, how angry I feel with you!

PROF. PHIL. And the *r*, by carrying the tip of the tongue up to the roof of the palate, so that, being grazed by the air which comes out with force, it yields to it, and, returning to the same place, causes a sort of tremour; *r, ra.*

MR. JOUR. *R-r-ra; r-r-r-r-r-ra.* That's true. Ah! what a clever man you are, and what time I have lost. *R-r-ra.*

PROF. PHIL. I will thoroughly explain all these curiosities to you.

MR. JOUR. Pray do. And now I want to entrust you with a great secret. I am in love with a lady of quality, and I should be glad if you would help me to write something to her in a short letter which I mean to drop at her feet.

PROF. PHIL. Very well.

MR. JOUR. That will be gallant; will it not?

* Untranslatable. *Dada* equals "cock-horse" in nursery language.

PROF. PHIL. Undoubtedly. Is it verse you wish to write to her.

MR. JOUR. Oh no; not verse.

PROF. PHIL. You only wish for prose?

MR. JOUR. No. I wish for neither verse nor prose.

PROF. PHIL. It must be one or the other.

MR. JOUR. Why?

PROF. PHIL. Because, Sir, there is nothing by which we can express ourselves except prose or verse.

MR. JOUR. There is nothing but prose or verse?

PROF. PHIL. No, Sir. Whatever is not prose is verse; and whatever is not verse is prose.

MR. JOUR. And when we speak, what is that, then?

PROF. PHIL. Prose.

MR. JOUR. What! When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap," is that prose?

PROF. PHIL. Yes, Sir.

MR. JOUR. Upon my word, I have been speaking prose these forty years without being aware of it; and I am under the greatest obligation to you for informing me of it. Well, then, I wish to write to her in a letter, *Fair Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die of love;* but I would have this worded in a genteel manner, and turned prettily.

PROF. PHIL. Say that the fire of her eyes has reduced your heart to ashes; that you suffer day and night for her tortures . . . .

MR. JOUR. No, no, no; I don't want any of that. I simply wish for what I tell you: *Fair Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die of love.*

PROF. PHIL. Still, you might amplify the thing a little?

MR. JOUR. No, I tell you, I will have nothing but those very words in the letter; but they must be put in a fashionable way, and arranged as they should be. Pray show me a little, so that I may see the different ways in which they can be put.

PROF. PHIL. They may be put, first of all, as you have said, *Fair Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die of love;* or else, *Of love die make me, fair Marchioness, your beautiful eyes;* or, *Your beautiful eyes of love make me, fair Marchioness, die;* or, *Die of love your beautiful eyes, fair Mar-*

chioness, make me; or else, *Me make your beautiful eyes die, fair Marchioness, of love.*

MR. JOUR. But of all these ways, which is the best?

PROF. PHIL. The one you said: *Fair Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die of love.*

MR. JOUR. Yet I have never studied, and I did all that right off at the first shot. I thank you with all my heart, and I beg of you to come to-morrow morning early.

PROF. PHIL. I shall not fail.

SCENE VII.—MR. JOURDAIN, A SERVANT.

MR. JOUR. What? Has my suit of clothes not come yet?

SER. No, Sir.

MR. JOUR. That confounded tailor makes me wait a long time on a day like this, when I have so much business to attend to. I am furious. May the deuce fly away with the tailor! May the plague choke the tailor! May the ague shake that brute of a tailor! If I had him here now, that rascally tailor, that wretch of a tailor, I . . . .

SCENE VIII.—MR. JOURDAIN, THE MASTER TAILOR, AN ASSISTANT TAILOR (*bringing a suit of clothes for* MR. JOURDAIN), A SERVANT.

MR. JOUR. Ha! here you are. I was just on the point of getting angry with you.

TAIL. I could not come sooner, although I set twenty people to work at your coat.

MR. JOUR. You have sent me such a small pair of silk stockings that I had no end of trouble to put them on, and two of the stitches are broken already.

TAIL. They are pretty sure to become only too large.

MR. JOUR. No doubt, if I keep on breaking the stitches. You also sent me a pair of shoes that hurt me horribly.

TAIL. Not at all, Sir.

MR. JOUR. How! not at all?

TAIL. No; they do not hurt you at all.

MR. JOUR. I tell you they do hurt me.

TAIL. You fancy so.

MR. JOUR. I fancy so because I feel it to be so. Did any one ever hear such an argument!

TAIL. See, we have the most beautiful and the best matched suit in the whole court. It is a work of art to have discovered a sober suit of clothes not black; and I bet that the most skilful tailors would not do as much after half a dozen trials.

MR. JOUR. Why, what does this mean? You have put all the flowers upside down.

TAIL. You did not tell me you wished to have them the other way up.

MR. JOUR. Was it necessary to say that?

TAIL. Yes, certainly; for all the people of quality wear them in this way.

MR. JOUR. All people of quality wear the flowers bottom upwards?

TAIL. Yes, Sir.

MR. JOUR. Oh, then it's all right.

TAIL. If you wish it, I will put them the other way up.

MR. JOUR. No, no.

TAIL. You have only to say so.

MR. JOUR. No, no. I tell you that you have done right. Do you think my clothes fit me well?

TAIL. No doubt about it. I defy any painter with his pencil to draw you anything to fit more exactly. I have in my house a workman who to get up a rhinegrave is the greatest genius of our time, and another who in putting together a doublet is the hero of our age.

MR. JOUR. Are the wig and feathers as they should be?

TAIL. Everything is right.

MR. JOUR. (*looking carefully at the tailor's coat*). Oh! oh! Mr. Tailor, you have there some of the stuff of the last coat you made for me! I know it well.

TAIL. I thought the stuff so beautiful that I could not help cutting a coat from it for myself.

MR. JOUR. Yes; but you should not have cut it from mine.

TAIL. Will you put on your coat?

MR. JOUR. Yes; give it me.

TAIL. Wait a moment. Things are not done in that manner. I have brought my people with me to dress you to music: such coats as these are only put on with ceremony. Hullo there! Come in.

SCENE IX.—MR. JOURDAIN, MASTER TAILOR, ASSISTANT TAILORS (*dancing*), A SERVANT.

TAIL. Put this gentleman's suit on as you put on those of people of quality.

(*The four tailors, dancing, come near* MR. JOURDAIN; *two of them pull off the breeches he has had on for his exercises; two others take off his waistcoat; then, still dancing, they dress him in his new suit.* MR. JOURDAIN *walks round in the midst of them, and shows them his clothes for them to see whether they fit him.*)

TAILS. My noble gentleman, give something, if you please, to the tailors to drink your health with.

MR. JOUR. How do you call me?

TAILS. My noble gentleman.

MR. JOUR. See what it is to be dressed like a person of quality! Go about all your life dressed like a citizen, and nobody will ever call you a "noble gentleman." (*Giving some money.*) This is for "My noble gentleman."

TAILS. We are greatly obliged to you, my lord.

MR. JOUR. Oh! oh! Wait a minute, my friends. "My lord" deserves something; it is no small thing to be "My lord." Here is what his lordship gives you.

TAILS. My lord, we shall go and drink your grace's health.

MR. JOUR. "Your grace!" Oh! oh! oh! Stay, don't go yet. "Your grace" to me! (*Aside*) Upon my word, if he goes as far as highness, he will have the whole purse. (*Aloud*) Take this for "Your grace."

TAILS. My lord, we most humbly thank you for your liberality.

MR. JOUR. He did well to stop. I should have given him all.

Second entry of the BALLET.

The FOUR ASSISTANTS *rejoice, dancing, at the generosity of* MR. JOURDAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MR. JOURDAIN, TWO LACKEYS.

MR. JOUR. Follow me, that I may go and show my clothes about the town; and be very careful, both of you, to walk close to my heels, so that people may see that you belong to me.

LACK. Yes, Sir.

MR. JOUR. Just call Nicole. I have some orders to give her. You need not move; here she comes.

SCENE II.—MR. JOURDAIN, NICOLE, TWO LACKEYS.

MR. JOUR. Nicole!

NIC. What is it, Sir?

MR. JOUR. Listen.

NIC. (*laughing*). Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. What are you laughing at?

NIC. Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. What does the hussy mean?

NIC. Hi, hi, hi. What a figure you cut! Hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. Eh? What?

NIC. Ah! ah! my goodness! Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. What an impertinent jade! Are you laughing at me?

NIC. Oh no, Sir. I should be very sorry to do so. Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. I'll slap your face if you laugh again.

NIC. I can't help it, Sir. Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. Will you leave off?

NIC. Sir; I beg your pardon, Sir; but you are so very comical that I can't help laughing. Hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. Did you ever see such impudence?

NIC. You are so odd like that. Hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. I'll . . . .

NIC. I beg of you to excuse me. Hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. Look here, if you laugh again ever so little, I swear I will give you a box on the ears such as you never had before in all your life.

NIC. Well, Sir, I have done. I won't laugh any more.

MR. JOUR. Mind you don't. You must for this afternoon clean . . . .

NIC. Hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. You must clean thoroughly . . . .

NIC. Hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. You must, I say, clean the drawing-room, and . . . .

NIC. Hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. Again?

NIC. (*tumbling down with laughing*). There, Sir, beat me rather, but let me laugh to my heart's content. I am sure it will be better for me. Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. I am boiling with rage.

NIC. For pity's sake, Sir, let me laugh. Hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. If I begin . . . .

NIC. Si-r-r, I shall bur-r-st if I d-don't laugh. Hi, hi, hi.

MR. JOUR. But did you ever see such a hussy? She comes and laughs at me to my face, instead of attending to my orders.

NIC. What is it you wish me to do, Sir.

MR. JOUR. I want you to get this house ready for the company which is to come here by and by.

NIC. (*getting up*). Ah, well! All my wish to laugh is gone now; your company brings such disorder here that what you say is quite sufficient to put me out of temper.

MR. JOUR. I suppose that, to please you, I ought to shut my door against everybody?

NIC. Anyhow, you would do just as well to shut it against certain people, Sir.

SCENE III.—MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN, NICOLE, TWO SERVANTS.

MRS. JOUR. Ah me! Here is some new vexation! Why, husband, what do you possibly mean by this strange get-up? Have you lost your senses that you go and deck yourself out like this, and do you wish to be the laughing-stock of everybody wherever you go?

MR. JOUR. Let me tell you, my good wife, that no one but a fool will laugh at me.

MRS. JOUR. No one has waited until to-day for that; and it is now some time since your ways of going on have been the amusement of everybody.

MR. JOUR. And who may everybody be, please?

MRS. JOUR. Everybody is a body who is in the right, and who has more sense than you. For my part, I am quite shocked at the life you lead. I don't know our home again. One would think, by what goes on, that it was one everlasting carnival here; and as soon as day breaks, for fear we should have any rest in it, we have a regular din of fiddles and singers, that are a positive nuisance to all the neighbourhood.

NIC. What mistress says is quite right. There is no longer any chance of having the house clean with all that heap of people you bring in. Their feet seem to have gone purposely to pick up the mud in the four quarters of the town in order to bring it in here afterwards; and poor Françoise is almost off her legs with the constant scrubbing of the floors, which your masters come and dirty every day as regular as clockwork.

MR. JOUR. I say there, our servant Nicole; you have a pretty sharp tongue of your own for a country wench.

MRS. JOUR. Nicole is right, and she has more sense by far than you have. I should like to know, for instance, what you mean to do with a dancing master at your age?

NIC. And with that big fencing master, who comes here stamping enough to shake the whole house down and to tear up the floor tiles of our rooms.

MR. JOUR. Gently, my servant and my wife.

MRS. JOUR. Do you mean to learn dancing for the time when you can't stand on your legs any longer?

NIC. Do you intend to kill anybody?

MR. JOUR. Hold your tongues, I say. You are only ignorant women, both of you, and understand nothing concerning the prerogative of all this.

MRS. JOUR. You would do much better to think of seeing your daughter married, for she is now of an age to be provided for.

MR. JOUR. I shall think of seeing my daughter married when a suitable match presents itself; but, in the meantime, I wish to think of acquiring fine learning.

NIC. I have heard say also, mistress, that, to go the whole hog, he has now taken a professor of philosophy.

MR. JOUR. To be sure I have. I wish to be clever, and reason concerning things with people of quality.

MRS. JOUR. Had you not better go to school one of these days, and get the birch, at your age?

MR. JOUR. Why not? Would to heaven I were flogged this very instant, before all the world, so that I might know all they learn at school.

NIC. Yes, to be sure; you would indeed be all the better for it.

MR. JOUR. Of course.

MRS. JOUR. And all this is very necessary for the management of your house.

MR. JOUR. Certainly. You both speak like asses; and I am ashamed of your ignorance. (*To* MRS. JOURDAIN) Let me see, for instance, if you know what you are speaking this very moment.

MRS. JOUR. Yes, I know that what I speak is rightly spoken; and that you should think of leading a different life.

MR. JOUR. I do not mean that. I ask you what the words are which you are now speaking.

MRS. JOUR. They are sensible words, I tell you, and that is more than your conduct is.

MR. JOUR. I am not speaking of that. I ask you what it is that I am now saying to you. That which I am now speaking to you, what is it?

MRS. JOUR. Rubbish.

MR. JOUR. No! no! I don't mean that. What we both speak; the language we are speaking this very moment.

MRS. JOUR. Well?

MR. JOUR. How is it called?

MRS. JOUR. It is called whatever you like to call it.

MR. JOUR. It is prose, you ignorant woman.

MRS. JOUR. Prose?

MR. JOUR. Whatever is prose is not verse, and whatever is not verse is prose. There! you see what it is to study. (*To* NICOLE) And you, do you even know what you must do to say *u*?

NIC. Eh? What?

MR. JOUR. Yes; what do you do when you say *u*?

NIC. What I do?

MR. JOUR. Say *u* a little to try.

NIC. Well, *u*.

MR. JOUR. What is it you do?

NIC. I say *u*.

MR. JOUR. Yes; but when you say *u*, what is it you do?

NIC. I do what you ask me to do.

MR. JOUR. Oh! What a strange thing it is to have to do with dunces! You pout your lips outwards, and bring your upper jaw near your lower jaw like this, *u*; I make a face; *u*. Do you see?

NIC. Yes, that's beautiful.

MRS. JOUR. It's admirable!

MR. JOUR. What would you say then if you had seen *o*, and *da*, *da*, and *fa*, *fa*?

MRS. JOUR. What is all this absurd stuff?

NIC. And what are we the better for all this?

MR. JOUR. I have no patience with such ignorant women.

MRS. JOUR. Believe me, pack off all those people with their ridiculous fooleries.

NIC. And particularly that great scraggy fencing master, who fills the whole place with dust.

MR. JOUR. Goodness me! The fencing master seems to set your teeth on edge. Come here, and I will show you at once your senseless impertinence. (*He asks for two foils, and gives one to* NICOLE.) Here, reason demonstrative the line of the body. When you thrust in quart, you have only to do so; and, when you thrust in tierce, only to do so! That is the way never to be killed; and is it not a fine thing to be quite safe when one fights against anybody? There, thrust at me a little to try.

NIC. Well, what? (NICOLE *gives him several thrusts.*)

MR. JOUR. Gently! Hold! Oh! Softly. Deuce take the wench!

NIC. You tell me to thrust at you.

MR. JOUR. Yes; but you thrust in tierce before thrusting at me in quart, and you hav'nt the patience to wait till I parry.

MRS. JOUR. You are crazy, husband, with all your fads;

and this has come upon you since you have taken it into your head to frequent the gentlefolk.

MR. JOUR. By frequenting the gentlefolk I show my judgment. It is surely better than keeping company with your citizens.

MRS. JOUR. Yes; there is much good to be got by frequenting your nobility, and you have done a noble stroke of business with that fine count with whom you are so wrapped up.

MR. JOUR. Peace. Be careful what you say. Let me tell you, wife, that you do not know of whom you are speaking when you speak of him? He is a man of more importance than you can imagine, a nobleman who is held in great honour at court, and who speaks to the king just as I speak to you. Is it not a thing which does me great honour that such a person should be seen so often in my house, should call me his dear friend, and should treat me as if I were his equal? He has more kindness for me than you could ever guess, and he treats me before the world with such affection that I am perfectly ashamed.

MRS. JOUR. Yes; he is kind to you, and flatters you, but he borrows your money of you.

MR. JOUR. Well? Is it not a great honour to lend money to a man of his position? And could I do less for a lord who calls me his dear friend?

MRS. JOUR. And this lord, what does he do for you?

MR. JOUR. Things that would astound you if you only knew them.

MRS. JOUR. But what?

MR. JOUR. There! I can't explain myself. It is quite sufficient that, if I have lent him money, he will give it back to me, and that before long.

MRS. JOUR. Yes, trust him for that.

MR. JOUR. Certainly I will. Has he not said so?

MRS. JOUR. Yes, yes; and he won't fail not to do it.

MR. JOUR. He has given me his word as a gentleman.

MRS. JOUR. Mere stuff.

MR. JOUR. Dear me! You are very obstinate, wife! I tell you that he will keep his word; I am quite sure of it.

MRS. JOUR. And I am quite sure that he won't, and that

all the caresses he loads you with are only meant to deceive you.

MR. JOUR. Be silent; here he comes.

MRS. JOUR. That's to finish up. He comes, no doubt, to borrow from you again: the very sight of him takes my appetite away.

MR. JOUR. Hold your tongue, I tell you.

SCENE IV.—DORANTE, MR. JOURDAIN, MRS. JOURDAIN, NICOLE.

DOR. Mr. Jourdain, my dear friend, how do you do?

MR. JOUR. Very well, Sir; at your service.

DOR. And Mrs. Jourdain, how does she do?

MRS. JOUR. Mrs. Jourdain does as well as may be.

DOR. I declare, Mr. Jourdain, that you have the most genteel dress in the world.

MR. JOUR. You see.

DOR. You look exceedingly well in this dress, and we have no young men at court better made than you.

MR. JOUR. He! he!

MRS. JOUR. (*aside*). He scratches him where it itches.

DOR. Turn round. This is quite gallant.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside*). Yes, as fine a fool behind as before.

DOR. Indeed, Mr. Jourdain, I was very impatient to see you. You are the man I esteem most in the world, and I was talking of you again this very morning at the king's levée.

MR. JOUR. You do me too much honour, Sir. (*To* MRS. JOURDAIN) At the king's levée.

DOR. Come, put on your hat.

MR. JOUR. Sir, I know the respect I owe you.

DOR. Pray, put on your hat. No ceremony between us, I beg.

MR. JOUR. Sir!

DOR. Nay! nay! Put on your hat, I tell you, Mr. Jourdain; you are my friend.

MR. JOUR. Sir, I am your humble servant.

DOR. I will not put mine on unless you do.

MR. JOUR. (*putting on his hat*). I had rather be unmannerly than troublesome.

DOR. I am your debtor, as you know.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside*). Yes, we know it but too well.

DOR. On several occasions you have generously lent me some money, and you have obliged me, I must acknowledge, with the best grace in the world.

MR. JOUR. Sir, I beg of you.

DOR. But I know how to pay back what is lent to me, and how to acknowledge services rendered.

MR. JOUR. I have no doubt about it, Sir.

DOR. I want to acquit myself towards you, and I have come to settle my accounts.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Well? Do you see how wrong you were, wife?

DOR. I like to get out of debt as soon as I can.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Did I not tell you so?

DOR. Let us see how much I owe you.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). There you are, with your absurd suspicions.

DOR. Do you quite remember how much you have lent me?

MR. JOUR. I believe so. I have made a little memorandum of it. Here it is. At one time I gave you two hundred louis.

DOR. Quite true.

MR. JOUR. At another time, one hundred and twenty.

DOR. Yes.

MR. JOUR. At another time, one hundred and forty.

DOR. You are quite right.

MR. JOUR. These three payments make four hundred and sixty louis, which comes to five thousand and sixty livres.

DOR. This account is quite correct; five thousand and sixty livres.

MR. JOUR. One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two livres to your plume seller.

DOR. Just so.

MR. JOUR. Two thousand seven hundred and eighty livres to your tailor.

DOR. It is true.

MR. JOUR. Four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine livres, twelve sous, eight deniers, to your tradesman.

DOR. Twelve sous, eight deniers; the account is perfectly right.

MR. JOUR. And one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight livres, seven sous, four deniers, to your saddler.

DOR. It is so. How much does all this come to?

MR. JOUR. Sum-total, fifteen thousand eight hundred livres.

DOR. The sum-total is exact; fifteen thousand eight hundred livres. Add to this two hundred pistoles which you are going to lend me, and it will make exactly eighteen thousand francs, which I will pay you at the first opportunity.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). Well? Did I not guess right?

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Peace!

DOR. Will it be inconvenient to you to lend me what I say?

MR. JOUR. Oh dear! no.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). That man makes a milch-cow of you.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Be silent!

DOR. If I at all inconvenience you, I will get it elsewhere.

MR. JOUR. No, Sir.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). He won't be satisfied until he has ruined you.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Hold your tongue, I say.

DOR. You have only to tell me if this will embarrass you.

MR. JOUR. Not at all, Sir.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). He is a regular deceiver.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Do hold your peace.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). He will drain you to the last penny.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Will you hold your tongue?

DOR. There are a great many people who would advance me money with pleasure; but as I look upon you as

my best friend, I was afraid of wronging you if I asked it of anyone else.

MR. JOUR. You do me too much honour, Sir. I will go and fetch what you want.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). What! are you going to give him that also?

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* MRS. JOURDAIN). What can I do? How can I refuse a man of such rank, a man who spoke of me this morning at the king's levée.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). There, go; you are nothing but a dupe.

SCENE V.—DORANTE, MRS. JOURDAIN, NICOLE.

DOR. You appear to me quite low-spirited! What can be the matter with you, Mrs. Jourdain?

MRS. JOUR. My head is bigger than my fist, and yet it isn't swollen.

DOR. Where is your daughter, that I have not seen her?

MRS. JOUR. My daughter is very well where she is.

DOR. How does she get on?

MRS. JOUR. She gets on on her two legs.

DOR. Would you not like one of these days to come with her to see the ballet and the play which are being acted at court?

MRS. JOUR. Ah! yes. We have a great fancy for laughing, a great fancy have we!

DOR. I think, Mrs. Jourdain, that you must have had plenty of lovers in your young days, so handsome, and so sweet-tempered as you must have been.

MRS. JOUR. My goodness, Sir! Has Mrs. Jourdain grown decrepit, and does her head already shake on her shoulders?

DOR. Oh! Mrs Jourdain, I really beg your pardon! I had forgotten that you are young, and I am very often absent. I beg of you to excuse my impertinence.

SCENE VI.—MR. JOURDAIN, MRS. JOURDAIN, DORANTE, NICOLE.

MR. JOUR. (*to* DORANTE). Here are two hundred louis in full.

DOR. I assure you, Mr. Jourdain, that you may dispose of me in any way you like, and that I long to render you some service at court.

MR. JOUR. I am much obliged to you.

DOR. If Mrs. Jourdain wishes to see the royal entertainment,* I will obtain the best places in the room for her.

MRS. JOUR. Mrs. Jourdain is your humble servant.

DOR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). Our lovely marchioness, as I told you in my note, is coming here this afternoon for the ballet and the banquet, as I have at last prevailed on her to accept the entertainment † you wish to give her.

MR. JOUR. Let us go a little further. I need not tell you the reason.

DOR. It is a whole week since I saw you; and I did not send you any news of the diamond which you placed in my hands to make her a present of from you; it is because I found it the most difficult thing in the world to make her accept it; and it is only to-day that she could conquer her scruples about it.

MR. JOUR. How does she like it?

DOR. Exceedingly; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, the beauty of that diamond will produce an admirable effect on her mind towards you.

MR. JOUR. Ah, may it be so!

MRS. JOUR. (*to* NICOLE). When once he is with him, he can't leave him.

DOR. I described to her in glowing colours the expense of such a present, and the greatness of your love.

MR. JOUR. Your kindness is too much for me, Sir, and I feel perfectly ashamed to see a man of such high standing condescend to do for me the things you do.

DOR. Nonsense! Do friends stand upon such scruples? and would you not do for me the very same thing if the opportunity presented itself?

MR. JOUR. Oh, decidedly, and with all my heart!

MRS. JOUR. (*aside to* NICOLE). How hard for me to bear with his presence.

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* 'The Magnificent Lovers.'

† *Cadeau* does not mean "present," as at first sight it seems to mean. See note, vol. i. p. 173. Compare also the next speech of Dorante.

DOR. For my part, I hesitate at nothing when I want to serve a friend; and as soon as you told me of your admiration for this charming marchioness, with whom I was acquainted, you saw me at once put myself at your disposal to serve your love.

MR. JOUR. It is perfectly true. Such kindness confounds me.

MRS. JOUR. (*to* NICOLE). Will he never go?

NIC. (*to* MRS. JOURDAIN). They are very thick together.

DOR. You went the right way to work to touch her heart. There is nothing women like more than the expenses one makes for them; and your frequent serenades, your numerous bouquets, the magnificent display of fireworks which she saw on the water, the diamond which she received from you, and the entertainment you are preparing for her, all this tells more in favour of your love than all the speeches you could make to her about it.

MR. JOUR. There is no expense I would not make to find access to her heart. A woman of quality has for me the most dazzling charms, and it is an honour which I would purchase at any price.

MRS. JOUR. (*aside* to NICOLE). What on earth can they have to say together? Go and listen!

DOR. You will enjoy to-day the pleasure of seeing her; and your eyes will have full leisure to satisfy themselves.

MR. JOUR. In order to be free, I have arranged for my wife to go and dine with my sister, and she will spend the whole afternoon there.

DOR. You have acted wisely, for your wife might be in the way. I have given the necessary orders to the cook, and for everything which may be necessary for the ballet. It is my own invention, and if the execution comes up to the conception, I am sure that it will be found . . . .

MR. JOUR. (*seeing* NICOLE *listening, and giving her a box on the ears*). Ha! you rude, impertinent hussey! (*To* DORANTE) Let us go out, if you please.

SCENE VII.—MRS. JOURDAIN, NICOLE.

NIC. Well, Madam, my curiosity has cost me something; but all the same I believe that there is something in the

wind, for they were speaking of an affair where they do not wish you to be present.

MRS. JOUR. This is not the first time, Nicole, that I have had some suspicions about my husband. Either I am greatly mistaken or there is some love affair on foot; and I am doing my best to discover what it may be. But, first of all, let us think of my daughter. You know that Cléonte loves her; he is a man after my own heart, and I wish to help him, and give him to Lucile if I can.

NIC. To tell you the truth, Madam, I am delighted to find you think so; for if the master pleases you, the servant pleases me as well, and I wish our own marriage could take place at the same time as theirs.

MRS. JOUR. Go, then, and speak to him about what I told you; and tell him to come presently, that we may both together ask my husband to grant him my daughter.

NIC. I run with joy, Madam, and I could not receive a more pleasant order. (*Alone.*) How happy I am going to make certain people!

SCENE VIII.—NICOLE, CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

NIC. Ah, what a lucky meeting! I am a messenger of joy, and I came . . . .

CLE. Leave me, false woman, and don't think of deceiving me with your treacherous words.

NIC. Do you receive me in that way?

CLE. Leave me, I say, and go and tell your faithless mistress that she never shall again deceive the too credulous Cléonte.

NIC. What a change? My poor Covielle, tell me, I pray, what all this means.

COV. Your poor Covielle, indeed, you wicked girl! Go, minx! decamp; get out of my sight as fast as you can, and leave me alone!

NIC. What! and do you also . . . .?

COV. Get out of my sight, I say; I will never speak to you any more, as long as I live.

NIC. (*aside*). Mercy on us! What has happened to both of them? I must go and tell my mistress this pretty piece of news.

Scene IX.—Cléonte, Covielle.

Cle. What! to treat a lover in that fashion, and the most faithful and affectionate of all lovers!

Cov. It is shameful what they have done to both of us!

Cle. I show her all possible ardour and tenderness; I love nothing in the world better, and have nothing in my thoughts but her; she is all my care, all my desire, all my joy; I speak of nothing but her, think of nothing but her, dream of nothing but her. I live but for her; my heart beats but for her; and, behold the reward of so much devotion! I am two whole days without seeing her, two days which seem to me centuries of frightful length; I meet her by accident, my heart at the sight of her feels transported; joy sparkles in my face. I fly to her with delight, and the faithless one turns away her eyes, and passes by me hastily, as if she had never seen me before in her life!

Cov. I can only repeat the same story.

Cle. Can anything be compared, Covielle, to the perfidy of the ungrateful Lucile?

Cov. And to that, Sir, of that hussy Nicole?

Cle. After so many passionate sacrifices, sighs, and vows which I have paid to her charms!

Cov. After so many attentions, cares, and services I have rendered her in the kitchen!

Cle. So many tears that I have shed at her feet!

Cov. So many buckets of water that I have drawn for her from the well!

Cle. Such warmth as I have shown in loving her more than myself!

Cov. Such heat as I have endured in turning the spit for her!

Cle. She avoids me with contempt!

Cov. She rudely turns her back upon me!

Cle. This perfidy deserves the greatest chastisement.

Cov. This treachery deserves a thousand blows.

Cle. Mind, you never speak to me of her any more.

Cov. I, Sir? Heaven forbid!

Cle. Do not venture to palliate her wrongs before me.

Cov. Never fear.

Cle. No; for all you would say in her defence would be lost upon me.

Cov. Who dreams of such a thing?

Cle. I wish to nurse up my wrath against her, and to break off all intercourse with her.

Cov. I am quite willing.

Cle. This count who goes to her house has turned her head, no doubt; and rank, I see, dazzles her mind. But I must, for my own honour, prevent her triumphing in her inconstancy. I will do as much as she does towards a change which I plainly see she desires, and I will not let her have all the pleasure of having dismissed me.

Cov. You are in the right, and I enter into all your feelings.

Cle. Help me in my resentment, and support my resolution against the remainder of my love that might still plead for her. Tell me, I pray you, all the evil you can think of her. Draw a description of her person which may bring her down in my estimation, and, in order to make me dislike her more surely, show me all the defects you can see in her.

Cov. She, indeed, Sir! a fine specimen, a fine piece of affectation to be in love with! I see nothing in her but the most common attractions, and you will find a thousand girls more worthy of your love than she is. To begin with, her eyes are small . . . .*

Cle. Yes, it is true, her eyes are small, Covielle; but they are full of fire, the most sparkling, the most searching in the world, and the tenderest also that could be found.

Cov. Her mouth is large . . . .

Cle. Yes; but you find there charms that can be found in no other. The sight of that mouth inspires me with love; it is the most attractive and the most amorous mouth in the world!

Cov. As to her height, she is not tall.

Cle. No; but she is well shaped and graceful.

Cov. She affects great carelessness in her speech, and her movements . . . .

* It is Molière's wife that is here described.

CLE. It is true; but she is graceful in all she does, and her manners are attractive, and possess a certain charm which at once takes possession of one's heart.

COV. As for wit . . . .

CLE. Ah, Covielle! her wit is of the most refined, the most delicate kind.

COV. Her conversation . . . .

CLE. Her conversation is charming.

COV. It is always grave.

CLE. Would you prefer an unrestrained gaiety, a perpetual liveliness? and can you find anything more unpleasant than those women who giggle at everything?

COV. But, in short, she is as whimsical as any woman can be.

CLE. Yes, she is, I agree with you there; but everything becomes those we love. We bear everything from them.

COV. Since you go on so, I see pretty well that you are determined to love her still.

CLE. I? I had rather die this moment, and I mean in future to hate her as much as I loved her before.

COV. How can you if you think her so perfect?

CLE. In this way shall my revenge shine; in this way shall the strength of my decision to hate her be better displayed; if thinking her most beautiful, most charming, most amiable, I still part from her. Here she is.

SCENE X.—LUCILE, CLÉONTE, COVIELLE, NICOLE.

NIC. (*to* LUCILE). I was quite shocked at it.

LUC. It can only be what I tell you, Nicole; but there he is.

CLE. (*to* COVIELLE). I will not condescend even to speak to her.

COV. I will do like you.

LUC. What is it, Cléonte? What can be the matter with you?

NIC. What ails you, Covielle?

LUC. What trouble afflicts you?

NIC. What fit of bad temper has got hold of you?

LUC. Are you dumb, Cléonte?

NIC. Have you lost your tongue, Covielle?

CLE. How deceitful she is!

COV. How Judas-like!

LUC. I see that our meeting of this morning has troubled your mind.

CLE. (*to* COVIELLE). Ah! ah! we are conscious of what we have done?

NIC. Our reception of this morning has put you out.

COV. (*to* CLÉONTE). We know where the shoe pinches.

LUC. Is it not true, Cléonte; is not this the cause of your vexation?

CLE. Yes, faithless girl, it is, since I am to speak; but I must inform you that you shall not have, as you fancy, all the glory of your faithlessness; I wish to be the first to break with you, and you shall not have the pleasure of driving me away. I shall find it hard, I know, to conquer the love I feel for you; it will bring grief to me; I am sure, to suffer for a while; but I will overcome it, and I had rather stab myself to the heart than be weak enough to return to you.

COV. (*to* NICOLE). As the master says, so says the man.

LUC. This is much ado about nothing, Cléonte, and I wish to tell you what made me avoid you this morning.

CLE. (*trying to go away to avoid* LUCILE). I will hear nothing.

NIC. (*to* COVIELLE). I want to tell you why we passed you so quickly.

COV. (*trying also to go away to avoid* NICOLE). I will hear nothing.

LUC. (*following* CLÉONTE). Know, then, that this morning . . . .

CLE. (*still walking away without looking at* LUCILE). No, I tell you.

NIC. (*following* COVIELLE). Let me tell you . . . .

COV. (*still walking away without looking at* NICOLE). No, you jilt!

LUC. Listen.

CLE. Don't trouble me.

NIC. Let me tell you.

COV. I am deaf.

LUC. Cléonte!

CLE. No.
NIC. Covielle!
COV. No.
LUC. Wait.
CLE. Nonsense.
NIC. Listen to me.
COV. Rubbish.
LUC. One moment.
CLE. Not a bit.
NIC. A little patience.
COV. Fiddle-de-dee!
LUC. A couple of words.
CLE. No; all is over,
NIC. One word.
COV. Not one.

LUC. (*stopping*). Very well! Since you will not listen to me, keep your own thoughts to yourself, and do as you please.

NIC. (*stopping also*). Since you act in that fashion, think what you like.

CLE. (*turning towards* LUCILE). Well, what was the reason for such a welcome?

LUC. (*going away in her turn, to avoid* CLÉONTE). I don't choose to tell you now.

COV. (*turning towards* NICOLE). Give us that story.

NIC. (*going away also, to avoid* COVIELLE). I don't wish to tell it you now.

CLE. (*following* LUCILE). Tell me . . . .

LUC. (*walking away without looking at* CLÉONTE). No; I will tell you nothing.

COV. (*following* NICOLE). Relate to me . . . .

NIC. (*walking away without looking at* COVIELLE). No; I shall relate nothing.

CLE. For mercy's sake!
LUC. No, I tell you.
COV. For pity's sake!
NIC. No; not another word.
CLE. I beseech you.
LUC. Leave me.
COV. I entreat you.
NIC Get away from here.

CLE. Lucile!
LUC. No.
COV. Nicole!
NIC. Nothing.
CLE. For heaven's sake.
LUC. I will not.
COV. Speak to me.
NIC. I won't.
CLE. Clear up my doubts.
LUC. No; I will do nothing of the kind.
COV. Ease my mind.
NIC. No; it is not my wish to do so.

CLE. Very well! Since you care so little to relieve my grief, and to justify yourself of the unworthy treatment my love has received from you, you see me for the last time; and I am going away from you to die of grief and love.

COV. (*to* NICOLE). And I will follow his steps.
LUC. (*to* CLÉONTE, *who is going*). Cléonte!
NIC. (*to* COVIELLE, *who is going*). Covielle!
CLE. (*stopping*). Hey?
COV. (*stopping also*). What do you say?
LUC. Where are you going?
CLE. Where I have told you.
COV. We are going to die.
LUC. You are going to die, Cléonte?
CLE. Yes, cruel one, since you wish it.
LUC. I! I wish you to die!
CLE. Yes, you wish it.
LUC. Who told you such a thing?

CLE. Is it not wishing it to refuse to clear up my suspicions?

LUC. Is it my fault? If you had but listened to me, I would have told you at once that the treatment you complain of was caused by the presence of an old aunt, who persists in saying that the mere approach of a man is dishonour to a girl; she is always lecturing us about it, and depicts all men to us as so many scamps whom we ought always to avoid.

NIC. (*to* COVIELLE.) This is the whole secret of the affair.

CLE. (*to* LUCILE). Are you not deceiving me, Lucile?

COV. (*to* NICOLE). Are you not imposing upon me?

LUC. It is the exact truth.

NIC. That's how it is.

COV. (*to* CLÉONTE). Shall we surrender after this?

CLE. Ah! Lucile! How you can with one word bring back peace to my heart; and how easily we suffer ourselves to be persuaded by those we love.

COV. How easily these queer animals succeed in getting round us.

SCENE XI.—MRS. JOURDAIN, CLÉONTE, LUCILE, COVIELLE, NICOLE.

MRS. JOUR. I am very glad to see you, Cléonte. You are just in time, for my husband will be here in a moment. Seize that opportunity of asking him to give you Lucile in marriage.

CLE. Oh! how welcome these kind words are, and how well they correspond to the inmost wishes of my heart. Could I ever receive an order more flattering, a favour more precious?

SCENE XII.—CLÉONTE, MR. JOURDAIN, MRS. JOURDAIN, LUCILE, COVIELLE, NICOLE.

CLE. Sir, I would not ask anybody to come instead of me to make you a request which I have long wished to make. The matter interests me too much for me not to do it myself. Allow me to tell you then, without further words, that the honour of becoming your son-in-law is a favour I earnestly solicit, and one which I beseech you to grant me.

MR. JOUR. Before I give you an answer, Sir, I beg you to tell me if you are a nobleman.

CLE. Sir, most people would answer that question without any hesitation whatever. The word is easily spoken; a title is generally adopted without scruple, and present custom seems to sanction the theft. For my part, however, I must confess that I look upon any kind of imposture as unworthy of an honest man. I think it base to hide what heaven has made us to adorn ourselves before

the world with a title, and to wish to pass for what we are not. I am the son of parents who have filled honourable offices. I have acquitted myself with honour in the army, where I served for six years, and I am rich enough to hold a tolerable position in the world; but for all this, I will not assume a name that others might think I could pretend to in my position, and I tell you openly that I cannot be reckoned a nobleman.

MR. JOUR. Shake hands, then, my daughter is no wife for you.

CLE. How! May I know . . . .?

MR. JOUR. You are not a nobleman, therefore you shall not have my daughter.

MRS. JOUR. What is it you mean by your nobleman? Are we ourselves descended from St. Louis?

MR. JOUR. Be silent, wife; I see what you are driving at.

MRS. JOUR. Are we not both descended from good, simple tradesmen?

MR. JOUR. Is not that a wicked slander?

MRS. JOUR. Was not your father a tradesman as well as mine?

MR. JOUR. Plague take the woman! She has never done with that. If your father was a tradesman, so much the worse for him; as for mine, it is only ill-informed people who say so, and all I have to tell you is that I will have a gentleman for my son-in-law.

MRS. JOUR. Your daughter must have a husband who suits her; and it is better for her to marry an honest man, rich and handsome, than a deformed and beggarly gentleman.

NIC. That's quite true. We have the son of the squire in our village, who is the most awkwardly built and stupid noodle that I have ever seen in my life.

MR. JOUR. (*to* NICOLE). Hold your tongue, will you? and mind your own business. I have wealth enough and to spare for my daughter. I only wish for honours, and I will have her a marchioness.

MRS. JOUR. A marchioness?

MR. JOUR. Yes, a marchioness.

MRS. JOUR. Alas! God forbid.

MR. JOUR. It's a thing that I'm determined upon.

MRS. JOUR. I will never consent to it. Marriages between people who are not of the same rank are always subject to the most serious inconveniences. I do not wish to have a son-in-law who would have it in his power to reproach my daughter with her parentage; nor that she should have children who would be ashamed to call me their grandmother. If she came to see me with the equipage of a grand lady, and failed through inadvertency to salute some of the neighbours, people would not fail to say a thousand ill-natured things. "Just see," they would say, "our lady the marchioness, who is so puffed up now, she is Mr. Jourdain's daughter; she was only too pleased, when a child, to play at my lady with us. She has not always been so exalted as now, and her two grandfathers sold cloth near St. Innocents' Gate. They have laid a great deal of money by for their children, for which, may be, they are now paying dearly in the other world, for one does not generally become so rich by honest means." I do not wish to give occasion for such gossip, and I desire to meet with a man who, to cut it short, will be grateful to me for my daughter, and to whom I can say, "Sit down there, son-in-law, and dine with me."

MR. JOUR. How all these feelings show a narrow mind, satisfied to live for ever in a low condition of life. Let me have no more replies; my daughter shall be a marchioness in spite of everybody, and if you provoke me too much, I will make her a duchess.

SCENE XIII.—MRS. JOURDAIN, LUCILE, CLÉONTE, NICOLE, COVIELLE.

MRS. JOUR. Do not give up all hope, Cléonte. Follow me, Lucile; come and tell your father with firmness and decision that, unless you have Cléonte for a husband, you will never marry.

SCENE XIV.—CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

COV. Well! you have done a fine piece of work, with your lofty sentiments.

CLE. What could I do? I have scruples on that subject which no precedent could overcome.

COV. What nonsense to be serious with a man like that! Do you not see that he is infatuated with one idea, and would it have cost you much to fall in with his gentility?

CLE. I am afraid you are right; but the fact is I had not thought before that it was necessary to show proofs of gentility in order to become Mr. Jourdain's son-in-law.

COV. (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

CLE. What are you laughing at?

COV. At the thought of something that has just come into my head; it will play off our man, and help you to succeed in what you want.

CLE. How so?

COV. It is most amusing even to think of it.

CLE. What is it?

COV. We have had lately a certain masquerade, which seems to me the very thing wanted, and which I mean to make use of to play a trick on our absurd old fellow. The whole affair seems rather silly, but with him we may risk many things; there is no need of much cunning, and he is one to play his part wonderfully well, and to swallow greedily all the nonsense we may venture to tell him. I have actors and costumes all ready; only leave it to me.

CLE. But tell me. . . .

COV. Yes, I must tell you all about it; but let us go away, for here he is coming back again.

SCENE XV.—MR. JOURDAIN (*alone*).

What the deuce does it all mean? They do nothing but reproach me with my great lords, and I, for my part, see nothing so fine as to associate with great lords; we find only honour and civility with them; and I would give two fingers of my hand to have been born a count or a marquis.

SCENE XVI.—MR. JOURDAIN, A SERVANT.

SER. Sir, here is the count, and a lady with him.

MR. JOUR. Bless me! and I have some orders to give. Tell them I shall be here in a moment.

SCENE XVII.—DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, A SERVANT.

SER. My master says he will be here directly.
DOR. Very well.

SCENE XVIII.—DORIMÈNE, DORANTE.

DORI. I am afraid, Dorante, that I am doing a very strange thing in allowing myself to be brought by you into a house where I know nobody.

DOR. Where then can I go to entertain you, Madam, since, to avoid remarks being made, you will see me neither at your own house nor at mine?

DORI. Yes; but you do not mention that I am little by little brought to accept too great proofs of your love. In vain do I refuse my acquiescence in all you do, you triumph over my resistance, and you have a kind of persevering civility which causes me by degrees to do all that you wish. You began with frequent visits; next came declarations, and they have drawn after them serenades and entertainments, followed by presents. I was opposed to all these things, but you are not to be discouraged, and step by step you have overcome all my resolutions. For my part, I dare answer for nothing now; and I believe that at last you will persuade me to marry you, although I had set my heart against it.

DOR. Indeed, Madam, you should have been persuaded before. You are a widow, and depend on nobody but yourself. I am my own master, and I love you more than my life. What is there to prevent you from making me supremely happy?

DORI. To say the truth, Dorante, it requires many good qualities on both sides for people to live happily together, and the two most sensible people in the world will often find it difficult to make up a union with which they are satisfied.

DOR. You are wrong, Madam, to fear so many drawbacks to the happiness of a married life, and your sad experience proves nothing.

DORI. In short, I still come back to this; the expenses which you run into for my sake make me anxious for two reasons: the first that they involve me more than I should wish, and the other that I feel certain—pray be not offended with me—that you cannot incur them without much inconvenience to yourself; and I do not wish such a state of things to go on.

DOR. Ah, Madam, these are trifles not worth mentioning, and it is not from that . . . .

DORI. I know what I am saying; and, among other things, the diamond you forced upon me is of a price . . . .

DOR. Nay, Madam, do not set such value upon a thing which my love thinks so unworthy of you; and allow me . . . . Here is the master of the house.

SCENE XIX.—MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE.

MR. JOUR. (*after having made two bows, finds himself too near to* DORIMÈNE). A little farther, Madam.

DORI. What?

MR. JOUR. One step more, if you please.

DOR. What then?

MR. JOUR. Fall back a little for the third.

DOR. Mr. Jourdain, Madam, knows whom he is addressing.

MR. JOUR. Madam, it is a very great glory to me that I am fortunate enough to be so happy as to have the felicity that you should have had the goodness to do me the honour of honouring me with the favour of your presence, and had I also the merit to merit such merit as yours and that heaven . . . . envious of my good fortune . . . . had granted me . . . . the advantage of being worthy . . . . of the . . . .

DOR. Mr. Jourdain, this is quite enough; Madam does not care for great compliments, and she knows that you are a clever and witty man. (*Aside to* DORIMÈNE) He is a harmless citizen, ridiculous enough, as you see, in his behaviour.

DORI. (*aside to* DORANTE). It is not difficult to perceive that.

DOR. Madam, this is one of my greatest friends.

MR. JOUR. You do me too much honour.

DOR. A most excellent and polite man.

DORI. I feel the greatest esteem for him.

MR. JOUR. I have done nothing as yet, Madam, to deserve such a favour.

DOR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). Be very careful not to speak to her of the diamond you gave her.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* DORANTE). May I not just ask her how she likes it?

DOR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). Eh? Be sure not to do that. It would be most vulgar of you; and to behave like a true gentleman, you should act in all things as if you had made no present at all. (*Aloud*) Mr. Jourdain says, Madam, that he is delighted to see you in his house.

DORI. He does me great honour.

MR. JOUR. (*aside to* DORANTE). How truly obliged I am to you, Sir, for speaking of me to her as you do.

DOR. (*aside to* MR. JOURDAIN). I had all the trouble in the world to make her come here.

MR. JOUR. (*as before*). I don't know how to thank you enough for it.

DOR. He says, Madam, that he thinks you the most beautiful woman in the world.

DORI. It is a great favour he does me.

MR. JOUR. Madam, it is you who grant the favours, and . . . .

DOR. Let us think of the dinner.

SCENE XX.—MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, A SERVANT.

SER. (*to* MR. JOURDAIN). Everything is ready, Sir.

DOR. Come, then, let us go and sit down. Tell the musicians to come.

SCENE XXI.—*Entry of the* BALLET.

The COOKS, *who have prepared the banquet, dance together, and make the third interlude; after which they bring in a table covered with various dishes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—DORIMÈNE, MR. JOURDAIN, DORANTE, THREE SINGERS, A SERVANT.

DORI. Really, Dorante, this is a magnificent dinner.

MR. JOUR. You are pleased to say so, Madam, but I only wish it were more worthy of your acceptance.

(DORIMÈNE, MR. JOURDAIN, DORANTE, *and the* THREE SINGERS *sit down.*)

DOR. Mr. Jourdain is right, Madam, in what he says; and he obliges me by doing so well the honours of his house to you. I agree with him that the dinner is not worthy of you. As it was I who ordered it, and as I have not for this kind of thing the knowledge of some of our friends, you will not find here a well studied repast, but will meet with many incongruities of good eating and some barbarisms against good taste. If our good friend Damis had ordered it, all would be according to rule; there would be elegance and erudition everywhere; and he would not fail to exaggerate to you the excellence of every dish, and to make you acknowledge his high capacity in the science of good eating. He would speak to you of a loaf with golden sides, crusty all over, and yielding tenderly under the teeth; of wine full-bodied and of not too perceptible an acidity; of a neck of mutton seasoned with parsley; of a loin of Normandy veal, long, white, tender, and which is, as it were, an almond paste between the teeth; of partridges wonderful in flavour; and as his masterpiece, a pearl broth reinforced with a large turkey flanked with young pigeons, and crowned with white onions blended with endive. For my part I confess my ignorance; and as Mr. Jourdain has very well said, I wish the repast were more worthy of your acceptance.

DORI. Well, I can only answer to this compliment by eating as I am doing.

MR. JOUR. Ah! what beautiful hands!

DORI. The hands have not much to boast of, Mr

Jourdain; it is the diamond which you wish to speak of; it is indeed very beautiful.

MR. JOUR. I, Madam? Heaven forbid that I should speak of it. It would be ungentlemanly to do so, and the diamond is but a trifle.

DOR. You are difficult to please.

MR. JOUR. You are too kind, and . . . .

DOR. (*after having made signs to* MR. JOURDAIN). Come, come, give a little wine to Mr. Jourdain and to these gentlemen, who will do us the pleasure of singing us a drinking song.

DORI. It is a most charming thought to make good music accompany good food, and I find myself most kindly entertained here.

MR. JOUR. Madam, it is not . . . .

DOR. Mr. Jourdain, let us listen to the music; what these gentlemen will tell us is better than all you and I could say.

1ST *and* 2ND SINGERS *together, each with a glass in his hand.*

Phyllis, deign to fill my glass;
Give the draught an added charm.
Which is fairer, wine or lass,
Love for both my heart doth arm?—
In this hour supernal,
Let us swear, while we can,
For wine, woman, and man,
A friendship eternal.

Ruby-red, the blushing wine,
Paints thy lips with brighter shade,
While its colours softer shine
Where thy glances fall, fair maid!—
While our youth is vernal,
Let us swear, while we can,
For wine, woman, and man,
A friendship eternal.

Drinking Song.

Fill your glass, fill your glass, my friends,
Let us drink, though time fly;
We must live while we live, my friends,
For time passes by.

When we cross the waves of the river,
Wine and love say farewell!
We must leave them behind for ever,
So value them well.

What though fools spend their time in thinking
Of the true aim of life!
Our philosophy lies in drinking,
Not in wordy strife.

And glory, wisdom, and wealth,
Do not ease life of ill,
But we find our pleasure and health
As the wine-cup we fill.

DORI. I never heard anything better sung, and all this is really beautiful.

MR. JOUR. I see something still more beautiful here, Madam.

DORI. Why, Mr. Jourdain, you are a greater flatterer than I should have thought.

DOR. And for what, Madam, do you take Mr. Jourdain?

MR. JOUR. I wish she would take me for what I could name.

DORI. Again!

DOR. (*to* DORIMÈNE). You do not know him.

MR. JOUR. But she will know me whenever it pleases her.

DORI. Oh, I give up.

DOR. He is a man always ready with an answer. But do you not see, Madam, that Mr. Jourdain eats all the pieces you have touched.

DORI. Mr. Jourdain is a man I am charmed with.

MR. JOUR. If I could only charm your heart, I should be . . . .

SCENE II.—MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, SINGERS, SERVANTS.

MRS. JOUR. Ah! ah! I find charming company here, and I see clearly that I was not expected. It is for this fine piece of business, Sir, that you showed such anxiety

to pack me off to my sister; was it? I have just seen a theatre down below, and here I find a banquet worthy of a wedding. That is the way you spend your money, and thus it is that you feast ladies in my absence, and give them music and the comedy, whilst you send me trotting.

DOR. What do you mean, Mrs. Jourdain, and what fancies are you taking into your head to go and imagine that your husband is spending his money and giving the dinner to this lady? I beg to tell you that he has only lent me his house, and that it is I who give this feast, and not he. You should be a little more cautious in what you say.

MR. JOUR. Yes, rude woman that you are, it is the count who gives all that to this lady, who is a lady of rank. He does me the honour of making use of my house, and of wishing me to be with him.

MRS. JOUR. All this is rubbish; I know what I know.

DOR. Put on better spectacles, Mrs. Jourdain.

MRS. JOUR. I have no need of spectacles, Sir, and I see clearly enough what is going on. It is some time since I have seen things as they are, and I am no fool. It is very wrong of you, a great lord, to encourage my husband in his delusion. And for you, Madam, a great lady, it is neither handsome nor honest to sow dissension in a family, and to allow my husband to be in love with you.

DORI. What does all this mean? How very wrong of you, Dorante, to expose me to the preposterous fancies of this foolish woman.

DOR. (*following* DORIMÈNE, *who is going away*). Madam, stop, I pray; where are you going?

MR. JOUR. Madam . . . . My Lord the Count, present my humblest apologies to her and try to bring her back.

SCENE III.—MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN, A SERVANT.

MR. JOUR. Ah! insolent woman that you are; these are your fine doings. You come and abuse me before everybody, and send away from my house persons of quality.

MRS. JOUR. I don't care a pin for their quality.

MR. JOUR. I don't know, accursed woman that you are, what prevents me from beating your skull in with what remains of the feast you have come and disturbed.

MRS. JOUR. (*going away*). I despise your threats. I come here to defend my own rights, and all wives will be on my side.

MR. JOUR. You do wisely to avoid my anger, I can tell you.

SCENE IV.—MR. JOURDAIN (*alone*).

She came in at a most unlucky moment. I was in a mood to tell her very pretty things, and I never felt so full of wit. But what does this mean?

SCENE V.—MR. JOURDAIN, COVIELLE (*disguised*).

COV. Sir, I am not sure if I have the honour of being known to you.

MR. JOUR. No, Sir.

COV. (*putting his hand about a foot from the ground*). I saw you when you were not taller than that.

MR. JOUR. Me?

COV. Yes! You were the most beautiful child in the world, and all the ladies used to lift you up in their arms to kiss you.

MR. JOUR. To kiss me?

COV. Yes. I was a great friend of your late respected father.

MR. JOUR. Of my late respected father?

COV. Yes, he was a most kind nobleman.

MR. JOUR. What do you say?

COV. I say that he was a most kind nobleman.

MR. JOUR. My father?

COV. Your father.

MR. JOUR. You knew him well?

COV. Very well indeed.

MR. JOUR. And you know him to have been a nobleman?

COV. Undoubtedly.

MR. JOUR. Well, I don't understand how people can talk as they do.

Cov. What do you mean?

Mr. Jour. There are some stupid people who try to persuade me that he was a shopkeeper.

Cov. He a shopkeeper! It is sheer calumny. All he did was this: he was extremely kind and obliging, and understood different kinds of stuff very well; therefore he used to go everywhere and choose some; then he had them brought to his house, and was in the habit of letting his friends have some for money if they chose.

Mr. Jour. I am delighted to have made your acquaintance, so that you may testify that my father was a nobleman.

Cov. I will maintain it before the whole world.

Mr. Jour. You will oblige me greatly; may I know what business brings you here?

Cov. Since my acquaintance with your late father—a most kind nobleman, as I was telling you—I have travelled to the end of the world.

Mr. Jour. To the end of the world?

Cov. Yes.

Mr. Jour. I suppose it is a very far-off country.

Cov. Very far off. I only returned four days ago, and owing to the interest I take in all that concerns you, I have come to give you the best news possible.

Mr. Jour. What can it be?

Cov. You know that the son of the Grand Turk is here.*

Mr. Jour. No, I didn't know.

Cov. You didn't know! He has a most magnificent retinue of attendants. Everybody goes to see him, and he has been received in this country as a personage of the greatest importance.

Mr. Jour. Indeed? I have heard nothing of it.

Cov. What is of great concern to you is that he is in love with your daughter.

Mr. Jour. The son of the Grand Turk?

Cov. Yes, and that he wishes to become your son-in-law.

Mr. Jour. My son-in-law, the son of the Grand Turk!

---

* There seems to have been a Turkish envoy in Paris at that time.

Cov. The son of the Grand Turk your son-in-law When I went to see him, as I understand his language perfectly, we had a long chat together; and after having talked of different things, he told me, *Acciam croc soler onch alla moustaph gidelum amanahem varahini oussere carbulath?* that is to say, "Have you not seen a beautiful young girl who is the daughter of Mr. Jourdain, a nobleman of Paris?"

Mr. Jour. The son of the Grand Turk said that of me?

Cov. Yes. Then I answered him that I knew you perfectly well, and that I had seen your daughter. *Ah!* said he, *marababa sahem!* which is to say, "Ah! how much I love her!"

Mr. Jour. *Marababa sahem!* means, "Ah! how I love her!"

Cov. Yes.

Mr. Jour. Indeed, you do right to tell me; for I should never have known that *Marababa sahem!* meant, "Ah! how much I love her!" This Turkish language is admirable.

Cov. More admirable than you would ever imagine. For instance, do you know what *Cacaracamouchen* means?

Mr. Jour. *Cacaracamouchen?* No.

Cov. It means, "My dear love."

Mr. Jour. *Cacaracamouchen* means, "My dear love"?

Cov. Yes.

Mr. Jour. It is wonderful! *Cacaracamouchen*, "My dear love." Who would ever have thought it? I am perfectly astounded.

Cov. In short, in order to end my embassy, I must tell you that he is coming to ask your daughter in marriage; and, in order to have a father-in-law worthy of him, he wants to make you a *mamamouchi*, which is a great dignity in his country.

Mr. Jour. *Mamamouchi?*

Cov. *Mamamouchi;* that is to say in our own language, a paladin. Paladin, you know those ancient paladins; in short, there is nothing more noble than that in the whole world, and you will take rank with the greatest lords upon the earth.

Mr. Jour. The son of the Grand Turk honours me

greatly, and I beg of you to take me to his house, that I may return him my thanks.

COV. Not at all; he is just coming here.

MR. JOUR. He is coming here?

COV. Yes, and he is bringing with him everything necessary for the ceremony.

MR. JOUR. It is doing things rather quickly.

COF. Yes, his love will suffer no delay.

MR. JOUR. All that perplexes me in this affair is that my daughter is a very obstinate girl, who has taken it into her head to have a certain Cléonte for her husband, and vows she will marry no other.

COV. She is sure to change her mind when she sees the son of the Grand Turk; besides, wonderful to relate, the son of the Grand Turk has a strong likeness to that very Cléonte. People showed him to me, and I have just seen him; the love she feels for the one is sure to pass to the other, and . . . . I hear him coming! Lo, here he is.

SCENE VI.—CLÉONTE (*dressed as a Turk*), THREE PAGES (*carrying the vest of* CLÉONTE), MR. JOURDAIN, COVIELLE.

CLE. *Ambousahim oqui boraf, Giourdina, salamalequi.*

COV. (*to* MR. JOURDAIN). That is to say, "Mr. Jourdain, may your heart be all the year round a budding rose tree." It is a way of speaking they have in that country.

MR. JOUR. I am your Turkish highness's humble servant.

COV. *Carigar camboto oustin moraf.*

CLE. *Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moram.*

COV. He says, "May Heaven grant you the strength of the lion and the prudence of the serpent."

MR. JOUR. His Turkish highness does me too much honour, and I wish him all manner of prosperity.

COV. *Ossa binamen sadoc baballi oracaf ouram.*

CLE. *Belmen.*

COV. He says you must go quickly with him to prepare for the ceremony, in order afterwards to see your daughter and conclude the marriage.

MR. JOUR. So many things comprised in two words?

COV. Yes. The Turkish language is like that, it says

a good deal in a few words. Go quickly where he wishes you.

SCENE VII.—COVIELLE (*alone*).

Ah! ah! ah! Upon my soul, this is most absurd. What a dupe! Had he learnt his part by heart, he would not have played it better. Ah! ah! ah!

SCENE VIII.—DORANTE, COVIELLE.

COV. I beg of you, Sir, to help us here in a little affair we have in hand.

DOR. Hallo! Covielle, who would have known you again? What a get up!

COV. As you see. Ah! ah! ah!

DOR. What are you laughing at?

COV. At a thing worth laughing at, I can tell you.

DOR. What is it?

COV. You would never guess the stratagem we have invented to induce Mr. Jourdain to give my master his daughter in marriage.

DOR. I certainly can't guess what it is, but I can guess that it will succeed since you are at the head of affairs.

COV. I know, Sir, that the animal is appreciated by you.

DOR. Tell me what you are about.

COV. Kindly go a little on one side to make room for what I see coming. You will be able to have a view of a part of the business whilst I explain the rest to you.

SCENE IX.—THE TURKISH CEREMONY.*

THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, TURKS (*assisting the* MUFTI), SINGERS *and* DANCERS.

SIX TURKS *enter gravely, two and two, at the sound of instruments. They carry three carpets which they lift very high as they dance several dances. The* TURKS *pass under the carpets, singing and range themselves on each side of the stage. The* MUFTI, *accompanied by* DERVISHES, *closes the march.*

* Lulli composed the music, and acted the part of the Mufti.

The TURKS *then spread the carpets on the ground, and kneel down upon them. The* MUFTI *and the* DERVISHES *stand up in the middle of them; and while the* MUFTI *invokes Mahomet in dumb contortions and grimaces, the* TURKS *prostrate themselves to the ground, singing* Alli, *raising their hands to heaven, singing* Alla, *and continue so alternately to the end of the invocation; after which they all rise up, singing,* Alla eckber, *and two* DERVISHES *go and fetch* MR. JOURDAIN.

SCENE X.—THE MUFTI, DERVISH, TURKISH SINGERS *and* DANCERS. MR. JOURDAIN, *dressed like a Turk, his head shaved, without any turban or sword.*

THE MUFTI (*to* MR. JOURDAIN).

* Se ti sabir,
Ti respondir;
Se non sabir,
Tazir, tazir.

Mi star muphti,
Ti qui star si?
Non intendir;
Tazir, tazir.†

(TWO DERVISHES *retire with* MR. JOURDAIN.)

SCENE XI.—THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, TURKS, *singing and dancing.*

MUF. Dice, Turque, qui star quista? Anabatista? anabatista?

TUR. Ioc.

MUF. Zuinglista?

TUR. Ioc.

MUF. Coffita?

TUR. Ioc.

---

* *Lingua franca,* jargon composed of Italian, Spanish, &c., and spoken in the Levant.

† If you understand,
Answer;
If you do not understand,
Hold thy peace, hold thy peace.
I am the Mufti, &c.

MUF. Hussita? Morista? Fronista?
TUR. Ioc, ioc, ioc.
MUF. Ioc, ioc, ioc. Star pagana?
TUR. Ioc.
MUF. Luterana?
TUR. Ioc.
MUF. Puritana?
TUR. Ioc.
MUF. Bramina? Moffina? Zurina?
TUR. Ioc, ioc, ioc.
MUF. Ioc, ioc, ioc. Mahametana? Mahametana?
TUR. Hi Valla. Hi Valla.
MUF. Como chamara? Como chamara?
TUR. Giourdina, Giourdina.
MUF. (*jumping*). Giourdina, Giourdina.
TUR. Giourdina, Giourdina.

THE MUFTI.

Mahameta, per Giourdina,
Mi pregar sera e matina.
Voler far un paladina
De Giourdina, de Giourdina;
Dar turbanta, e dar scarrina,
Con galera, e brigantina,
Per deffender Palestina.
Mahameta, per Giourdina,
Mi pregar sera e matina.

(*To the* TURKS.)

Star bon Turca Giourdina?

TUR. Hi Valla. Hi Valla.*

---

* MUF. Say, Turk, who is this? Is he Anabaptist? Anabaptist?
TUR. No.
MUF. A Zuinglian?
TUR. No.
MUF. A Capht?
TUR. No.
MUF. A Hussite? a Moor? a Phronist?
TUR. No, no, no.
MUF. No, no, no. Is he a pagan?
TUR. No.

MUF. (*singing and dancing*). Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

TUR. Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.*

SCENE XII.—TURKS, *singing and dancing.*

Second entry of the BALLET.

SCENE XIII.—THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, MR. JOURDAIN, TURKS, *singing and dancing.*

The MUFTI *returns, wearing on his head the state turban, which is of enormous size, and adorned with lighted candles, four or five rows deep; he is accompanied by* TWO DERVISHES *bearing the Koran, and wearing cone-shaped caps also adorned with lighted candles.*

The two other DERVISHES *lead in* MR. JOURDAIN, *and make him kneel down, his two hands on the ground, so that his back, on which the Koran is placed, serves for a desk for the* MUFTI, *who makes a second burlesque invocation, knitting his*

MUF. A Lutheran?
TUR. No.
MUF. A Puritan?
TUR. No.
MUF. A Brahmin? a Moffian? a Zurian?
TUR. No, no, no.
MUF. No, no, no. A Mahometan? a Mahometan?
TUR. There you have it. There you have it.
MUF. How is he called? How is he called?
TUR. Jourdain, Jourdain.
MUF. (*dancing*). Jourdain, Jourdain.
TUR. Jourdain, Jourdain.
MUF. To Mahomet for Jourdain,
I pray night and day.
I wish to make a paladin
Of Jourdain, of Jourdain.
Give him a turban, and give him a sword,
With a galley and a brigantine,
To defend Palestine.
To Mahomet for Jourdain
I pray night and day.
(*To the* TURKS.)
Is Jourdain a good Turk?
TUR. Yes, by Allah!

* "Thus separated, these words have no sense; but by joining and correcting them, we have: *Allah baba, hou, Allah hou*, which are really Turkish, and which signify, *God my Father; God my Father.*" (*Auger.*)

eyebrows, striking from time to time on the Koran, and turning over the pages with precipitation; after which, lifting up his hands, he cries with a loud voice, "Hou."

During this second invocation, the other TURKS, *bowing down and raising themselves alternately, sing likewise,* "Hou hou, hou."

MR. JOUR. (*after they have taken the Koran from off his back*). Ouf!

THE MUFTI (*to* MR. JOURDAIN).

Ti non star furba?

THE TURKS.

No, no, no.

THE MUFTI.

Non star forfanta?

THE TURKS.

No, no, no.

THE MUFTI (*to the* TURKS).

Donar turbanta.

THE TURKS.

Ti non star furba?
No, no, no.
Non star forfanta?
No, no, no.
Donar turbanta.*

---

* MUF. (*to* MR. JOURDAIN). Thou wilt not be a knave?
TUR. No, no, no.
MUF. Nor be a thief?
TUR. No, no, no.
MUF. (*to the* TURKS). Give the turban.
TUR. Thou wilt not be a knave?
No, no, no.
Nor be a thief?
No, no, no.
Give the turban.

Third entry of the BALLET.

The TURKS, *dancing, put the turban on* MR. JOURDAIN'S *head at the sound of the instruments.*

THE MUFTI (*giving a sabre to* MR. JOURDAIN).

Ti star nobile, non star fabbola.
Pigliar schiabbola.*

THE TURKS (*drawing their sabres*).

Ti star nobile, non star fabbola.
Pigliar schiabbola.

Fourth entry of the BALLET.

The TURKS, *dancing, strike* MR. JOURDAIN *several times with their swords, keeping time with the music.*

THE MUFTI.

Dara, dara
Bastonnara.

THE TURKS.

Dara, dara
Bastonnara.†

Fifth entry of the BALLET.

The TURKS, *dancing, give* MR. JOURDAIN *several blows with a stick, keeping time meanwhile.*

THE MUFTI.

Non tener honta;
Questa star l' ultima affronta.

---

* MUF. (*giving the sword to* MR. JOURDAIN).
Be brave, be no scoundrel.
Take the sword.

† MUF. Give, give
The bastonnade.
TUR. Give, give
The bastonnade.

THE TURKS.

Non tener honta;
Questa star l' ultima affronta.*

The MUFTI *begins a third invocation. The* DERVISHES *support him under the arms with great respect, after which the* TURKS, *singing and dancing round the* MUFTI, *retire with him, and lead off* MR. JOURDAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN.

MRS. JOUR. Goodness gracious me! Lord, have mercy on us! What can this be? What a figure! Is it a *momon*† you have in hand, and is this carnival time? Do speak! What does all this mean? Who trussed you up in this manner?

MR. JOUR. Just see the impertinent woman, to speak after such a manner to a *mamamouchi*.

MRS. JOUR. What do you say?

MR. JOUR. Yes, you must show me respect now; I have just been made a *mamomouchi*.

MRS. JOUR. What can you possibly mean with your *mamamouchi?*

MR. JOUR. *Mamamouchi*, I tell you; I am a *mamamouchi*.

MRS. JOUR. What kind of a beast is that?

MR. JOUR. *Mamamouchi;* which in our language means paladin.

MRS. JOUR. Ballet in? Are you of an age to be dancing ballets?

---

* MUF. Think it not a shame;
This is the last affront.
TUR. Think it not a shame;
This is the last affront.

† Apparently there is no English equivalent to *momon* in this sense. Compare vol. i. p. 63.

MR. JOUR. What an ignorant woman you are! I say "paladin," which is a dignity which has just been conferred upon me with all due ceremony.

MRS. JOUR. What ceremony?

MR. JOUR. *Mahameta per Jordina.*

MRS. JOUR. What does that mean?

MR. JOUR. *Jordina*, that is to say Jourdain.

MRS. JOUR. Well? What, Jourdain?

MR. JOUR. *Voler far un paladina de Jordina.*

MRS. JOUR. What?

MR. JOUR. *Dar turbanta con galera.*

MRS. JOUR. What does that mean?

MR. JOUR. *Per deffender Palestina.*

MRS. JOUR. Tell me what you mean then.

MR. JOUR. *Dara, dara bastonnara.*

MRS. JOUR. What is all this jargon?

MR. JOUR. *Non tener honta, questa star l' ultima affronta.*

MRS. JOUR. Whatever is all this?

MR. JOUR. (*singing and dancing*). *Hou la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.* (*Falls to the ground.*)

MRS. JOUR. Alas, alas! my husband is gone out of his mind.

MR. JOUR. (*getting up and walking off*). Peace! Show respect to the *mamamouchi.*

MRS. JOUR. (*alone*). Where can he have lost his senses? I must run after him and prevent him from going out! (*Seeing* DORIMÈNE *and* DORANTE.) Oh dear! oh dear! Here's the last straw! I see nothing but trouble and disgrace everywhere!

SCENE II.—DORANTE, DORIMÈNE.

DOR. Yes, Madam, it is the most amusing thing that you ever saw, and I do not think that there is in the whole world a man as crazy as this one. Moreover, we must try to help Cléonte and back up his masquerade. He is a most excellent fellow, and one who deserves all your interest.

DORI. I have the greatest esteem for him, and he is worthy of all success.

DOR. We also have here, Madam, a ballet due to us.

We must not miss it, for I should be glad to see if my idea succeeds.

DORI. I saw magnificent preparations yonder; and this is a state of things, Dorante, with which I can bear no longer. Yes, I must put an end to your profusion; and in order to cut short all the expenses I see you run into for me, I have decided upon marrying you as soon as possible. This is the real secret of my decision; all these things, as you know, end ever in matrimony.

DOR. Ah, Madam, is it possible that you should have come to such a kind determination in my favour?

DORI. It is only to prevent you from ruining yourself, for, if I am not quick, I clearly see that before long you will not have a penny left.

DOR. What thanks I owe you for your anxiety about my fortune! That and my heart are entirely yours, and you can dispose of both as shall seem good to you.

DORI. I will make a right use of both. But here is our man coming. What an admirable figure!

SCENE III.—MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE.

DOR. Sir, we have both come to do homage to your new dignity, and to rejoice with you over the marriage of your daughter with the son of the Grand Turk.

MR. JOUR. (*after bowing in the Turkish manner*). Sir, I wish you the strength of the serpent, and the wisdom of the lion.

DORI. I am very glad to be one of the first, Sir, to come and congratulate you on the high degree of glory to which you are raised.

MR. JOUR. Madam, may your rose-tree bloom all the year round. I am infinitely obliged to you for interesting yourself in the honour just bestowed upon me; and I am greatly rejoiced to see you back here, so that I may tender to you my most humble apologies for the extraordinary conduct of my wife.

DORI. Don't speak about it. I excuse in her such a momentary impulse; your heart ought to be very precious to her; and it is not to be wondered at that the possession of such a man as you are may cause her some alarm.

MR. JOUR. The possession of my heart is a thing you have altogether acquired.

DOR. You see, Madam, that Mr. Jourdain is not one of those whom prosperity blinds, and that, even in his elevation, he knows how to recognise his friends.

DORI. It is the proof of a truly generous soul.

DOR. Where can his Turkish highness be? We should like, as your friends, to pay our homage to him.

MR. JOUR. Here he is coming, and I sent for my daughter to give him her hand.

SCENE IV.—MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, CLÉONTE (*dressed as a Turk*).

DORI. (*to* CLÉONTE). Sir, we come, as friends of your father-in-law, to salute your highness, and to assure you with all respect of our most humble services.

MR. JOUR. Where is the interpreter, to tell him who you are, and to make him understand what you say? You shall see that he will answer you, and he speaks Turkish wonderfully well. Holla, here! where the deuce is he gone? (*To* CLÉONTE) *Strouf, strif, strof, straf.* This gentleman is a *grande segnore, grande segnore, grande segnore;* and this lady a *granda dama, granda dama.* (*Seeing that he is not understood*) Ah! (*To* CLÉONTE, *showing him* DORANTE) This gentleman is a French *mamamouchi*, and the lady she is a French *mamamouchess.* I cannot explain myself more clearly. Good! Here is the interpreter.

SCENE V.—MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, CLÉONTE (*dressed as as a Turk*); COVIELLE (*disguised*).

MR. JOUR. Where are you going, then? You know that we can say nothing without you. (*Showing* CLÉONTE.) Just tell him that this gentleman and this lady are people of very high rank, who have come to pay their homage to him, as friends of mine, and to assure him of their services. (*To* DORIMÈNE *and* DORANTE) You will see how he will answer.

COV. *Alabala crociam acci boram alabamen.*

CLE. *Catalequi tubal ourin soter amalouchan.*

MR. JOUR. (*to* DORIMÈNE *and* DORANTE). Do you see?

COV. He says, "May the rain of prosperity water at all times the garden of your family."

MR. JOUR. I told you that he spoke Turkish.

DOR. This is admirable.

SCENE VI.—LUCILE, CLÉONTE, MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, COVIELLE.

MR. JOUR. Come, my daughter; come here, and give your hand to this gentleman, who does you the honour of asking you in marriage.

LUC. Why, father, how strangely dressed you are! Are you acting a comedy?

MR. JOUR. No, no; it is no comedy, but a very serious affair, and the most honourable for you that could ever be wished for. (*Showing* CLEONTES.) Here is the husband I bestow upon you.

LUC. Bestow upon me, father?

MR. JOUR. Yes, upon you. There, give him your hand, and thank Heaven for your good fortune.

LUC. I have no wish to marry.

MR. JOUR. It is all very well, but I wish it; I who am your father.

LUC. I will do nothing of the kind.

MR. JOUR. Ah! what a noise! Come, I say, give him your hand.

LUC. No, father; I told you already that no power upon earth will force me to marry any other but Cléonte; and I would have recourse to any extremity rather than .... (*Recognising* CLEONTE.) But it is true that you are my father, and that I owe you absolute obedience; dispose of me, then, according to your will.

MR. JOUR. Truly, I am delighted to see you return so quickly to a sense of your duty; and it is a pleasure to me to have such an obedient daughter.

SCENE VII.—MRS. JOURDAIN, CLÉONTE, MR. JOURDAIN, LUCILE, DORANTE, DORIMÈNE, COVIELLE.

MRS JOUR What is it? What is the meaning of all

this? They say you want to give your daughter in marriage to a mummer.

MR. JOUR. Will you be silent? You always come and disturb everything with your follies; and there is no possibility of teaching you how to behave yourself.

MRS. JOUR. It is because there is no possibility of making you wise; and you go from folly to folly. What are your intentions? and what do you mean to do with all this assembly of people?

MR. JOUR. I wish to marry my daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

MRS. JOUR. To the son of the Grand Turk?

MR. JOUR. (*showing* COVIELLE). Yes; ask the interpreter to present your compliments to him from you.

MRS. JOUR. I have no need of an interpreter, and I can tell him myself easily to his face that he shall not have my daughter.

MR. JOUR. Will you be silent? I ask once more.

DOR. What! Mrs. Jourdain, you oppose yourself to such an honour as this? You refuse his Turkish highness for a son-in-law?

MRS. JOUR. Good gracious, Sir! Mind your own business, if you please.

DORI. It is an honour by no means to be rejected.

MRS. JOUR. I pray you also not to trouble yourself with that which is no concern of yours.

DOR. It is the friendship we have for you which makes us interest ourselves in your welfare.

MRS. JOUR. I can do very well without your friendship.

DOR. You see that your daughter yields to her father's will.

MRS. JOUR. My daughter consents to marry a Turk?

DOR. Certainly.

MRS. JOUR. She can forget Cléonte?

DOR. What will not one do to be a grand lady?

MRS. JOUR. I would strangle her with my own hands if she had done such a thing.

MR. JOUR. Too much prating by half! I tell you the marriage shall take place.

MRS. JOUR. And I tell you that it shan't.

MR. JOUR. Ah! what a row!

LUC. Mother!

MRS. JOUR. Leave me alone, you are a bad girl.

MR. JOUR. (*to* MRS. JOURDAIN). What! you scold her because she is obedient to me?

MRS. JOUR. Certainly; she belongs to me as much as she belongs to you.

COV. (*to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Madam.

MRS. JOUR. What business have you to speak to me, you?

COV. One word.

MRS. JOUR. I'll have nothing to do with your word.

COV. (*to* MR. JOURDAIN). Sir, if she will only listen to a word in private, I promise you to make her consent to all you want.

MRS. JOUR. I will never consent to it.

COV. Only hear me.

MRS. JOUR. No.

MR. JOUR. (*to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Hear him.

MRS. JOUR. No; I will not hear him.

MR. JOUR. He will tell you . . . .

MRS. JOUR. I don't want him to tell me anything.

MR. JOUR. Did ever anybody see such obstinacy in a woman! Would it hurt you to hear him?

COV. Only listen to me; you may do what you please afterwards.

MRS. JOUR. Well, what?

COV. (*aside, to* MRS. JOURDAIN). We have made signs to you for the last hour. Do you not see that all this is done to fit in with the fancies of your husband? that we are imposing upon him under this disguise, and that it is Cléonte himself who is the son of the Grand Turk?

MRS. JOUR. (*aside, to* COVIELLE). Oh! oh!

COV. (*aside, to* MRS. JOURDAIN). And that it is I, Covielle, who am the interpreter?

MRS. JOUR. (*aside, to* COVIELLE). Ah! if it is so, I give in.

COV. (*aside, to* MRS. JOURDAIN). Seem not to have any idea of what's going on.

MRS. JOUR. (*aloud*). Very well, let it be; I consent to the marriage.

MR. JOUR. So, everyone is agreed. (*To* MRS. JOURDAIN) You would not listen to him. I knew he would explain to you what the son of the Grand Turk is.

MRS. JOUR. He has explained it quite sufficiently, and I am satisfied with it. Let us send for a notary.

DOR. The very thing! And Mrs. Jourdain, in order to set your mind at rest, and that you should lose to-day all feelings of jealousy which you may have felt about your husband, this lady and I will ask the same notary to marry us.

MRS. JOUR. I consent to that also.

MR. JOUR. (*aside, to* DORANTE). It is to deceive her, is it not?

DOR. (*aside, to* MR. JOURDAIN). We must amuse her with this notion.

MR. JOUR. Good, good. (*Aloud*) Let somebody go at once for the notary.

DOR. Whilst he draws up the contract, let us see our ballet, and give the entertainment to his Turkish highness.

MR. JOUR. It is well thought of. Let us go to our places.

MRS. JOUR. And Nicole?

MR. JOUR. I give her to the interpreter, and my wife to anyone who will have her.

COV. Sir, I thank you. (*Aside*) If it is possible to find a greater fool than this one, I will go and publish it in Rome.

BALLET AND DIVERTISSEMENT.

PSYCHE.

'Psyche' is a *tragédie-ballet*. Molière had sketched the plan, written the prologue, the first act, and the first scenes of the second and third acts, when the King asked him to have the play finished before Lent. Pierre Corneille, then sixty years old, helped him, and wrote the other scenes in a fortnight. Quinault wrote the words of the songs.

Molière acted the part of Zephyr.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JUPITER.

VENUS.

LOVE.

ZEPHYR.

ÆGIALE, PHAËNE, } *two Graces.*

THE KING.

PSYCHE.

AGLAURA.

CIDIPPE.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, } *two princes,* PSYCHE'S *lovers.*

LYCAS, *captain of the guards.*

A RIVER GOD.

TWO CUPIDS.

PROLOGUE.

The front of the stage represents a rustic spot, while at the back the sea can be seen in the distance.

SCENE I.

FLORA *appears in the centre of the stage, attended by* VERTUMNUS, *god of trees and fruit, and by* PALEMON, *god of the streams. Each of these gods conducts a troup of divinities; one leads in his train* DRYADS *and* SYLVANS, *and the other* RIVER GODS *and* NAIADS.

FLORA *sings the following lines, to invite* VENUS *to descend upon earth:—*

FLORA.

The din of battle is stayed;
The mightiest king of earth
His arms aside has laid;
Of peace 'tis now the birth!
Descend thou, lovely Venus,
And blissful hours grant us!

VERTUMNUS *and* PALEMON, *and the divinities who attend them, join their voices to that of* FLORA, *and sing the following words:—*

CHORUS OF DIVINITIES *of the earth and streams, composed of* FLORA, NYMPHS, PALEMON, VERTUMNUS, SYLVANS, FAUNS, DRYADS, *and* NAIADS.

A peace profound we now enjoy,
And games and bliss without alloy;

Earth's mightiest king has giv'n us rest;
To him be praise and thanks addrest.
Descend thou, lovely Venus,
And happy hours grant us!

Then is formed an entry of the ballet, composed of two DRYADS, *four* SYLVANS, *two* RIVER GODS, *and two* NAIADS, *after which* VERTUMNUS *and* PALEMON *sing the following dialogue:—*

VERTUMNUS.

Yield, yield, ye beauties stern,
To sigh 'tis now your turn!

PALEMON.

See you, the queen above,
She comes to breathe soft love!

VERTUMNUS.

A fair one stern for aye
Ne'er wins a faithful sigh!

PALEMON.

To woo has beauty arms,
But gentleness has greater charms.

BOTH (*together*).

To woo has beauty arms,
But gentleness has greater charms.

VERTUMNUS.

Seek not your hearts to shield;
To pine is law, and ye must yield.

PALEMON.

Is aught more worthless born
Than hearts that love will scorn?

VERTUMNUS.

A fair one stern for aye
Ne'er wins a faithful sigh!

PALEMON.

To woo has beauty arms,
But gentleness has greater charms.

BOTH (*together*).

To woo has beauty arms,
But gentleness has greater charms.

FLORA *answers the dialogue of* VERTUMNUS *and* PALEMON *by the following minuet, and the other divinities join their dances to the song.*

Does wisdom say,
In youth's heyday,
Sweet love forego?
Be up, in haste
These pleasures taste
Of earth below.

Youth's wisdom too
Is love to woo,
And love to know.
If love disarms,
It is by charms;
So yield your arms.

'Twere madness 'gainst his darts
To seek to shield your hearts.
Whate'er the bond
Of lover fond,
'Tis sweeter chain
Than freedom's gain.

VENUS *descends from heaven, attended by* CUPID, *her son, and two Graces, called* ÆGIALE *and* PHAËNE; *and the divinities of the earth and the streams once more unite their songs, and continue by their dances to show their joy at her approach.*

CHORUS *of all the Divinities of the earth and the streams.*

A peace profound we now enjoy,
And games and bliss without alloy;

Earth's mightiest king has giv'n us rest;
To him be praise and thanks addrest.
Descend thou, lovely Venus,
And happy hours grant us.

VEN. (*in her chariot*). Cease, cease, all your songs of joy. Such rare honours do not belong to me, and the homage which in your consideration you now pay me ought to be reserved for lovelier charms. To pay your court to me is a custom indeed too old; everything has its turn, and Venus is no longer the fashion. There are rising charms to which now all carry their incense. Psyche, the beauteous Psyche, to-day has taken my place. Already now the whole world hastens to worship her, and it is too great a boon that, in the midst of my disgrace, I still find some one who stoops to honour me. Our deserts are not even fairly weighed together, but all are ready to abandon me; while of the numerous train of privileged graces, whose care and friendship followed me everywhere, I have now only two of the smaller ones who cling to me out of mere pity. I pray you, let these dark abodes lend their solitude to the anguish of my heart, and suffer me to hide my shame and grief in the midst of their gloom.

FLORA *and the other deities withdraw; and* VENUS *with her retinue descends from her chariot.*

SCENE II.—VENUS, CUPID, ÆGIALE, PHAËNE, CUPIDS.

ÆGI. We know not what to do, goddess; while we see you overwhelmed by this grief, our respect bids us be silent, our zeal would have us speak.

VEN. Speak; but if your cares would please me, leave all your advice for a fitter time; and speak of my wrath but to own me right; that was the keenest insult my divinity could ever receive; but revenge I shall have if gods have any power.

PHA. Your wisdom, your discernment, are greater than ours in deciding what may be worthy of you; yet, methinks, a mighty goddess should not thus give way to wrath.

VEN. That is the very reason of my extreme anger; the greater the brilliancy of my rank, the deeper the insult. If I did not stand on so lofty a height, the indignation of my heart would not be so violent. I, the daughter of the Thunderer, mother of the love-inspiring god; I, the sweetest yearning of heaven and earth, who received birth only to charm; I, who have seen everything that hath breath utter so many vows at my shrines, and by immortal rights have held the sovereign sway of beauty in all ages; I, whose eyes have forced two mighty gods to yield me the prize of beauty—I see my rights and my victory disputed by a wretched mortal. Shall the ridiculous excess of foolish obstinacy go so far as to oppose to me a little girl? Shall I constantly hear a rash verdict on the beauty of her features and of mine, and from the loftiest heaven where I shine shall I hear it said to the prejudiced world, "She is fairer than Venus"?

ÆGI. This is the way with mortals, this is the style of mankind; they are impertinent in their comparisons.

PHA. In the century in which we live, they cannot praise without insulting great names.

VEN. Ah! how well does the insolent rigour of these words avenge Juno and Pallas, and comfort their hearts for the dazzling glory which the famous apple has won me. I see them rejoicing at my sorrow, assuming every moment a cruel smile, and with fixed gaze carefully seeking the confusion that lurks in my eyes. Their triumphant joy, when this affront is keenest felt, seems to tell me, "Boast, Venus, boast, the charms of thy features; by the verdict of one man was the victory made over us, but by the judgment of all, a mere mortal snatches it from you." Ah! that blow is the direst; it pierces my heart, I cannot bear its unequalled severity; the pleasure of my rivals is too great an addition to my poignant grief. My son, if ever my feelings had any weight with you, if ever I have been dear to you, if you bear a heart that can share the resentment of a mother who loves you so tenderly, use here your utmost power to support my interests, and cause Psyche to feel the shafts of my revenge through your own darts. To render her miserable, choose the dart that will please me most, one of those in which lurks the keenest

venom, and which you hurl in your wrath. See that she loves, even to madness, the basest and lowest of mortals, and let her bear the cruel torture of love unreturned.

CUP. In the world nothing is heard but complaints of Cupid; everywhere a thousand freaks are laid to my charge, and you could not believe the evil and the foolish things which are daily said of me. If, to assist your wrath . . . .

VEN. Be gone; no longer resist your mother's wishes; use reasoning only to find the shortest method of offering a sacrifice to my outraged glory. Let your departure be your only answer to my entreaties, and do not see my face again until you have avenged me.

CUPID *flies off, and* VENUS *withdraws with the two* GRACES. *The scenery changes to a large town, with palaces and houses of different architecture on both sides of the stage.*

PSYCHE.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Aglaura, Cidippe,

Agl. My sister, there are sorrows which are rendered greater by keeping them to ourselves; let us speak freely of our joint distress, and give vent in our conversations to the poignant grief which fills our hearts. We are sisters in misfortune, and your heart and mine have so much in common that we can unite them, and in our just complaints murmur, with a common lament, against the cruelty of our fate. My sister, what secret fatality makes the whole world bow before our younger sister's charms? and how is it that, amongst so many different princes who are brought by fortune to this place, not one has any love for us? What! must we see them on all sides pressing forward to lay their hearts at her feet, whilst they pass our charms slightingly by? What spell has heaven cast over our eyes? What have they done to the gods that they are thus left without homage amidst all the glorious tribute of which others proudly boast? Can there be for us, my sister, any greater trial than to see how all hearts disdain our beauty, and how the fortunate Psyche insolently reigns with full sway over the crowd of lovers who ever attend her?

Cid. Ah! my sister, our fate is enough to bereave one of reason, and all the ills of nature are nothing in comparison.

Agl. At times I can almost shed tears over it; it takes away my happiness and my rest; my constancy finds

itself powerless against such a misfortune; my mind is for ever dwelling over it, and the ill-success of our charms and the triumph of Psyche are ever before my eyes. At night, unceasingly, comes to me the remembrance of it, and nothing can banish the cruel picture. As soon as sweet slumber comes to deliver me from it, it is immediately recalled to my memory by some dream which startles me from my sleep.

CID. That is just what I suffer from, my sister. All that you say, I see myself, and you depict everything that I experience.

AGL. Well, let us discuss the matter. What all-powerful charms have been bestowed upon her? Tell me how, by the least of her looks, she has acquired honour in the great art of pleasing? What is there in her person that can inspire such passion? What right of sway over all hearts has her beauty given her? She has some comeliness, some of the brilliancy of youth; we are all agreed upon that, and I do not gainsay it. But must we yield to her because we are her seniors by a few years? Must we, therefore, consider ourselves quite commonplace? Are we made so as to excite derision? Have we no charms, no power of pleasing, no complexion, no good eyes, no dignity and bearing, by which we may win hearts? Do me the favour, sister, to speak to me frankly. Am I, in your opinion, so fashioned that my merit is below hers? And do you think that she surpasses me in her attire?

CID. You, my sister? By no means. Yesterday, at the hunt, I compared you and her for a long time, and, without flattery, you appeared to me the more beautiful. But tell me truly, sister, without blandishment, am I deceiving myself when I think that I am so framed as to deserve the glory of a conquest?

AGL. You, my sister? You possess, without disguise, everything that can excite a loving passion. Your least actions are full of a charm which moves my soul. And I would be your lover if I were not a woman.

CID. Whence comes it, then, that she bears off the palm from us; that, at the first glance, all hearts give up the struggle, and that no tribute of sighs and vows is paid to our loveliness?

AGL. All the women, with one voice, find her attractions but small; and, sister, I have discovered the cause of the number of lovers she holds in thrall.

CID. I guess it. We may presume that some mystery is hidden under it. This secret of captivating everybody is not an ordinary effect of nature; the Thessalian art must be mixed up in it, and, doubtless, some one has given to her a charm by which she makes herself beloved.

AGL. My opinion is founded on a more solid basis, and the charms by which she draws all hearts to herself are a demeanour at all times free of reserve; caressing words and looks; a smile full of sweetness, which invites everyone, and promises them nothing but favours. Our glory is departed; and that lofty pride which, by a full observance of noble trials, exacted a proof of the constancy of our lovers, exists no longer.* We have degenerated, and are now reduced to hope for nothing unless we throw ourselves into the arms of the men.

CID. Yes, that is the secret; and I see that you understand it better than I. It is because we cling too much to modesty, sister, that no lovers come to us; it is because we try to sustain too strictly the honour of our sex and of our birth. Men, nowadays, like what comes easily to them; hope attracts them more than love; and that is how Psyche deprives us of all the lovers we see under her sway. Let us follow her example, and suit ourselves to the times; let us stoop, sister, to make advances, and let us no longer keep to those dull morals which rob us of the fruits of our best years.

AGL. I approve of this idea; and we have an opportunity of making a first trial of it upon the two princes who have last arrived. They are charming, sister, and to me their whole person . . . . Have you noticed them?

CID. Ah! Both are formed in such a mould that my soul . . . . They are perfect, my sister.

AGL. I think we might seek their affections without dishonour to ourselves.

CID. I think that, without shame, a beautiful princess might bestow her heart upon them.

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* Compare vol. i. p. 158.

AGL. Here they both are. I admire their manners and attire.

CID. They in no way fall short of all that we have said of them.

SCENE II.—CLEOMENES, AGENOR, AGLAURA, CIDIPPE.

AGE. Wherefore, princes, wherefore do you thus hasten away? Does our appearance fill you with fear?

CLE. We were led to believe, Madam, that the Princess Psyche might be here.

AGL. Has this place no longer any charm for you if it is not adorned by her presence?

AGE. This place may be pleasant enough, but in our impatience we would find the Princess Psyche.

CID. Something very important must doubtless be urging you both to seek her.

CLE. The motive is powerful enough, since our happiness depends entirely upon her.

AGL. Might we be allowed to inquire into the secret implied by these words?

CLE. We do not pretend to make a mystery of it. Indeed, it would show itself in spite of us; and the secret, Madam, does not last long when it is love.

CID. Without further words, Princes, it means that you are both in love with Psyche.

AGE. We are both under her sway, and we go with one accord to declare our passion to her.

AGL. It is certainly something quite new, and rather odd, to see two rivals so well agreed.

CLE. It is true that the thing is rare; but it is not impossible for two perfect friends.

CID. In this spot, is she the only fair one, and can you find none other with whom to divide your admiration?

AGL. Amongst all the nobly born, is she the only one whom your eyes deem worthy of your tenderness?

CLE. Do we reason when we fall in love? Do we choose the object of our attachment? And when we bestow our hearts, do we weigh the right of the fair one to fascinate us?

AGE. Without having the power of choosing, we follow in such a passion something which delights us; and when love touches a heart, we have no reasons to give.

AGL. Indeed, I pity the painful troubles to which I see your hearts expose themselves. You love one whose bright charms will mingle grief with the hopes they hold out to you, and whose heart will not fulfil all that her eyes promise.

CID. The hope which calls you into the rank of her lovers will experience many disappointments in the favours she bestows; and the fitful changes of her inconstant heart will cause you many painful hours.

AGL. A clear discernment of your worth makes us pity the fate into which this passion will lead you; and if you wished, you could both find a more constant heart and charms as great.

CID. A choice sweeter by half can rescue your mutual friendship from love; and there is such a rare merit apparent in you both that a gentle counsel would, out of pity, save your hearts from what they are preparing for themselves.

CLE. This generous advice shows us a kindness which touches our hearts; but heaven, madam, reduces us to the misfortune of not being able to profit by it.

AGL. Your illustrious pity would in vain dissuade us from a love of which we both dread the result. What our friendship, Madam, has not done cannot be effected by any other means.

CID. The power of Psyche must have .... Here she is.

SCENE III.—PSYCHE, CIDIPPE, AGLAURA, CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

CID. Come, sister, and enjoy what is offered to you.

AGL. Prepare your charms to receive here a new triumph.

CID. These two princes have both so well felt the power of your beauty that their lips are eager to declare it.

PSY. I little thought myself to be the cause of their pensiveness, and I should have expected it to be quite otherwise when I found them talking to you.

AGL. We have neither sufficient rank nor beauty to

make us deserving of their love and solicitude, but they favour us with the honour of their confidence.

CLE. (*to* PSYCHE). The avowal which we would make to your divine charms, Madam, is, no doubt, a rash one; but so many hearts, on the point of expiring, are by such avowals obliged to displease you, that you have ceased to punish them by the terrors of your wrath. You see in us two friends who were joined in childhood by a happy similarity of feeling, and this tender union has been strengthened by a hundred contests of esteem and gratitude. The attachment of our friendship has been proved in the severe assaults of unfavourable fortune, the contempt of death, the sight of torture, and the glorious splendour of mutual good offices; but whatever trials it may have endured, to-day witnesses its greatest triumph, and nothing proves so much its tried fidelity as its duration through the rivalry of love. Yes, in spite of so many charms, its constancy subjects our vows to the laws it gives us. It comes with sweet and entire deference, to submit the success of our passion to your choice; and, to give a weight to our competition which may bring the balance of state reasons to favour the choice of one of us, this friendship intends of free will to unite our two estates to the fortune of the happy one.

AGE. Yes, Madam, we wish to make of these two estates, which we propose to unite under your happy choice, a help towards obtaining you. The sacrifice which we make to the king, your father, in order to ensure this happiness, has nothing difficult in it to our loving hearts, and it will be a necessary gift that the rejected unfortunate should make over to the one who is fortunate a power which he will no longer know how to enjoy.

PSY. Princes, you both display to my eyes a choice so precious and dazzling that it would satisfy the proudest heart. But your passion, your friendship, your supreme virtue, all increase the value of your vows of fidelity, and make it a merit that I should oppose myself to what you ask of me. I must not listen to my heart only before engaging in such a union, but my hand must await my father's decision before it can dispose of itself, and my sisters have rights superior to mine. But if I were referred

absolutely to my own wishes, you might both have too great a share in them, and my entire esteem be so evenly balanced between you that I should not be able to decide in favour of either. I would indeed respond with most affectionate interest to the ardour of your suit, but amid so much merit two hearts are too much for me, one heart too little for you. The accomplishment of my dearest wishes would be to me a burden were it granted to me by your love. Yes, Princes, I should greatly prefer you to all those whose love will follow yours, but I could never have the heart to prefer one of you to the other. My tenderness would be too great a sacrifice to the one whom I might choose, and I should think myself barbarously unjust to inflict so great a wrong upon the other. Indeed, you both possess such greatness of soul that it would be wrong to make either of you miserable, and you must seek in love the means of being both happy. If your hearts honour me enough to give me the right of disposing of them, I have two sisters well fitted to please, who might make your destinies happy, and whom friendship endears to me enough for me to wish that you should be their husbands.

CLE. Can a heart whose love, alas! is extreme, consent to be given away by her it loves? We yield up our two hearts, Madam, to your divine charms, even should you doom them to death; but we beg you not to make them over to any one but yourself.

AGE. It would be too unjust to the princesses, Madam, and too poor a tribute to their charms, if we should give to them the remains of a former affection. Only the faithful purity of a first love deserves to aspire to the honour to which your kindness invites us, for each of your sisters merits a love which has sighed for her alone.

AGL. It seems to me, Princes, without any offence, that before thus refusing, you might wait until our intentions had been declared. Do you think our hearts so susceptible and tender? And when people propose your offering your selves to us, are you so sure of being accepted?

CID. I think our sentiments are lofty enough to lead us to refuse a heart which wants soliciting; and we wish to conquer our lovers by the power of our own merit.

SCENE IV.—PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CIDIPPE, CLEOMENES, AGENOR, LYCAS.

LYC. (*to* PSYCHE). Ah! Madam!

PSY. What is the matter?

LYC. The king . . . .

PSY. What?

LYC. Requests your presence.

PSY. What am I to augur from your agitation?

LYC. You will know it only too soon.

PSY. Alas! how you excite my fears about the king!

LYC. Fear only for yourself; you are the one to be pitied.

PSY. I can praise heaven, and be no longer anxious, when I know that I am the only one in danger. But tell me, Lycas, what alarms you.

LYC. Suffer me, Madam, to obey him who sent me hither; and I beg of you, learn from his lips what troubles me thus.

PSY. Let us go and hear what this is which makes them fear that my courage will fail me.

SCENE V.—AGLAURA, CIDIPPE, LYCAS.

AGL. If your orders do not extend to us, tell us what great misfortune is hidden under your sadness.

LYC. Alas! hear for yourselves, princesses, the great misfortune which is known to the whole court. These are the very words which, through the oracle, destiny has spoken to the king, and which grief, Madam, has engraven on my heart:—

"No one must think to lead
Psyche to Hymen's shrine;
But all with earnest speed,
In pompous mournful line,
High to the mountain crest
Must take her; there to await,
Forlorn, in deep unrest,
A monster who envenoms all,
Decreed by fate her husband;
A serpent whose dark poisonous breath
And rage e'er hold the world in thrall,
Shaking the heavens high and realms of death."

After so severe a decree, I leave you to judge for yourselves if the gods could have manifested their wrath in a more cruel and fearful manner.

Scene VII.—Aglaura, Cidippe.

Cid. How does this sudden misfortune into which destiny has plunged Psyche affect you, sister?

Agl. But how does it affect you, sister?

Cid. To speak the truth, my heart is not very much grieved at it.

Agl. My heart feels something which very much resembles joy. Let us go; Fate has sent us a calamity which we can consider as a blessing.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The scenery changes to horrible rocks, and shows a dreadful cavern in the distance. It is in this desert that Psyche, *in obedience to the oracle, is to be exposed. A band of afflicted people come to bewail her death. Some give utterance to their pity by touching complaints and mournful lays, while the rest express their grief by a dance full of every mark of the most violent despair.*

Wailings *sung by a woman and two men.*

Woman.

Ah! weep with me, ye forests;
Ye mighty rocks of hardest adamant,
Ye springs, ye beasts,
Lament the fate of one so fair.

1st Man.

Alas! dire grief

2nd Man.

Without relief!

1st Man.

Cruel death!

2ND MAN.

Fell decree

ALL THREE (*together*).

Of sternest fate that dooms to die
Such beauty rare! Oh! heavens high!
And stars! behold! and sigh!

WOMAN.

My sad, sad lay repeat,
Ye caverns deep;
With notes of sorrow greet
Her death, ye mountains steep;
Re-echo, woods, and silent hills,
My grief; and ye, soft rippling rills!

1ST MAN.

Alas! dire grief

2ND MAN.

Without relief!

1ST MAN.

Cruel death!

2ND MAN.

Fell decree

ALL THREE (*together*).

Of sternest fate that dooms to die
Such beauty rare! Oh! heavens high!
And stars! behold! and sigh!

2ND MAN.

Who then, eternal gods, will doom
A guiltless maid to lasting gloom?
Oh! this thy rigour, heaven, shames
Hell's unrelenting flames!

1ST MAN.

Cruel will

2ND MAN.

Of gods severe!

THE TWO MEN.

Say why this hard decree,
To crush a heart so free
From guilt or stain?
Oh! fell edict unheard ere this!
Thou doomest a maid who showers bliss
Upon the mortal race.
She the sad earth would grace,
And would give life for pain!

WOMAN.

All tears are idle, all sighs.
Heaven wills it so—she dies!
Whene'er the gods their powers wield,
All man can do—is but to yield.

1ST MAN.

Alas! dire grief

2ND MAN.

Without relief!

1ST MAN.

Cruel death!

2ND MAN.

Fell decree!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE KING, PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CIDIPPE, LYCAS, *and* FOLLOWERS.

PSY. The cause of your tears, my Lord, is dear to me; but you are too kind when you allow a father's love to overmaster the duties of a great king. The homage which here you pay to nature is fraught with too much injury

to the rank which you hold. I must decline its touching favours. Check somewhat the sway of your grief over your wisdom, and cease to honour my destiny with tears, which, springing from a king's heart, show weakness.

KING. Ah! my daughter! close not my eyes to these tears; my grief is reasonable, even though it be extreme; and when such a loss as mine must endure for ever, wisdom herself, believe me, may weep. 'Tis in vain that pride of regal sway bids us be insensible to such calamities; as vain for reason to come to our help, and desire us to see with unmoved eye the death of what we love. The effort required is barbarous in the eyes of the universe —'tis brutality rather than highest virtue. In this misfortune I will not wear a show of insensibility, and hide the grief I feel. I renounce the vanity of this fierce callousness, known as fortitude, and whatever be the name given to the keen pain, the pangs of which I feel, I will exhibit it, my daughter, to the gaze of all, and in the heart of a king display that of a man.

PSY. I deserve not this violent grief. Seek, I pray, to resist the claims it asserts over your heart, whose might a thousand events have marked. What! for me, my Lord, you must abandon that kingly firmness of which, under the blows of misfortune, you have shown such perfect proofs?

KING. In numberless occasions firmness is easy. All revolutions to which ruthless fortune can expose us—loss of rank, persecution, envy's venom, hatred's dart—present nothing which the will of a soul, but a little swayed by reason, cannot easily brave. But those rigours which crush the heart under the weight of bitter grief are . . . . are the cruel darts of those severe decrees of fate which deprive us for ever of our loved ones. Against such ills reason offers no available weapons. These are the direst blows that the gods in their wrath can hurl against us!

PSY. My Lord, one consolation is still left you. Your marriage has been graced with more than one gift from the gods, and by hiding me from your sight, they with open favour deprive you of nothing but what they have not carefully made good for you. Enough remains to re-

lieve your sorrow, and this law of heaven which you call cruel leaves sufficient room in the two princesses, my sisters, for paternal love wherein to place all its kindness.

KING. Ah! empty comfort to my sorrow. There is naught that can console me for thy loss. My grief fills my soul, I am conscious of nothing else; in presence of such cruel destiny, I look to what I lose, and see not what I still retain.

PSY. My Lord, you know better than myself that we must rule our will by that of heaven; and in this sad farewell I can only say to you that which you can much better say to others. These gods are sovereign lords of the gifts they deign to offer us; they leave them in our hands so long only as it pleases them; when they withdraw them, we have no right to murmur over the favours which their hands refuse any longer to pour upon us. My Lord, I am a gift they have offered to your vows, and when, by this decree, they wish to take me back, they deprive you of nothing that you do not hold from them; and it is without a murmur that you must resign me.

KING. Ah! seek, I pray, better foundations for the comfort thy heart would offer me. Do not by the fallacy of thy reasoning increase the burden of the piercing grief which now torments me. Dost thou imagine that thou givest me a powerful reason why I should not complain of this decree of heaven? and in this proceeding of the gods, of which thou biddest me be satisfied, dost thou not clearly see a deadly severity? Consider the state in which the gods force me to resign thee, and that in which my hapless heart received thee. Thou shalt know then that they take from me much more than they gave: from them I received in thee, my daughter, a gift I did not ask for; then I found in it but few charms, and without joy I saw my family increased by it. But my heart and my eyes have made a sweet habit of this gift. Fifteen years of care, of watchfulness, of study, have I employed to render it precious to me. I have decked it with the lovely wealth of a thousand brilliant virtues; I have enshrined in it, by assiduous care, the rarest treasures that wisdom yields; to it clings the tenderness of my soul. I have made it the charm, the joy of this heart, the solace of my wearied

senses, the sweet hope of my old age. All this they take from me—these gods! And thou wouldst have me utter no complaint concerning this dire edict from which I suffer! Ah! with too much rigour their power tramples upon the affections of our heart. To withdraw their gift, have they not waited till I had made it my all? Rather, if it was their purpose to remove it, had it not been better to give me nothing?

PSY. My Lord! dread the wrath of those gods whom you dare upbraid.

KING. After this blow, what more can they inflict on me?

PSY. Ah! my Lord! I tremble for your sins, of which I am the cause; I hate myself for this . . . .

KING. Ah! let them bear with my legitimate complaints; 'tis pain enough for me to obey them; it ought to suffice them that my heart abandons thee to the barbarous respect we must bear them, without claiming also to control the grief that so frightful a decree calls forth. My just despair can know no bounds. My grief, my grief, I will nurse it for ever! I will feel for ever the loss I sustain, of heaven's rigour I will always raise high my complaint; until death I will unceasingly weep for that than which the whole world could give me naught more precious.

PSY. Ah! I pray you, my Lord, spare my weakness. I need constancy in these circumstances. Add not to the excess of my grief by the tears of your fondness. My sorrow alone is deep enough; my fate and your grief are too much for my heart.

KING. True! I must spare thee my disconsolate trouble. The fatal moment has come. I must tear myself from thee; but how can I utter this dreadful word? And yet I must! Heaven commands it. An unavoidable cruelty forces me to leave thee in this fatal spot. Farewell, I go . . . Farewell.

SCENE II.—PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CIDIPPE.

PSY. Follow the king, my sisters; dry his tears, solace his grief. You would fill him with alarm were you to

expose yourselves to my misfortune. Preserve for him whatever he possesses still; the serpent I expect might prove hurtful to you, and draw you in the same fate as myself; nay, through *your* death might cause me a second death. Me alone has heaven condemned to his poisonous breath; nothing could save me; and I need no example to die.

AGL. Grudge us not this cruel privilege of mingling our tears with your sorrows; suffer our sighs to answer your last sighs; accept this last pledge of our tender love.

PSY. 'Tis but to lose yourselves to no purpose.

CID. 'Tis to hope for a miracle in your favour, or to accompany you to the tomb.

PSY. What room is there for hope after such an oracle?

AGL. An oracle is ever veiled in obscurity; the more we believe that we know its meaning, the less do we understand it. Perhaps, after all, you must expect from it nothing but glory and happiness. Suffer us, dear sister, to behold this mortal dread deceived by a worthy issue; or at least let us die with you, if heaven does not show itself more propitious to our prayers.

PSY. Dear sister, lend a readier ear to nature's voice, which summons you to stand by the king. You love me too much, and duty murmurs; you know its unavoidable laws. A father ought to be dearer to you than myself; become both the mainstays of his old age. A thousand kings, a thousand rival kings, cherish love for you; you both owe your father a son-in-law and grandchildren. A thousand kings vie with each other to whisper their vows to you. Me alone the oracle demands, and alone, too, I will die, if I can, without weakness, or, if not, at least without you as witnesses of that little which nature has left me.

AGL. Then by sharing your woe we annoy you!

CID. I dare go somewhat further, we offend you!

PSY. No; but you add to my torture, and perhaps increase the wrath of heaven.

AGL. It is your will; we go. May that same heaven, more just, and less severe, decree for you the fate we desire, and for which our sincere friendship, in spite of you and of the oracle, still hopes!

PSY. Farewell. This hope, these vows, my sisters, none of the gods will ever fulfil.

SCENE III.—PSYCHE (*alone*).

Alone, at last, I can look on this terrible change, which from the summit of highest glory hurls me to the tomb. This glory was without parallel. Its sheen spread from pole to pole; all kings seemed created to love me; all their subjects, looking upon me as on a goddess, were but now beginning to accustom me to the incense they never ceased to offer; sighs followed me, for which I gave naught in return. My soul remained fancy-free, while it captivated so many, and in the midst of so much love was queen of all hearts, and yet mistress of my own. Oh! heaven! hast thou counted a crime this want of feeling? All this severity which thou dost exhibit, is it because in return for their vows I have given nothing but esteem? If such be thy law, why didst thou not create in me that which merit and love create in others, and . . . . But what do I see here?

SCENE IV.—CLEOMENES, AGENOR, PSYCHE.

CLE. Behold in us two friends, two rivals, whose only wish is to expose our life to save yours.

PSY. Can I listen to you when I have refused two sisters? Princes! think you that you could defend me against heaven? To surrender yourselves to the serpent, whose coming I must await here, is but a despair ill-becoming great hearts; and to die when I die is to overwhelm a sensitive soul, that already has but too many sorrows.

AGE. A serpent is not invincible; Cadmus, who loved no one, slew Mars' own reptile. We love, and Love makes everything possible for the heart that follows his standard, for the hand of whose darts he is himself the guide.

PSY. Do you expect his aid in behalf of an ungrateful one whom all his shafts have been unable to wound? Think you he can stay his vengeance, when 'tis bursting forth, and help you to release me from its stroke? Even

if you should serve me, even if you should restore me to life, what reward do you hope for from that which knows no love?

CLE. It is not by the hope of so lovely a reward that we are animated. We seek only to obey the dictates of a love that dares not presume, whatever its efforts may be, that it can be so fortunate as to please you, so worthy as to kindle within you a responsive flame.

AGE. Live, fair princess, and live for another; we will behold it with a jealous eye, we will die of it, yet of a death sweeter far than if we had to see you die. If we cannot save your life by the loss of ours, whatever love you may prefer to ours, we are ready to die of grief and of love.

PSY. Live, Princes, live, and no longer seek to ward off or to share my fate. I believe I have told you, heaven seeks me alone; me alone has it condemned. Methinks, I hear already the deadly hissing of its minister, who even now draws nigh. My dread pictures him to me, ever offers him to my view. Fear has mastered all my feelings; under its influence I see him on the summit of this rock; I sink for very weakness, and my fainting heart scarce keeps up a remnant of courage. Farewell, Princes; flee, lest he poison you.

AGE. We have seen nothing as yet to astonish us. And since you deem your death so nigh, if strength fail you, we have both arms and hearts which hope never forsakes. It may be a rival has dictated this oracle; and gold has made its interpreter speak. It would be no miracle if a man has answered in the stead of a dumb deity; and everywhere we have but too many examples that temples, no less than other places, are the abode of the wicked.

CLE. Suffer us to oppose to the cowardly ravisher to whom sacrilege abandons you a love that heaven has chosen for the defender of the only fair one for whom we wish to live. If we dare not aspire to her possession, at least, in the midst of her danger, allow us to follow the ardour and dictates of our passion.

PSY. These dictates, this extreme ardour, with which your hearts are filled in my behalf, obey them in behalf of others, in behalf of my sisters. Live for them, since I

die. Lament the cruel rigour of my fate; and by your death do not give my sisters new ground for sorrow. These are my last wishes, and in all ages the orders of the dying have been received as law.

CLE. Princess . . . .

PSY. Once more, Princes, live for my sisters. So long as you love me, you must obey me; do not drive me to hate you, and to look upon you as rebels for being too faithful to me. Go, leave me to die alone in this spot, where I have no voice left except to say farewell. But I feel myself lifted up, and the air opens a road whence you will no longer hear this dying voice. Farewell, Princes, farewell, for the last time. See, can you doubt my destiny?

PSYCHE *is borne through the air by two* ZEPHYRS.

AGE. We lose sight of her. Prince, let us both seek on the summit of this rock some means of following her.

CLE. Let us seek those of not surviving her.

SCENE V.—LOVE (*in the air*).

LOVE. Die, then, rivals of a jealous god, whose wrath you have deserved, since your heart was sensible to the same charms. And thou, Vulcan, fashion a thousand brilliant ornaments to adorn the palace where Love will dry Psyche's tears, and yield himself her slave.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

The scene changes to a splendid terrace, surrounded by pillars emblazoned with golden figures. The whole represents a magnificent palace, which LOVE *designs for* PSYCHE. *Six* CYCLOPS, *accompanied by four* FAIRIES, *introduce a ballet, and, whilst keeping time, give the last touches to four huge silver vases which the* FAIRIES *have brought. The ballet is twice interrupted by this recitation of* VULCAN, *which he gives out in two parts.*

Part I.

Hasten, these seats prepare
For heaven's gentlest god.
No strength, no effort spare;
With mighty zeal and constant care
Do now, my lads, what must be done
When Love commands us—see!
What haste too great can be?

Great Love no lazy hand will brook;
So work with might and main.
Your ancient hammers ply,
And sparks will swiftly fly
Beneath your arms that rain
The fast, resounding blows;
While zeal to please him glows
Within your heaving breasts.

Part II.

Then serve a god so kind,
Who loves great zeal to find.
No strength, no effort spare;
With mighty zeal and constant care
Do now, my lads, what must be done.
When Love commands us—see!
What haste too great can be?

Great Love no lazy hand can brook;
So work with might and main.
Your ancient hammers ply,
And sparks will swiftly fly
Beneath your arms that rain
The fast, resounding blows,
While zeal to please him glows
Within your heaving breasts.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LOVE, ZEPHYR.

ZEP. Yes! right gallantly have I acquitted myself of your errand; and from the summit of that rock I have softly borne this beauty through the air to this enchanted palace, where, with full freedom, you can decree her fate. Yet you astonish me by this mighty change in your appearance. That figure, that countenance, that costume, perfectly conceal your real being, and I defy the most cunning to see in you to-day the god of love.

LOVE. 'Tis because I do not wish to be known to Psyche. 'Tis my heart, my heart alone, I wish to unfold; nothing more than the sweet raptures of this keen passion, which her charms excite within it. To express its gentle pining, and to hide what may be from those eyes that impose on me their will, I have assumed this form which thou seest.

ZEP. You are a master in everything; this is how I know it. Often the gods, when in love, have been seen assuming various disguises, seeking to alleviate the pleasing wound inflicted on all hearts by your fiery darts; but in good sense you outstrip them. Yours is the form necessary for succeeding with the lovely sex, for whom we sigh. Yes, the assistance derived from that form is powerful; and, apart from rank and wit, whoever finds the means of being so fashioned does not sigh in vain.

LOVE. I have decided, my dear Zephyr, to remain always thus; and the oldest of all loves cannot be blamed for this. It is time to issue from this long infancy, that wears out my patience. It is time, henceforth, that I should be grown up.

ZEP. You are right. You cannot do better; and you are initiated into a mystery that demands no childish powers.

LOVE. This change will, no doubt, vex my mother.

ZEP. I foresee some anger in that quarter, although disputes about age ought not to exist among immortals; yet, your mother Venus shares the spirit of beauties, who do not like grown-up children. But whereat I fancy her offended is the line of conduct your are pursuing; and 'tis

a strange method of avenging her, to love the beauty she wished to see punished. This hatred to which she expects the power of a son generally feared by the gods to answer . . . .

LOVE. Let us drop this discourse, Zephyr, and tell me whether thy eyes do not find Psyche the fairest woman in the world? Is there aught on the earth, aught in heaven, that could seize from her the glorious title of matchless beauty? But I see her, my dear Zephyr, wondering at the splendours of this spot.

ZEP. You can show yourself, to put an end to her torture, and unfold to her her glorious destiny. Speak to one another all that sighs, lips, and glances can speak. As a discreet confident, I know my duty, and will not interrupt lovers' secrets.

SCENE II.—PSYCHE (*alone*).

Where am I? and in a spot I deemed deserted, what skilled hand has reared this palace, which art and nature deck with the rarest gifts that the eye could ever admire. Everything smiles, shines, sparkles in this garden, in these apartments, whose pompous furniture presents nothing that does not charm and flatter the beholder; and whithersoever my fears lead me, I see under my feet naught but gold or flowers. Can heaven have formed this world of wonders for the abode of a serpent? And when, by this sight, it amuses and stays the unequalled rigour of my jealous fate, does it wish to show that it repents of it? No, no; this is the darkest, the keenest shaft of its hatred, so fertile in its cruelties. This hatred, by a renewed and unparalleled sternness, lays before my gaze the choice it has made of all that is fairest in the world, only that I may leave it with deeper regret.

How foolish is my hope if it fancies it can thus alleviate my pain. Every moment that my death is delayed becomes a new misfortune for me; the more it stays its coming, the oftener I die.

Leave me no longer to pine; come, take thy victim, monster, whose mission it is to slay me. Wouldst thou have me seek thee? and must I rouse thy fury to devour

me? If heaven wills my death, if my life be a crime, dare at length to seize whatever little remains of it; I am tired of murmuring against a lawful penalty; I am weary of sighs; come, that I may end the death I am dying.

SCENE III.—LOVE, PSYCHE, ZEPHYR.

LOVE. Behold this serpent, this pitiless monster, whom a wonderful oracle has prepared for you, and who perhaps does not inspire such dread as you had imagined.

PSY. You, my Lord! you are that monster who, so spoke the oracle, threatens my sad life? you, who seem rather a god, deigning miraculously to come yourself to my rescue?

LOVE. What need of help in the midst of an empire where all that breathes only awai s your look to do its bidding, where I am the only monster you have to fear?

PSY. But small is the fear that a monster like you inspires, and if it has any venom, a soul has little reason to venture on the least complaint against a pleasing poison, the cure of which all the heart would dread! Scarce do I behold you than already my calmed fears suffer the image of death to vanish; and I feel I know not what unknown fire flow through my frozen veins. Esteem I have felt, and kindness, friendship, gratitude; compassion's innocent sorrows have made me know its power, but I have not yet felt what I now feel. I know not what it is, but I know that it fills me with delight, and causes me no alarm. The longer I gaze on you, the more I feel the spell. Nothing that I have ever felt had the same effect; and I would tell you, my Lord, that I love you, did I know what love is. Turn them not away, those eyes that poison me, those eyes so tender, so piercing, yet so loving, that look as if they shared the confusion they cause me. Alas! the more dangerous they prove, the more fondly I cling to them. What decree of heaven is it which I cannot understand, that forces me to tell you more than I should? I, whose modesty ought at least to wait that you explain the confusion that, I see, is within you. You sigh, my Lord, as I sigh; your senses, like mine, seem amazed. 'Tis my duty to be silent con-

cerning this, yours to speak it, yet it is I who tell this to you.

LOVE. Your heart, Psyche, has ever been too insensible, and you must not wonder if, to repair the insult, Love now pays himself with usury for that which your soul ought to have granted him. The time is come in which your lips must breathe those sighs so long restrained; and while it draws you from that fierce humour, an endless rapture, as sweet as it is unknown, must wound you as deeply as it ought to have wounded you during those golden days the course of which your unfeeling soul has profaned.

PSY. Not to love is, then, a great crime?

LOVE. Do you suffer a hard punishment for it?

PSY. The punishment is mild indeed.

LOVE. The penalty is suited to the offence; and Love, on this glorious day, avenges himself of lack of love by an excess of love.

PSY. Would I had been punished before! My life's happiness lies in it. I ought to blush at it, or to whisper it low, but this torture has too many charms. Suffer me to say, and to repeat it aloud; though I said it a hundred times, I would never blush for it. It is not I who speak; and the wonderful empire, the amiable violence of your presence, sway my voice as soon as I begin to speak. Vainly does my modesty take secret offence at it; vainly would my sex and decency bind me to other laws; it is your eyes that dictate my answer, and my lips, the slaves of their almighty power, no longer consult me on the self-respect I owe myself.

LOVE. Fair Psyche, believe what these eyes tell you. Let yours vie with each other in instructing me of all your emotions. Trust this sighing heart, which, so long as yours will answer, will tell you more by a sigh than a hundred looks can express. 'Tis the sweetest language, the most powerful, the truest of all!

PSY. The understanding of it was due to both our hearts to make them equally satisfied. I have sighed, you have understood me; you sigh, and I heard you. But release me from doubt, my Lord, and tell me, if by the same road Zephyr has led you hither after me to tell me

what I hear now. When I arrived here, were you expected? and when you speak to him, are you obeyed?

LOVE. The empire I exercise over this sweet climate is as sovereign as yours is over my heart. *Love* is favourable to me, and 'tis for his sake that Æolus has placed Zephyr under my command. It was Love who, to reward my passion, dictated this oracle, by which your fair days that were threatened have been released from a throng of lovers; and which has freed me from the lasting obstacle of so many ardent sighs that were unworthy of being addressed to you. Ask not of me what this region be, nor the name of its ruler; you shall know it in time. My object is to win you; but I wish to do so by my services, my assiduous care, my constant vows, by a lover's sacrifice of all that I am, of all my power can effect. The splendour of my rank must not solicit you for me, neither must I make a merit of my power; and though sovereign lord of this blissful realm, I wish to owe you, Psyche, to nothing but my love.

Come with me, Princess, and admire its marvels; prepare your eyes and ears to the charms it will offer you. You shall gaze on woods and meads, contesting their beauties with gold and gems; you shall hear nothing but sweet concerts; a hundred beauties shall serve you here; without envy they shall worship you, and every moment with a humble and raptured soul shall solicit the honour of your commands.

PSY. My will waits upon yours; I can no longer have one of my own; but at any rate your oracle has severed me from two sisters, and the king, my father, whom my supposed death has all three reduced to bewail me. Suffer my sisters to be witnesses of my glory and your love for me, to dissipate the error which overwhelms their soul with mortal sorrow.

Lend them too, as you did me, Zephyr's wings, that they may facilitate their access to your empire, as they did mine. Let them see where I live, let them wonder at the success of my loss.

LOVE. You do not yield me all your soul, Psyche. This affectionate remembrance of a father and two sisters snatches from me part of that which I crave for my passion

only. Have no eyes for anyone but for me, who have none but for you. Let love for me, and the desire of pleasing me, be your only thought, and when such cares dare divert you from it . . . .

Psy. Can you be jealous of affection for kin?

Love. I am jealous, my Psyche, jealous of all nature. The sun's rays kiss you too often; your tresses are too sensible to the wooing of the breeze; no sooner does it caress them than I murmur. The very air which you breathe passes with too much pleasure between your lips; your robes cling too closely to your form. I know not what bewilders me, and I dread amidst your sighs some stray one.

But you would see your sisters. Be gone, Zephyr; Psyche commands, I cannot forbid.

Scene IV.—Love, Psyche.

Love. When you shall show them this blissful seat, make them a thousand gifts from these treasures; lavish on them endearments, caresses; and, if possible, exhaust the tendernesses that blood demands, so that you may yield yourself entirely to love. I shall not importune you with my presence, but let not your meeting be too long, remembering that you rob *me* of whatever attention you pay *them*.

Psy. Your love grants me a favour, which 'twere not possible for me to abuse.

Love. Still, let us visit these gardens, this palace, where you will meet naught but what will pale before your dazzling charms. And you, little Cupids, you, young Zephyrs, whose souls are but soft sighs, vie with each other in showing what joy you feel at the appearance of my princess.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

Entry of ballet, composed of four Cupids *and four* Zephyrs, *twice interrupted by a dialogue sung by a* Cupid *and a* Zephyr.

LOVE, PSYCHE.

PART I.

A ZEPHYR.

Ye gentle youth, follow
Love's sweet and tender glow;
In happy days and fair,
From passion's joys do not forbear.—
'Tis to deceive they tell you, aye,
You should avoid the wooing sigh,
And fear the pressing suit.—
'Tis now the time to learn
What fires within you burn!

They sing together.

All gentle hearts in turn
With love must glow;
And greater charms that burn
A greater debt will owe.

A ZEPHYR (*alone*).

A youthful heart and tender
At last must yield surrender.

BOTH (*together*).

All gentle hearts in turn
With love must glow;
And greater charms that burn
A greater debt will owe.

A CUPID (*alone*).

What boots to play the truant's part,
And shield yourselves against the dart?
The sunny day is flown and gone,
The hour lost may ne'er be won.

BOTH (*together*).

All gentle hearts in turn
With love must glow;
And greater charms that burn
A greater debt will owe.

PART II.

A ZEPHYR.

Great Love hath potent charms;
To him we yield our arms;
His cares and sorrows sweet
Have, too, their joy—though fleet!
To follow him, all hearts
Would court a thousand darts.
If we would taste his deep delight,
Ah! we must pine till fades the light
Before our eyes.
A worthless life it is—when love
Fills not the heart it fain would move!

They sing together.

In love if we must grieve and sigh,
A moment's bliss still well repays
The ills and woes of many days.

A ZEPHYR (*alone*).

'Midst hopes and fears,
And mystery and tears,
We cannot, without the touch of pain,
Bliss seek again.

BOTH (*together*).

In love if we must grieve and sigh,
A moment's bliss still well repays
The ills and woes of many days.

A CUPID (*alone*).

What better deed is there to do
Than strive to please and softly woo?
A lover's part is sweetest care,
And this it is that all must bear.

BOTH (*together*).

In love if we must grieve and sigh,
A moment's bliss still well repays
The ills and woes of many days.

ACT IV.

The scene changes to a splendid palace, in the interior of which is seen at the end of a long vestibule a lovely garden, in which are many trees laden with all kinds of fruit.

SCENE I.—AGLAURA, CIDIPPE.

AGL. I can bear it no longer, my sister. I have seen too many wonders; future times will scarcely conceive them; this sun, that sees all, and lays all before our gaze, never beheld the like. This dazzling palace and this stately equipage are a display hateful to me; shame as well as spite overwhelm me. How cruelly Fortune has treated us; see how her inconsiderate bounty blindly lavishes, exhausts, and unites her efforts to make all these treasures the lot of a younger sister!

CID. I share all your feelings; your griefs are mine; in this delightful spot, all that displeases you wounds me; all which you consider a deadly insult oppresses me no less than yourself, and leaves bitterness within my breast and blushes on my brow.

AGL. No, my sister, no living queen, in her own realm speaks in such sovereign tones as Psyche in these abodes. Here we see her obeyed with scrupulous exactitude; and a yearning study of her will seeks it even in her eyes, a thousand beauties throng around her, and seem to say to our jealous looks, "Whatever your charms may be, she is still fairer, and we who serve her are fairer than you." She orders, it is done; none refuse, none rebel. Flora, clinging to her steps, lavishes her sweetest charms around her; Zephyr flies to execute her orders, and his mistress and he, too much a prey to her charms, forget their own love in their eagerness to serve her.

CID. She has gods at her services, soon she will have altars; our sway extends over weak mortals only, whose continual caprice and impudence, rebelling secretly from us, oppose either murmurs or stratagem to our will.

AGL. It was but little indeed that at our court so many hearts contended for her, preferring her to us! It was not enough that she was there worshipped night and

day by a crowd of lovers. When we were comforting ourselves with seeing her on the brink of the grave by the sudden order of the oracle, she thought fit to display before us the miracle of her new destiny, and has chosen our eyes to be witnesses of that which at the bottom of our hearts we least desire.

CID. What above all fills my heart with despair is to see this lover, so perfect, so born to please, a captive under her sway. Were it in our power to choose from so many monarchs, should we find *one* who bears such a noble mien? To see your wishes fulfilled beyond expectation is oftentimes a bliss that engenders unhappiness; there is no splendid train, no proud palace, but opens some door to incurable ills. But to possess a lover of perfect merit, to see yourself dearly beloved by him, is a happiness so lofty, so exquisite, that its worth cannot be expressed.

AGL. No more of this, my sister; the thought of it would kill us; let us rather think of revenge; let us find means of breaking the spell that fosters this affection between her and him.

She comes; I have darts ready, such as she shall find difficult to parry.

SCENE II.—PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CIDIPPE.

PSY. I come to bid you farewell; my lover wishes your departure. He can no longer endure that you should deprive him of a particle of the joy he feels in being alone to contemplate me. The merest look, the slightest word, is a treasure for his love, and I rob him of it when I grant it to my sisters in favour of the ties of blood.

AGL. Jealousy is very keen, and these nice sentiments well deserve that he who shows such tenderness for you should be considered above the generality of lovers. I speak thus because I do not know him; nor do you know his name, or that of those to whom he owes the light. This alarms us. I hold him to be a mighty prince, whose power is extreme, far above kingly sway. His treasure which he has strewn beneath your feet would put Abundance herself to the blush. Your love for him is as keen as his for you; you are his delight, he is yours; your happi-

ness, my sister, would be perfect if you but knew whom you love.

PSY. What care I! He loves me. The more he sees me, the more I please him. There are no pleasures which delight the soul, but anticipate my wishes. I do not understand the cause of your alarm when all here obeys my will.

AGL. What boots it that all bows to you here if this lover ever conceals what he is? If we are alarmed, it is for your interest alone. Vain it is that everything meets you with a smile, and brings delight; true love scorns reserve; and whoever persists in concealment is conscious that he is in some way open to reproach. Should this suitor prove fickle—for often change in love is pleasing, and between ourselves, I dare say that, however dazzling the flash of your charms, there are others as fair as you—if, I say, another beauty should bind him under new thralls, if in the state in which you are now, alone and defenceless at his mercy, he should go so far as to offer violence, on whom should the king wreak his vengeance for this change or this insolence?

PSY. You fill me with dread. Kind heaven! can I be so unfortunate?

CID. Who knows but that Hymen's knot . . . .

PSY. Say no more, I could not bear it.

AGL. I have but one word more to say. This prince who loves you, sways the winds, gives us Zephyr's wings for a chariot, and every moment lavishes on you new pleasures, when he thus openly breaks the order of nature, may perhaps mingle some little imposture with so much love. Perhaps this palace is nothing more than an enchantment; these gilt ceilings, these mountains of wealth, with which he buys your affection, so soon as he shall be weary of your caresses, will vanish in a moment. You know as well as ourselves what power lies in spells.

PSY. In my turn, what cruel alarms I feel!

AGL. Our friendship seeks your good only.

PSY. Farewell, sisters, we must close our meeting; I love, and fear lest he should grow impatient; go, and to-morrow, if I may, you shall see me, either happier or crushed by the deepest anguish.

AGL. We go to apprise the king of the new glory, the excess of bliss which heaven showers upon you.

CID. We go to relate to him the surprising and marvellous tale of so pleasing a change.

PSY. Trouble him not, sisters, with your suspicions, and when you describe to him this charming empire . . . .

AGL. We both know what we must conceal and what speak, and need no lessons.

ZEPHYR *carries off* PSYCHE'S *sisters in a cloud, which descends to the earth, and in which he bears them rapidly away.*

SCENE III.—LOVE, PSYCHE.

LOVE. You are alone at last. I can once more without your importunate sisters as witnesses declare to you what sway eyes so fair have won over me, and how extreme is the delight that a sincere ardour inspires when once it has locked two hearts together. I can unfold to you the loving eagerness of my enraptured soul, and swear that, enslaved to you alone, its rapture has no other aim than to behold this ardour followed by a similar ardour, to conceive no other wish but to bind my vows to your desires, and make all that pleases you my only delight. But wherefore does a cloud of sadness seem to dim the brightness of those beautiful eyes? Is there aught which you can want in these abodes? Scorn you the homage of the vows here paid to you?

PSY. No, my Lord!

LOVE. What is it then? And to what must I attribute my misfortune? You sigh less from love than from grief. The roses of your cheek are faded, a token of secret sorrow. Scarce are your sisters gone than you sigh of regret. Ah! my Psyche, when two hearts are swayed by an equal passion, can their sighs have a different object? and when their love is true, and the loved one nigh, is there room to sigh for relatives?

PSY. That is not the cause of my sorrow.

LOVE. Is it the absence of a rival, and a favoured rival too, that causes this neglect?

PSY. How ill you understand a heart wholly yours.

love you, my Lord; and my love is vexed at the undeserved suspicion which you have conceived. You but little know your own deserts, if you fear that you are not loved. I love you; and since I beheld the light of day, I have shown myself proud enough to scorn the vows of more than one king; and since I must disclose to you my whole heart, I have found none but you worthy of me. And yet I feel a certain sadness, which I would fain conceal from you; a gloomy grief is mingled with all my affection. Ask not the cause of it; perhaps, if you knew it, you would punish me for it, and if I still dare to aspire to anything, I am sure I should not obtain it.

LOVE. And do you not dread lest I should in my turn feel vexed at you for so ill understanding your own powers, or for pretending to be ignorant of the absolute sway you exercise over me? Ah! if you doubt it in the least, be undeceived. Speak.

PSY. I should have to bear with the shame of a refusal.

LOVE. I pray you to harbour kinder feelings in my behalf; the trial of it is easy. Speak; everything waits on your will. If you cannot trust my words without oaths, I swear by those beautiful eyes, those lords of my heart, those divine authors of my passion; and if it be not sufficient to swear by your beautiful eyes, I swear by the Styx, by which all the gods do swear.

PSY. After this assurance, my fears are somewhat allayed. My Lord, here I look on pomp and abundance, I adore you, and you worship me; my heart is enraptured, my senses charmed by it; but amidst this highest bliss, I have the misfortune of not knowing which it is whom I love. Dispel this darkness, and unfold to me who this perfect lover is.

LOVE. Psyche, what is that you say?

PSY. That this is the happiness for which I long, and that if you refuse it to me . . . .

LOVE. I have sworn it, I am no longer master of it; but you do not know what you ask. Leave me my secret. If I discover myself, I lose you and you me. The only remedy is for you to retract your words.

PSY. Is this my sovereign sway over you?

LOVE. Your power is unbounded, and I am wholly yours. But if our wooing has charms for you, lay no obstacle in the way of its pleasing continuance. Do not force me to flight. This would be the least misfortune which can happen to us from that wish which has seduced you.

PSY. My Lord, you now wish to test me; but I know how far I am to believe it. I pray you to let me know the measure of my glory, and no longer to conceal from me for what illustrious choice I have rejected the vows of so many kings.

LOVE. Do you will it so?

PSY. Suffer me to beseech you to it.

LOVE. If you knew what cruel misfortune you draw upon yourself by it . . . .

PSY. My Lord, you fill me with despair.

LOVE. Think well on it; I can yet be silent.

PSY. Do you pledge yourself by oaths which you do not mean to keep.

LOVE. Be it so! I am a god, the most powerful of all gods, absolute master on this earth, and in the heavens; my power is supreme in the ocean and the air; in a word, I am Love himself. I have wounded myself with my own darts for love of you; and, alas! but for the violence which you impose on me, and which has turned my passion for you into wrath, you would have me now for your husband. Your wish is accomplished; you know whom you loved; you know the lover whom you charmed; see now what misfortune is upon us. Yourself you force me to abandon you, yourself you force me to deprive you of all the fruits of your victory. It may be that your beautiful eyes will see me no more; this palace, these grounds, once vanished with me, will cause your rising glory to fade away. You would not believe me, and the dispelling of this doubt has for fruit that Fate, at whose blows the very heavens tremble, mightier than my love, mightier than all the gods united, which is even now showing its hatred to you, and driving me hence.

LOVE *flies away, and the gardens vanish.*

Scene IV.

The stage represents a desert and the wild banks of a river.

Psyche, *the* River God, *reclining on a bank of reeds, and leaning on an urn.*

Psy. Cruel destiny! aching pain! fatal curiosity! Speak, dread solitude, what hast thou done with all my felicity? I loved a god; was beloved by him; my happiness redoubled at every moment; and now behold me, alone, bewailing, in the midst of a desert, where, to increase my pain, when shame and despair are upon me, I feel my love increasing now that I have lost the lover. Its very remembrance charms and poisons my soul. Its delights tyrannise over a wretched heart, which my passion has condemned to the keenest pain. Kind heaven! When Love abandoned me, why did he leave me the fire he had breathed into me. O thou! the pure and inexhaustible source of all good, lord of men and gods, dear author of the pain I now endure, art thou for ever vanished from my sight? I! I banished thee! when love was deepest, when bliss supreme, an unworthy suspicion filled my heart with alarm. Ungrateful heart, the fire was but ill-kindled; for from the first moment of love we cannot have any wish other than that of him whom we cherish. Let me die, it is the only choice left me after the loss I have made. For whom, great gods, would I live, for whom entertain a single wish? Thou, river, whose wave washes these desert sands, bury my crime in thy waters; and end ills so miserable by allowing me to find a rest in thy bed.

The River God. Thy death would sully my stream, Psyche. Heaven forbids it. Perhaps after such heavy sorrows, another fate awaits thee. Rather flee Venus' implacable anger. I see her seeking thee in order to punish thee; the son's love has excited the mother's hatred. Flee! I will detain her.

Psy. I shall await her avenging wrath! What can it have that will not be too pleasant for me? Whoever seeks death dreads no gods or goddesses, but can defy all their darts.

SCENE V.—VENUS, PSYCHE, THE RIVER GOD.

VEN. Insolent Psyche, you dare then to await my arrival after you have deprived me on earth of my honours, after your seducing charms have received the incense which is due to mine alone? I have seen my shrines forsaken, I have seen all the world, enslaved by your charms, idolise you as the sovereign beauty, offer to you a homage until then unknown, and not stay to consider whether there was another Venus at all; notwithstanding this, I see you bold enough not to dread the punishment your crime justly deserves, and to meet my gaze as if my resentment were but little matter.

PSY. If I have been loved by a few mortals, is it a crime in me to have possessed charms by which they allowed their eyes to be captured while they were blind to you? I am but what heaven hath made me, I have only those attractions which it has been willing to lend me; if the vows that were paid to me pleased you but little, you had only to show yourself, to conceal no longer from men that perfect beauty which has but to show itself in order to bring them back to their duty.

VEN. You should have guarded better against these vows; this veneration, this incense ought to be declined, and in order to undeceive them more effectively, you should yourself have rendered this homage to me in their presence. You found pleasure in this error, from which on the contrary you should have shrunk with horror. Your haughty temper, proud of having rejected a thousand kings, has carried the extravagant ambition of its choice even to the skies.

PSY. Have I in my ambition aspired to heaven?

VEN. Your insolence is without an equal; do you not aspire to the gods when you reject all the kings of the world?

PSY. If Love had hardened my heart to all their passion, and had reserved me for himself alone, do I stand guilty? and must you to-day as a price for so dazzling a love crush me with everlasting sorrow?

VEN. Psyche, you should have known your position better, and the rank of this god.

PSY. And has he allowed me time and opportunity for doing so when from the first he became absolute master of my heart?

VEN. You have allowed your heart to be charmed by him, and you have loved him as soon as he said, "I love."

PSY. How could I refuse to love the god who inspires all with love, and who was pleading his own cause? He is your son; you well know his power, his merit.

VEN. Yes; he is my son; but a son who excites my wrath; a son who ill returns to me what he knows is due; a son who knows that I am forsaken, and who, the more to flatter his own unworthy affection, since you return his love, wounds no one, forces no one to come to my shrine and address his supplications to me. You have made a rebel of him; but the whole world shall behold my dire revenge on you, and I shall teach you whether it is meet for a mortal maiden to suffer a god to sigh at her feet. Follow me; you shall find by your own experience to what degree of mad self-reliance this ambition was leading you. Come, and arm yourself with as much patience as you possess presumption.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

The scenes represent the infernal regions; a sea of fire is discovered, whose waves are rolling unceasingly. This terrible sea is enclosed by burning ruins; and, standing in the midst of the raging billows, through a frightful opening, appears PLUTO'S *palace. Eight* FURIES *issue from it, and form the entry of the ballet, in which they show their delight at having kindled such dire wrath in the heart of the sweetest of divinities. A* GOBLIN *adds perilous jumps to their dances, and meanwhile* PSYCHE, *who, in obedience to* VENUS, *has come to the infernal regions, is seen crossing again in* CHARON'S *bark, holding the box given to her by* PROSERPINA *for* VENUS.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—PSYCHE (*alone*)

Alas! Ye awful waves of hell, ye gloomy palaces where Megæra and her sisters hold their court, for ever foes to the sun's light, amongst your Ixions and your Tantaluses, in the midst of so many incessant tortures, in these hideous recesses, what pain, what toil so great as those to which Venus condemns my love? Yet my troubles satisfy not her wrath; and since I am subject to her laws, since I see myself a prey to her resentment, in these cruel moments I must have had more than one soul, more than one life, to fulfil her commands. Yet all this I could bear with joy if, in the midst of her hatred, my eyes could behold, were it for one moment only, my darling, my beloved lover! His name I dare not utter; my lips, whose guilt it was to exact too much, are now unworthy of him; and in this deadly anguish, the keenest pain my ever-returning death subjects me to is that I may not see him. If his anger lasted still, no anguish could equal mine; but if he felt any pity for a soul that worships him, however great the sufferings to which I am condemned, I should feel them not. Yea, thou mighty destiny, if he would but stay his wrath, all my sorrows would be at an end. Ah! a mere look from the son suffices to make me insensible to the mother's fury. I will doubt it no longer; he shares my grief, he sees what I endure, and weeps with me; my sufferings are his too; it is a self-imposed law of love; in spite of Venus, in spite of my crime, he it is who sustains and revives me in the midst of the dangers I have to encounter. He harbours still the tender feelings urged by his passion, and hastens to restore me to new life as soon as I perish. But what would with me those two shades I see advancing towards me through the doubtful light of these dark recesses?

SCENE II.—PSYCHE, CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

PSY. Cleomenes, Agenor, is it not you whom I see? Who has deprived you of life?

CLE. The meetest grief that could have caused a noble despair. That funeral pomp where you awaited the fiercest rigour and highest injustice of a fate most dark.

AGE. On that same rock where heaven in its wrath was promising to you, instead of a husband, a dragon who would forthwith devour you, we held ourselves ready to repulse his fury, or die with you. You know it well, Princess; and when you disappeared from our gaze through the air, both, equally carried away by our love and grief, cast ourselves headlong from that rock, in order to follow your beauty, or rather to feel that love-born joy of offering in your behalf a first prey to the monster.

CLE. We were fortunately deceived as to the meaning of your oracle; but here we have recognised its miracle, and learned that the serpent, ready to devour you, was the god who is the source of all love, and who, in spite of his divinity, adoring you himself, could not bear that mortals such as we are should presume to love you.

AGE. We now enjoy a pleasant death, as a reward for having followed you. What would have been life to us if we could not have been yours? Here we behold your charms once more, which neither of us would ever have seen again in the world above. Happy shall we be if we see the merest tear honour the misfortunes of which you have been the cause.

PSY. How can I have more tears to shed when my own misfortunes have been carried to the highest pitch? Let us mingle our sighs, since we have so fatal a destiny; we cannot exhaust sighs; but yours, Princes, are uttered in behalf of an ungrateful being. You would not survive my misfortune; but under whatever blow I fall, I cannot die for you.

CLE. Have we deserved aught else, we whose great passion has not ceased to weary you with the tale of our woes?

PSY. Princes, you might have won my whole soul but for your being rivals; those incomparable qualities which attended the vows of both rendered you too deserving of love to allow me to reject either.

AGE. You have been able, without injustice or cruelty, to refuse a heart reserved for a god. But behold Venus! Fate bids us return, and forces us to say "Farewell."

PSY. Is not leisure allowed you to tell me what your abode is here?

CLE. Among groves ever green, where we breathe naught but love; no sooner do we die of love than through love we revive; we sigh for love under the sweet laws of his blest empire; and everlasting night dares not expel from it the day which Love himself brings on our phantoms, which he inspires, and of which he forms a court even in Hades.

AGE. Your envious sisters, who descended here below after us lost themselves in the hope of losing you. Both, each in turn, as a reward for the plot which cost them their life, suffer, now the rock at Ixion's side, now the vulture at Tityus'! Love, by means of the Zephyrs, has executed on them swift justice for their envenomed and jealous malice. Those winged ministers of his just wrath, under pretence of restoring them again to you, cast them both to the bottom of a precipice, where the hideous spectacle of their mangled bodies displays but the first and least torture for that stratagem the cunning of which was the cause of the ills you now endure.

PSY. How I pity them!

CLE. You alone are to be pitied; but we tarry too long conversing with you. Farewell! May we live in your remembrance; may you, and that soon, have nothing further to dread. Soon may Love exalt you to heaven, place you beside the other gods, and, kindling again a flame that cannot be extinguished, release for ever your beauteous eyes from the task of increasing daylight in these realms!

SCENE III.—PSYCHE (*alone*).

Hapless lovers! their passion still continues; though dead, both love me—me, whose harshness so ill received their vows. 'Tis not thus thou actest—thou, who alone hast seized my heart; lover whom I still prize a thousand times more than my life, and who breakest such charming ties. Shun me no longer, and leave me to hope that one day thou shalt cast a glance on me, that by my sufferings I shall please thee, and again win thy plighted faith. But

my woes have disfigured me too much to allow to entertain such hopes. Eyes dejected, sad, despairing, pining, and with cheeks faded, what have I that can speak in my favour if some miracle impossible to foresee does not restore to me the beauty which once captivated thee? This treasure of divine beauty, which Proserpina has entrusted to me for Venus, contains charms which I can make mine own, and their lustre must be extreme, since beauty herself, Venus, requires them to adorn herself. Would it be a great crime to snatch a few? To captivate a god, who has been my lover, to recover his affection, and put an end to my torture, can anything that I may do be unlawful? Let me open it. What vapours cloud my brain? and what do I behold issuing from this open casket? Love, unless thy compassion forbids my death, I must needs descend to the tomb, never to live again.

PSYCHE *swoons, and* LOVE *flies towards her.*

SCENE IV.

LOVE. Thy danger, Psyche, dispels my wrath; nay, the violence of my passion has never abated; and though thou hast excited my highest displeasure, yet my anger was harboured only against my mother's wrath. I have seen all thy toils, I have followed all thy misfortunes, and throughout my sighs have answered thy tears. Look on me, I am still the same. What, again and again, I repeat that I love thee, and yet thou wilt not say that thou lovest me! Can it be that thy beauteous eyes are for ever closed, that they are for ever bereft of daylight? O Death! need'st thou have taken so cruel a dart, and, regardless of my eternal being, endangered my own life! How oft, ungrateful deity, have I swelled thy dark empire by the contempt or the cruelty of a fierce and proud fair one? How many faithful lovers, since I must confess it, have I, through irresistible raptures, sacrificed to thee? Go, I shall wound no more souls, I shall pierce no more hearts, but with darts dipped in the divine liquors that foster heaven's immortal passions. I shall hurl them no more but to make as many lovers as there are gods. As for thee, thou inexorable mother, who forcest her to bereave

me of what I held dearest in this world, dread, in thy turn, the effects of my wrath. Thou wouldst sway my feelings, thou who art often swayed by my will; thou who wearest a heart as sensitive as that of mortals; thou enviest to mine the raptures of thine own! But in this same heart I shall plunge such darts as shall be followed by jealous sorrow. I shall crush thee by abasing ravishments, and ever choose as objects for thy dearest longings Adonises and Anchises who will nurse nothing but hatred towards thee.

SCENE V.—VENUS, LOVE, PSYCHE (*still senseless*).

VEN. The threat is full of respect, and the anger of a rebellious son presumptuous . . . .

LOVE. I am no longer a child; my childhood has been but too long, and my wrath is as just as it is impetuous.

VEN. Its impetuosity should be subdued, and thou oughtest to remember that to me thou owest thy birth.

LOVE. And thou mightest well not forget that thou possessest a heart and beauty that hold their power from me; that my bow is the only support of this power, that without my shafts it is nothing, and that if the stoutest hearts have suffered themselves to be drawn in thy triumphant train, thou hast never enslaved any one whose chains it was not my pleasure to forge. Mention no more those rights of birth that fetter my desires; and if thou dost not wish to lose a thousand sighs, pay thy tribute to gratitude when thou seest me; thou whose glory and delights are the offsprings of my power.

VEN. How hast thou defended this glory of which thou speakest? How hast thou restored it to me? And when thou hast seen my shrines deserted, my temples violated, the honours due to me rivalled by those of another, if thou hast shared my shame, how hast thou punished Psyche, who hath stolen them from me? I bade thee throw a spell over her, that she might love the basest of mortals, who would not condescend to answer her passion but by continual repulse and cruellest contempt; and thyself thou hast loved her! Thou hast seduced immortal deities against me; for the Zephyrs have concealed her from me;

for thee, Apollo himself, by an oracle cleverly turned, had snatched her from my power so well that, but for the curiosity which by a blind distrust restored her to my vengeance, she escaped for ever my angry passion. See to what thy love has reduced her, thine own Psyche! See! her soul is even now departing; and if thine is still smitten, receive now her last breath. Threaten and brave me if thou wilt, but she must die. So much insolence suits thee well: and I must needs bow to all it pleases thee to say, I, who can do nothing without thy darts.

LOVE. Thy power is but too great, relentless goddess! Fate abandons her to thy wrath; but be less inexorable to the prayers and tears of a son who beseeches thee on his knees. It must be a pleasant sight enough for thee to see on one side Psyche expiring, on the other a son who, in a suppliant voice, wishes to hold his heart's happiness from thee only. Give me back my Psyche, restore to her all her charms, surrender her to my tears, to my love, to my grief; for she is my eyes' delight, my heart's happiness.

VEN. However deep thy love for Psyche, do not expect me to put an end to her misfortunes. If Fate abandons her to me, I abandon her to her fate. Importune me no more, and let her in the midst of her calamities triumph or perish without Venus.

LOVE. Alas! if I am too importunate, I would not be so if I could but die!

VEN. This grief is not common that drives an immortal to long for death.

LOVE. Thou mayest judge of the intensity of my passion by its very excess; wilt thou not be merciful?

VEN. I must confess thy love touches my heart; it disarms, it abates my sternness; thy Psyche shall see the light again.

LOVE. How powerfully I shall cause thy sway to be felt everywhere!

VEN. Ay! thou shalt behold her decked in her first beauty; but I will have the entire deference of thy grateful vows. I will that a true respect allow my love to select for thee another spouse.

LOVE. And I will have no such grace; I assume all my former boldness; I will have Psyche; I will have her

plighted faith; I will that she live again, and that she live for me; and I reckon as naught that thy wearied hatred give way to favour another maiden. Jupiter, who even now appears, shall judge betwixt us, and decide between my insubordination and thy wrath.

The lightning flashes, the thunder rolls, and JUPITER *appears in the air borne aloft by his eagle.*

SCENE VI.—JUPITER, VENUS, LOVE, PSYCHE (*senseless*).

LOVE. O thou to whom alone all is possible, father of gods, lord of mortals, soften the rigour of an inexorable mother, who without me would have no shrines. I have wept, I have supplicated, I sigh, I threaten. Sighs and threats are alike vain. She will not perceive that on my displeasure hangs the happy or sad condition of the whole world, and that if Psyche dies, if Psyche be not mine, I am no longer "Love." Yes! I shall break my bow, shatter my arrows; I shall even extinguish my sacred flame, and leave all nature to pine to death; or if I deign to wound a few more hearts with these golden shafts that arrest my sway, I shall wound you all above in behalf of mortals, while I shall hurl against them blunted darts only that inspire hatred, and produce thankless and cruel rebels. What tyrannical law is this that would bind me to keep my shafts ever ready to serve you, and would have me make conquest upon conquest for you, while you forbid me to make one for myself?

JUP. (*to* VENUS). My daughter, show thyself less severe towards him; his Psyche's destiny is even now in thy hands. Fate, at thy slightest word, is ready to follow up thy wrath. Speak, and let a mother's tenderness prevail upon thy designs. All dread this wrath which awes even me. Will thou leave the world to become the prey of hatred, disorder, and confusion, and change a god of union, of delights, of joy, into one of bitterness and division? Consider the lofty rank we hold, and say whether passion ought to sway our feelings. The word revenge is pleasing to mortals; the more is it meet that we should resort to forgiveness.

VEN. I forgive this rebel son. Yet would you have me

submit to the reproach that a contemptible mortal, the object of my wrath, proud Psyche, because she displays some charms, has defiled my alliance and my son's couch?

JUP. Well, then, I make her immortal, so that all shall be equal.

VEN. I feel no longer hatred or contempt for her, but admit her to the honour of this conjugal tie. Psyche! recover your life, never more to lose it. Jupiter has contrived your restoration, and I abandon that lofty humour which opposed itself to your wishes.

PSY. (*recovering from her fainting condition*). It is you then, mighty goddess, who restores the life to this innocent being?

VEN. Jupiter extends his pardon to you, and my wrath lasts no longer. Live! Venus commands it. Love allows it.

PSY. (*to* LOVE). At last I see you again, dear object of my passion!

LOVE (*to* PSYCHE). You are mine at last, my soul's own delight!

JUP. Come, lovers, come; and conclude in heaven so great, so lofty a union. Come, fair Psyche, to change thy destiny, and take thy place among the gods.

THE IMPOSTURES OF SCAPIN.

(LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN.)

Acted on May 24, 1671, at the Palais Royal, 'Les Fourberies de Scapin' had great success. It is nothing, however, but a farce, taken partly from classical, partly from Italian or from French sources. Molière acted the part of Scapin.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ARGANTE, *father to* OCTAVE *and* ZERBINETTE.

GÉRONTE, *father to* LÉANDRE *and* HYACINTHA.

OCTAVE, *son to* ARGANTE, *and lover to* HYACINTHA.

LÉANDRE, *son to* GÉRONTE, *and lover to* ZERBINETTE.

ZERBINETTE, *daughter to* ARGANTE, *believed to be a gypsy girl.*

HYACINTHA, *daughter to* GÉRONTE.

SCAPIN, *servant to* LÉANDRE.

SILVESTRE, *servant to* OCTAVE.

NÉRINE, *nurse to* HYACINTHA.

CARLE.

TWO PORTERS.

The scene is at NAPLES.

THE IMPOSTURES OF SCAPIN.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Octave, Silvestre.

Oct. Ah! what sad news for one in love! What a hard fate to be reduced to! So, Silvestre, you have just heard at the harbour that my father is coming back?

Sil. Yes.

Oct. That he returns this very morning?

Sil. This very morning.

Oct. With the intention of marrying me?

Sil. Of marrying you.

Oct. To a daughter of Mr. Géronte?

Sil. Of Mr. Géronte.

Oct. And that this daughter is on her way from Tarentum for that purpose?

Sil. For that purpose.

Oct. And you have this news from my uncle?

Sil. From your uncle.

Oct. To whom my father has given all these particulars in a letter?

Sil. In a letter.

Oct. And this uncle, you say, knows all about our doings?

Sil. All our doings.

Oct. Oh! speak, I pray you; don't go on in such a way as that, and force me to wrench everything from you, word by word.

Sil. But what is the use of my speaking? You don't forget one single detail, but state everything exactly as it is.

OCT. At least advise me, and tell me what I ought to do in this wretched business.

SIL. I really feel as much perplexed as you, and I my self need the advice of some one to guide me.

OCT. I am undone by this unforeseen return.

SIL. And I no less.

OCT. When my father hears what has taken place, a storm of reprimands will burst upon me.

SIL. Reprimands are not very heavy to bear; would to Heaven I were free at that price! But I am very likely to pay dearly for all your wild doings, and I see a storm of blows ready to burst upon my shoulders.

OCT. Heavens! how am I to get clear of all the difficulties that beset my path!

SIL. You should have thought of that before entering upon it.

OCT. Oh, don't come and plague me to death with your unreasonable lectures.

SIL. You plague me much more by your foolish deeds.

OCT. What am I to do? What steps must I take? To what course of action have recourse?

SCENE II.—OCTAVE, SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

SCA. How now, Mr. Octave? What is the matter with you? What is it? What trouble are you in? You are all upset, I see.

OCT. Ah! my dear Scapin, I am in despair; I am lost; I am the most unfortunate of mortals.

SCA. How is that?

OCT. Don't you know anything of what has happened to me?

SCA. No.

OCT. My father is just returning with Mr. Géronte, and they want to marry me.

SCA. Well, what is there so dreadful about that?

OCT. Alas! you don't know what cause I have to be anxious.

SCA. No; but it only depends on you that I should soon know; and I am a man of consolation, a man who can interest himself in the troubles of young people.

OCT. Ah! Scapin, if you could find some scheme, invent some plot, to get me out of the trouble I am in, I should think myself indebted to you for more than life.

SCA. To tell you the truth, there are few things impossible to me when I once set about them. Heaven has bestowed on me a fair enough share of genius for the making up of all those neat strokes of mother wit, for all those ingenious gallantries to which the ignorant and vulgar give the name of impostures; and I can boast, without vanity, that there have been very few men more skilful than I in expedients and intrigues, and who have acquired a greater reputation in the noble profession. But, to tell the truth, merit is too ill rewarded nowadays, and I have given up everything of the kind since the trouble I had through a certain affair which happened to me.

OCT. How? What affair, Scapin?

SCA. An adventure in which justice and I fell out.

OCT. Justice and you?

SCA. Yes; we had a trifling quarrel.

SIL. You and justice?

SCA. Yes. She used me very badly; and I felt so enraged against the ingratitude of our age that I determined never to do anything for anybody. But never mind; tell me about yourself all the same.

OCT. You know, Scapin, that two months ago Mr. Géronte and my father set out together on a voyage, about a certain business in which they are both interested.

SCA. Yes, I know that.

OCT. And that both Léandre and I were left by our respective fathers, I under the management of Silvestre, and Léandre under your management.

SCA. Yes; I have acquitted myself very well of my charge.

OCT. Some time afterwards Léandre met with a young gipsy girl, with whom he fell in love.

SCA. I know that too.

OCT. As we are great friends, he told me at once of his love, and took me to see this young girl, whom I thought good-looking, it is true, but not so beautiful as he would have had me believe. He never spoke of anything

but her; at every opportunity he exaggerated her grace and her beauty, extolled her intelligence, spoke to me with transport of the charms of her conversation, and related to me her most insignificant saying, which he always wanted me to think the cleverest thing in the world. He often found fault with me for not thinking as highly as he imagined I ought to do of the things he related to me, and blamed me again and again for being so insensible to the power of love.

SCA. I do not see what you are aiming at in all this.

OCT. One day, as I was going with him to the people who have charge of the girl with whom he is in love, we heard in a small house of a by-street, lamentations mixed with a good deal of sobbing. We inquired what it was, and were told by a woman that we might see there a most piteous sight, in the persons of two strangers, and that unless we were quite insensible to pity, we should be sure to be touched with it.

SCA. Where will this lead to?

OCT. Curiosity made me urge Léandre to come in with me. We went into a low room, where we saw an old woman dying, and with her a servant who was uttering lamentations, and a young girl dissolved in tears, the most beautiful, the most touching sight that you ever saw.

SCA. Oh! oh!

OCT. Any other person would have seemed frightful in the condition she was in, for all the dress she had on was a scanty old petticoat, with a night jacket of plain fustain, and turned back at the top of her head a yellow cap, which let her hair fall in disorder on her shoulders; and yet dressed even thus she shone with a thousand attractions, and all her person was most charming and pleasant.

SCA. I begin to understand.

OCT. Had you but seen her, Scapin, as I did, you would have thought her admirable.

SCA. Oh! I have no doubt about it; and without seeing her, I plainly perceive that she must have been altogether charming.

OCT. Her tears were none of those unpleasant tears which spoil the face; she had a most touching grace in

weeping, and her sorrow was a most beautiful thing to witness.

SCA. I can see all that.

OCT. All who approached her burst into tears whilst she threw herself, in her loving way, on the body of the dying woman, whom she called her dear mother; and nobody could help being moved to the depths of the heart to see a girl with such a loving disposition.

SCA. Yes, all that is very touching; and I understand that this loving disposition made you love her.

OCT. Ah! Scapin, a savage would have loved her.

SCA. Certainly; how could anyone help doing so?

OCT. After a few words, with which I tried to soothe her grief, we left her; and when I asked Léandre what he thought of her, he answered coldly that she was rather pretty! I was wounded to find how unfeelingly he spoke to me of her, and I would not tell him the effect her beauty had had on my heart.

SIL. (*to* OCTAVE). If you do not abridge your story, we shall have to stop here till to-morrow. Leave it to me to finish it in a few words. (*To* SCAPIN) His heart takes fire from that moment. He cannot live without going to comfort the amiable and sorrowful girl. His frequent visits are forbidden by the servant, who has become her guardian by the death of the mother. Our young man is in despair; he presses, begs, beseeches—all in vain. He is told that the young girl, although without friends and without fortune, is of an honourable family, and that, unless he marries her, he must cease his visits. His love increases with the difficulties. He racks his brains; debates, reasons, ponders, and makes up his mind. And, to cut a long story short, he has been married these three days.

SCA. I see.

SIL. Now, add to this the unforeseen return of the father, who was not to be back before two whole months; the discovery which the uncle has made of the marriage; and that other marriage projected between him and a daughter which Mr. Géronte had by a second wife, whom, they say, he married at Tarentum.

OCT. And, above all, add also the poverty of my beloved,

and the impossibility there is for me to do anything for her relief.

SCA. Is that all? You are both of you at a great loss about nothing. Is there any reason to be alarmed? Are you not ashamed, you, Silvestre, to fall short in such a small matter? Deuce take it all! You, big and stout as father and mother put together, you can't find any expedient in your noddle? you can't plan any stratagem, invent any gallant intrigue to put matters straight? Fie! Plague on the booby! I wish I had had the two old fellows to bamboozle in former times; I should not have thought much of it; and I was no bigger than that, when I had given a hundred delicate proofs of my skill.

SIL. I acknowledge that Heaven has not given me your talent, and that I have not the brains like you to embroil myself with justice.

OCT. Here is my lovely Hyacintha!

SCENE III.—HYACINTHA, OCTAVE, SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

HYA. Ah! Octave, is what Silvestre has just told Nérine really true? Is your father back, and is he bent upon marrying you?

OCT. Yes, it is so, dear Hyacintha; and these tidings have given me a cruel shock. But what do I see? You are weeping? Why those tears? Do you suspect me of unfaithfulness, and have you no assurance of the love I feel for you?

HYA. Yes, Octave, I am sure that you love me now; but can I be sure that you will love me always?

OCT. Ah! could anyone love you once without loving you for ever?

HYA. I have heard say, Octave, that your sex does not love so long as ours, and that the ardour men show is a fire which dies out as easily as it is kindled.

OCT. Then, my dear Hyacintha, my heart is not like that of other men, and I feel certain that I shall love you till I die.

HYA. I want to believe what you say, and I have no doubt that you are sincere; but I fear a power which will oppose in your heart the tender feelings you have for me

You depend on a father who would marry you to another, and I am sure it would kill me if such a thing happened.

OCT. No, lovely Hyacintha, there is no father who can force me to break my faith to you, and I could resolve to leave my country, and even to die, rather than be separated from you. Without having seen her, I have already conceived a horrible aversion to her whom they want me to marry; and although I am not cruel, I wish the sea would swallow her up, or drive her hence for ever. Do not weep, then, dear Hyacintha, for your tears kill me, and I cannot see them without feeling pierced to the heart.

HYA. Since you wish it, I will dry my tears, and I will wait without fear for what Heaven shall decide.

OCT. Heaven will be favourable to us.

HYA. It cannot be against us if you are faithful.

OCT. I certainly shall be so.

HYA. Then I shall be happy.

SCA. (*aside*). She is not so bad, after all, and I think her pretty enough.

OCT. (*showing* SCAPIN). Here is a man who, if he would, could be of the greatest help to us in all our trouble.

SCA. I have sworn with many oaths never more to meddle with anything. But if you both entreat me very much, I might . . . .

OCT. Ah! if entreaties will obtain your help, I beseech you with all my heart to steer our bark.

SCA. (*to* HYACINTHE). And you, have you anything to say?

HYA. Like him, I beseech you, by all that is most dear to you upon earth, to assist us in our love.

SCA. I must have a little humanity, and give way. There, don't be afraid; I will do all I can for you.

OCT. Be sure that . . . .

SCA. (*to* OCTAVE). Hush! (*To* HYACINTHA) Go, and make yourself easy.

SCENE IV.—OCTAVE, SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

SCA. (*to* OCTAVE). You must prepare yourself to receive your father with firmness.

OCT. I confess that this meeting frightens me before

hand, for with him I have a natural shyness that I cannot conquer.

SCA. Yes; you must be firm from the first, for fear that he should take advantage of your weakness, and lead you like a child. Now, come, try to school yourself into some amount of firmness, and be ready to answer boldly all he can say to you.

OCT. I will do the best I can.

SCA. Well! let us try a little, just to see. Rehearse your part, and let us see how you will manage. Come, a look of decision, your head erect, a bold face.

OCT. Like this.

SCA. A little more.

OCT. So?

SCA. That will do. Now, fancy that I am your father, just arrived; answer me boldly as if it were he himself.—"What! you scoundrel, you good-for-nothing fellow, you infamous rascal, unworthy son of such a father as I, dare you appear before me after what you have done, and after the infamous trick you have played me during my absence? Is this, you rascal, the reward of all my care? Is this the fruit of all my devotion? Is this the respect due to me? Is this the respect you retain for me?"—Now then, now then.—"You are insolent enough, scoundrel, to go and engage yourself without the consent of your father, and contract a clandestine marriage! Answer me, you villain! Answer me. Let me hear your fine reasons" . . . .—Why, the deuce, you seem quite lost.

OCT. It is because I imagine I hear my father speaking.

SCA. Why, yes; and it is for this reason that you must try not to look like an idiot.

OCT. I will be more resolute, and will answer more firmly.

SCA. Quite sure?

SIL. Here is your father coming.

OCT. Oh heavens! I am lost.

SCENE V.—SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

SCA. Stop, Octave; stop. He's off. What a poor specimen it is! Let's wait for the old man all the same.

SIL. What shall I tell him?
SCA. Leave him to me; only follow me.

SCENE VI.—ARGANTE, SCAPIN, SILVESTRE (*at the further part of the stage*).

ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Did anyone ever hear of such an action?
SCA. (*to* SILVESTRE). He has already heard of the affair, and is so struck by it that, although alone, he speaks aloud about it.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Such a bold thing to do.
SCA. (*to* SILVESTRE). Let us listen to him.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). I should like to know what they can say to me about this fine marriage.
SCA. (*aside*). We have it all ready.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Will they try to deny it?
SCA. (*aside*). No: we have no thought of doing so.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Or will they undertake to excuse it?
SCA. (*aside*). That may be.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Do they intend to deceive me with impertinent stories?
SCA. (*aside*). May be.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). All they can say will be useless.
SCA. We shall see.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). They will not take me in.
SCA. (*aside*). I don't know that.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). I shall know how to put my rascal of a son in a safe place.
SCA. (*aside*). We shall see about that.
ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). And as for that rascal Silvestre, I will cudgel him soundly.
SIL. (*to* SCAPIN). I should have been very much astonished if he had forgotten me.
ARG. (*seeing* SILVESTRE). Ah, ah! here you are, most wise governor of a family, fine director of young people!
SCA. Sir, I am delighted to see you back.
ARG. Good morning, Scapin. (*To* SILVESTRE) You have

really followed my orders in a fine manner, and my son has behaved splendidly.

SCA. You are quite well, I see.

ARG. Pretty well. (*To* SILVESTRE) You don't say a word, you rascal!

SCA. Have you had a pleasant journey?

ARG. Yes, yes, very good. Leave me alone a little to scold this villain!

SCA. You want to scold?

ARG. Yes, I wish to scold.

SCA. But whom, Sir?

ARG. (*pointing to* SILVESTRE). This scoundrel!

SCA. Why?

ARG. Have you not heard what has taken place during my absence?

SCA. Yes, I have heard some trifling thing.

ARG. How! Some trifling thing! Such an action as this?

SCA. You are about right.

ARG. Such a daring thing to do!

SCA. That's quite true.

ARG. To marry without his father's consent!

SCA. Yes, there is something to be said against it, but my opinion is that you should make no fuss about it.

ARG. This is your opinion, but not mine; and I will make as much fuss as I please. What! do you not think that I have every reason to be angry?

SCA. Quite so. I was angry myself when I first heard it; and I so far felt interested in your behalf that I rated your son well. Just ask him the fine sermons I gave him, and how I lectured him about the little respect he showed his father, whose very footsteps he ought to kiss. You could not yourself talk better to him. But what of that? I submitted to reason, and considered that, after all, he had done nothing so dreadful.

ARG. What are you telling me? He has done nothing so dreadful? When he goes and marries straight off a perfect stranger?

SCA. What can one do? he was urged to it by his destiny.

ARG. Oh, oh! You give me there a fine reason. One has nothing better to do now than to commit the greatest

crime imaginable—to cheat, steal, and murder—and give for an excuse that we were urged to it by destiny.

SCA. Ah me! You take my words too much like a philosopher. I mean to say that he was fatally engaged in this affair.

ARG. And why did he engage in it?

SCA. Do you expect him to be as wise as you are? Can you put an old head on young shoulders, and expect young people to have all the prudence necessary to do nothing but what is reasonable? Just look at our Léandre, who, in spite of all my lessons, has done even worse than that. I should like to know whether you yourself were not young once, and have not played as many pranks as others? I have heard say that you were a sad fellow in your time, that you played the gallant among the most gallant of those days, and that you never gave in until you had gained your point.

ARG. It is true, I grant it; but I always confined myself to gallantry, and never went so far as to do what he has done.

SCA. But what was he to do? He sees a young person who wishes him well: for he inherits it from you that all women love him. He thinks her charming, goes to see her, makes love to her, sighs as lovers sigh, and plays the passionate swain. She yields to his pressing visits; he pushes his fortune. But her relations catch him with her, and oblige him to marry her by main force.

SIL. (*aside*). What a clever cheat!

SCA. Would you have him suffer them to murder him? It is still better to be married than to be dead.

ARG. I was not told that the thing had happened in that way.

SCA. (*showing* SILVESTRE). Ask him, if you like; he will tell you the same thing.

ARG. (*to* SILVESTRE). Was he married against his wish?

SIL. Yes, Sir.

SCA. Do you think I would tell you an untruth?

ARG. Then he should have gone at once to a lawyer to protest against the violence.

SCA. It is the very thing he would not do.

ARG. It would have made it easier for me to break off the marriage.

SCA. Break off the marriage?
ARG. Yes
SCA. You will not break it off.
ARG. I shall not break it off?
SCA. No.
ARG. What! Have I not on my side the rights of a father, and can I not have satisfaction for the violence done to my son?
SCA. This is a thing he will not consent to.
ARG. He will not consent to it?
SCA. No.
ARG. My son?
SCA. Your son. Would you have him acknowledge that he was frightened, and that he yielded by force to what was wanted of him? He will take care not to confess that it would be to wrong himself, and show himself unworthy of a father like you.
ARG. I don't care for all that.
SCA. He must, for his own honour and yours, say that he married of his own free will.
ARG. And I wish for my own honour, and for his, that he should say the contrary.
SCA. I am sure he will not do that.
ARG. I shall soon make him do it.
SCA. He will not acknowledge it, I tell you.
ARG. He shall do it, or I will disinherit him.
SCA. You?
ARG. I.
SCA. Nonsense!
ARG. How nonsense?
SCA. You will not disinherit him.
ARG. I shall not disinherit him?
SCA. No.
ARG No?
SCA. No.
ARG. Well! This is really too much! I shall not disinherit my son!
SCA. No, I tell you.
ARG. Who will hinder me?
SCA. You yourself.
ARG. I?

SCA. Yes; you will never have the heart to do it.
ARG. I shall have the heart.
SCA. You are joking.
ARG. I am not joking.
SCA. Paternal love will carry the day.
ARG. No, it will not.
SCA. Yes, yes.
ARG. I tell you that I will disinherit him.
SCA. Rubbish.
ARG. You may say rubbish; but I will.
SCA. Gracious me, I know that you are naturally a kind-hearted man.
ARG. No, I am not kind-hearted; I can be angry when I choose. Leave off talking; you put me out of all patience. (*To* SYLVESTRE) Go, you rascal, run and fetch my son, while I go to Mr. Géronte and tell him of my misfortune.
SCA. Sir, if I can be useful to you in any way, you have but to order me.
ARG. I thank you. (*Aside*) Ah! Why is he my only son? Oh! that I had with me the daughter that Heaven has taken away from me, so that I might make her my heir.

SCENE VII.—SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

SIL. You are a great man, I must confess; and things are in a fair way to succeed. But, on the other hand, we are greatly pressed for money, and we have people dunning us.
SCA. Leave it to me; the plan is all ready. I am only puzzling my brains to find out a fellow to act along with us, in order to play a personage I want. But let me see; just look at me a little. Stick your cap rather rakishly on one side. Put on a furious look. Put your hand on your side. Walk about like a king on the stage.* That will do. Follow me. I possess some means of changing your face and voice.
SIL. I pray you, Scapin, don't go and embroil me with justice.

* Compare the 'Impromptu of Versailles,' vol. i. p. 399.

SCA. Never mind, we will share our perils like brothers, and three years more or less on the galleys are not sufficient to check a noble heart.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—GÉRONTE, ARGANTE.

GER. Yes, there is no doubt but that with this weather we shall have our people with us to-day; and a sailor who has arrived from Tarentum told me just now that he had seen our man about to start with the ship. But my daughter's arrival will find things strangely altered from what we thought they would be, and what you have just told me of your son has put an end to all the plans we had made together.

ARG. Don't be anxious about that; I give you my word that I shall remove that obstacle, and I am going to see about it this moment.

GER. In all good faith, Mr. Argante, shall I tell you what? The education of children is a thing that one could never be too careful about.

ARG. You are right; but why do you say that?

GER. Because most of the follies of young men come from the way they have been brought up by their fathers.

ARG. It is so sometimes, certainly; but what do you mean by saying that to me?

GER. Why do I say that to you?

ARG. Yes.

GER. Because, if, like a courageous father, you had corrected your son when he was young, he would not have played you such a trick.

ARG. I see. So that you have corrected your own much better?

GER. Certainly; and I should be very sorry if he had done anything at all like what yours has done.

ARG. And if that son, so well brought up, had done worse even than mine, what would you say?

GER. What?

ARG. What?

GER. What do you mean?

ARG. I mean, Mr. Géronte, that we should never be so ready to blame the conduct of others, and that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

GER. I really do not understand you.

ARG. I will explain myself.

GER. Have you heard anything about my son?

ARG. Perhaps I have.

GER. But what?

ARG. Your servant Scapin, in his vexation, only told me the thing roughly, and you can learn all the particulars from him or from some one else. For my part, I will at once go to my solicitor, and see what steps I can take in the matter. Good-bye.

SCENE II.—GÉRONTE (*alone*).

GER. What can it be? Worse than what his son has done! I am sure I don't know what onyone can do more wrong than that; and to marry without the consent of one's father is the worst thing that I can possibly imagine.*

SCENE III.—GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE.

GER. Ah, here you are!

LEA. (*going quickly towards his father to embrace him*). Ah! father, how glad I am to see you!

GER. (*refusing to embrace him*). Stay, I have to speak to you first.

LEA. Allow me to embrace you, and . . . .

GER. (*refusing him again*). Gently, I tell you.

LEA. How! father, you deprive me of the pleasure of showing you my joy at your return?

GER. Certainly; we have something to settle first of all.

LEA. But what?

GER. Just stand there before me, and let me look at you.

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* No exaggeration, if we consider that this was said two hundred years ago, and by a French father.

LEA. What for?

GER. Look me straight in the face.

LEA. Well?

GER. Will you tell me what has taken place here in my absence?

LEA. What has taken place?

GER. Yes; what did you do while I was away?

LEA. What would you have me do, father?

GER. It is not I who wanted you to do anything, but who ask you now what it is you did?

LEA. I have done nothing to give you reason to complain.

GER. Nothing at all?

LEA. No.

GER. You speak in a very decided tone.

LEA. It is because I am innocent.

GER. And yet Scapin has told me all about you.

LEA. Scapin!

GER. Oh! oh! that name makes you change colour.

LEA. He has told you something about me?

GER. He has. But this is not the place to talk about the business, and we must go elsewhere to see to it. Go home at once; I will be there presently. Ah! scoundrel, if you mean to bring dishonour upon me, I will renounce you for my son, and you will have to avoid my presence for ever!

SCENE IV.—LÉANDRE (*alone*).

LEA. To betray me after that fashion! A rascal who for so many reasons should be the first to keep secret what I trust him with! To go and tell everything to my father! Ah! I swear by all that is dear to me not to let such villainy go unpunished.

SCENE V.—OCTAVE, LÉANDRE, SCAPIN.

OCT. My dear Scapin, what do I not owe to you? What a wonderful man you are, and how kind of Heaven to send you to my help!

LEA. Ah, ah! here you are, you rascal!

SCA. Sir, your servant; you do me too much honour.

LEA. (*drawing his sword*). You are setting me at defiance, I believe . . . . Ah! I will teach you how . . . .

SCA. (*falling on his knees*). Sir!

OCT. (*stepping between them*). Ah! Léandre.

LEA. No, Octave, do not keep me back.

SCA. (*to* LÉANDRE). Eh! Sir.

OCT. (*keeping back* LÉANDRE). For mercy's sake!

LEA. (*trying to strike*). Leave me to wreak my anger upon him.

OCT. In the name of our friendship, Léandre, do not strike him.

SCA. What have I done to you, Sir?

LEA. What you have done, you scoundrel!

OCT. (*still keeping back* LÉANDRE). Gently, gently.

LEA. No, Octave, I will have him confess here on the spot the perfidy of which he is guilty. Yes, scoundrel, I know the trick you have played me; I have just been told of it. You did not think the secret would be revealed to me, did you? But I will have you confess it with your own lips, or I will run you through and through with my sword.

SCA. Ah! Sir, could you really be so cruel as that?

LEA. Speak, I say.

SCA. I have done something against you, Sir?

LEA. Yes, scoundrel! and your conscience must tell you only too well what it is.

SCA. I assure you that I do not know what you mean.

LEA. (*going towards* SCAPIN *to strike him*). You do not know?

OCT. (*keeping back* LÉANDRE). Léandre!

SCA. Well, Sir, since you will have it, I confess that I drank with some of my friends that small cask of Spanish wine you received as a present some days ago, and that it was I who made that opening in the cask, and spilled some water on the ground round it, to make you believe that all the wine had leaked out.

LEA. What! scoundrel, it was you who drank my Spanish wine, and who suffered me to scold the servant so much, because I thought it was she who had played me that trick?

SCA. Yes, Sir; I am very sorry, Sir.

LEA. I am glad to know this. But this is not what I am about now.

SCA. It is not that, Sir?

LEA. No; it is something else, for which I care much more, and I will have you tell it me.

SCA. I do not remember, Sir, that I ever did anything else.

LEA. (*trying to strike* SCAPIN). Will you speak?

SCA. Ah!

OCT. (*keeping back* LÉANDRE). Gently.

SCA. Yes, Sir; it is true that three weeks ago, when you sent me in the evening to take a small watch to the gypsy * girl you love, and I came back, my clothes spattered with mud and my face covered with blood, I told you that I had been attacked by robbers who had beaten me soundly and had stolen the watch from me. It is true that I told a lie. It was I who kept the watch, Sir.

LEA. It was you who stole the watch?

SCA. Yes, Sir, in order to know the time.

LEA. Ah! you are telling me fine things; I have indeed a very faithful servant! But it is not this that I want to know of you.

SCA. It is not this?

LEA. No, infamous wretch! it is something else that I want you to confess.

SCA. (*aside*). Mercy on me!

LEA. Speak at once; I will not be put off.

SCA. Sir, I have done nothing else.

LEA. (*trying to strike* SCAPIN). Nothing else?

OCT. (*stepping between them*). Ah! I beg . . . .

SCA. Well, Sir, you remember that ghost that six months ago cudgelled you soundly, and almost made you break your neck down a cellar, where you fell whilst running away?

LEA. Well?

SCA. It was I, Sir, who was playing the ghost.

LEA. It was you, wretch! who were playing the ghost?

SCA. Only to frighten you a little, and to cure you of the habit of making us go out every night as you did.

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* *Égyptienne*. Compare act v. scene ii. *Bohémienne* is a more usual name.

LEA. I will remember in proper time and place all I have just heard. But I'll have you speak about the present matter, and tell me what it is you said to my father.

SCA. What I said to your father?

LEA. Yes, scoundrel! to my father.

SCA. Why, I have not seen him since his return!

LEA. You have not seen him?

SCA. No, Sir.

LEA. Is that the truth?

SCA. The perfect truth; and he shall tell you so himself.

LEA. And yet it was he himself who told me.

SCA. With your leave, Sir, he did not tell you the truth.

SCENE VI.—LÉANDRE, OCTAVE, CARLE, SCAPIN.

CAR. Sir, I bring you very bad news concerning your love affair.

LEA. What is it now?

CAR. The gypsies are on the point of carrying off Zerbinette. She came herself all in tears to ask me to tell you that, unless you take to them, before two hours are over, the money they have asked you for her, she will be lost to you for ever.

LEA. Two hours?

CAR. Two hours.

SCENE VII.—LÉANDRE, OCTAVE, SCAPIN.

LEA. Ah! my dear Scapin, I pray you to help me.

SCA. (*rising and passing proudly before* LÉANDRE). Ah! my dear Scapin! I am my dear Scapin, now that I am wanted.

LEA. I will forgive you all that you confessed just now, and more also.

SCA. No, no; forgive me nothing; run your sword through and through my body. I should be perfectly satisfied if you were to kill me.

SCA. I beseech you rather to give me life by serving my love.

SCA. Nay, nay; better kill me.

LEA. You are too dear to me for that. I beg of you to make use for me of that wonderful genius of yours which can conquer everything.

SCA. Certainly not. Kill me, I tell you.

LEA. Ah! for mercy's sake, don't think of that now, but try to give me the help I ask.

OCT. Scapin, you must do something to help him.

SCA. How can I after such abuse?

LEA. I beseech you to forget my outburst of temper, and to make use of your skill for me.

OCT. I add my entreaties to his.

SCA. I cannot forget such an insult.

OCT. You must not give way to resentment, Scapin.

LEA. Could you forsake me, Scapin, in this cruel extremity?

SCA. To come all of a sudden and insult me like that.

LEA. I was wrong, I acknowledge.

SCA. To call me scoundrel, knave, infamous wretch!

LEA. I am really very sorry.

SCA. To wish to send your sword through my body!

LEA. I ask you to forgive me, with all my heart; and if you want to see me at your feet, I beseech you, kneeling, not to give me up.

OCT. Scapin, you cannot resist that?

LEA. Well, get up, and another time remember not to be so hasty.

SCA. Will you try to act for me?

SCA. I will see.

LEA. But you know that time presses.

SCA. Don't be anxious. How much is it you want?

LEA. Five hundred crowns.

SCA. You?

OCT. Two hundred pistoles.

SCA. I must extract this money from your respective fathers' pockets. (*To* OCTAVE) As far as yours is concerned, my plan is all ready. (*To* LÉANDRE) And as for yours, although he is the greatest miser imaginable, we shall find it easier still; for you know that he is not blessed with too much intellect, and I look upon him as a man who will believe anything. This cannot offend you; there is not a suspicion of a resemblance between him and you;

and you know what the world thinks, that he is your father only in name.

LEA. Gently, Scapin.

SCA. Besides, what does it matter? But, Mr. Octave, I see your father coming. Let us begin by him, since he is the first to cross our path. Vanish both of you; (*to* OCTAVE) and you, please, tell Silvestre to come quickly, and take his part in the affair.

SCENE VIII.—ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

SCA. (*aside*). Here he is, turning it over in his mind.

ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Such behaviour and such lack of consideration! To entangle himself in an engagement like that! Ah! rash youth.

SCA. Your servant, Sir.

ARG. Good morning, Scapin.

SCA. You are thinking of your son's conduct.

ARG. Yes, I acknowledge that it grieves me deeply.

SCA. Ah! Sir, life is full of troubles; and we should always be prepared for them. I was told, a long time ago, the saying of an ancient philosopher which I have never forgotten.

ARG. What was it?

SCA. That if the father of a family has been away from home for ever so short a time, he ought to dwell upon all the sad news that may greet him on his return. He ought to fancy his house burnt down, his money stolen, his wife dead, his son married, his daughter ruined; and be very thankful for whatever falls short of all this. In my small way of philosophy, I have ever taken this lesson to heart; and I never come home but I expect to have to bear with the anger of my masters, their scoldings, insults, kicks, blows, and horse-whipping. And I always thank my destiny for whatever I do not receive.

ARG. That's all very well; but this rash marriage is more than I can put up with, and it forces me to break off the match I had intended for my son. I have come from my solicitor's to see if we can cancel it.

SCA. Well, Sir, if you will take my advice, you will look to some other way of settling this business. You know

what a law-suit means in this country, and you'll find yourself in the midst of a strange bush of thorns.

ARG. I am fully aware that you are quite right; but what else can I do?

SCA. I think I have found something that will answer much better. The sorrow that I felt for you made me rummage in my head to find some means of getting you out of trouble; for I cannot see kind fathers a prey to grief without feeling sad about it, and, besides, I have at all times had the greatest regard for you.

ARG. I am much obliged to you.

SCA. Then you must know that I went to the brother of the young girl whom your son has married. He is one of those fire-eaters, one of those men all sword-thrusts, who speak of nothing but fighting, and who think no more of killing a man than of swallowing a glass of wine. I got him to speak of this marriage; I showed him how easy it would be to have it broken off, because of the violence used towards your son. I spoke to him of your prerogatives as father, and of the weight which your rights, your money, and your friends would have with justice. I managed him so that at last he lent a ready ear to the propositions I made to him of arranging the matter amicably for a sum of money In short, he will give his consent to the marriage being cancelled, provided you pay him well.

ARG. And how much did he ask?

SCA. Oh! at first things utterly out of the question.

ARG. But what?

SCA. Things utterly extravagant.

ARG. But what?

SCA. He spoke of no less than five or six hundred pistoles.

ARG. Five or six hundred agues to choke him withal. Does he think me a fool?

SCA. Just what I told him. I laughed his proposal to scorn, and made him understand that you were not a man to be duped in that fashion, and of whom anyone can ask five or six hundred pistoles! However, after much talking, this is what we decided upon. "The time is now come," he said, "when I must go and rejoin the army. I am buying my equipments, and the want of money I am

in forces me to listen to what you propose. I must have a horse, and I cannot obtain one at all fit for the service under sixty pistoles."

ARG. Well, yes; I am willing to give sixty pistoles.

SCA. He must have the harness and pistols, and that will cost very nearly twenty pistoles more.

ARG. Twenty and sixty make eighty.

SCA. Exactly.

ARG. It's a great deal; still, I consent to that.

SCA. He must also have a horse for his servant, which, we may expect, will cost at least thirty pistoles.

ARG. How, the deuce! Let him go to Jericho. He shall have nothing at all.

SCA. Sir!

ARG. No; he's an insolent fellow.

SCA. Would you have his servant walk?

ARG. Let him get along as he pleases, and the master too.

SCA. Now, Sir, really don't go and hesitate for so little. Don't have recourse to law, I beg of you, but rather give all that is asked of you, and save yourself from the clutches of justice.

ARG. Well, well! I will bring myself to give these thirty pistoles also.

SCA. "I must also have," he said, "a mule to carry" . . .

ARG. Let him go to the devil with his mule! This is asking too much. We will go before the judges.

SCA. I beg of you, Sir!

ARG. No, I will not give in.

SCA. Sir, only one small mule.

ARG. No; not even an ass.

SCA. Consider . . . .

ARG. No, I tell you; I prefer going to law.

SCA. Ah! Sir, what are you talking about, and what a resolution you are going to take. Just cast a glance on the ins and outs of justice, look at the number of appeals, of stages of jurisdiction; how many embarrassing procedures; how many ravening wolves through whose claws you will have to pass; serjeants, solicitors, counsel, registrars, substitutes, recorders, judges and their clerks. There is not one of these who, for the merest trifle, couldn't

knock over the best case in the world. A serjeant will issue false writs without your knowing anything of it. Your solicitor will act in concert with your adversary, and sell you for ready money. Your counsel, bribed in the same way, will be nowhere to be found when your case comes on, or else will bring forward arguments which are the merest shooting in the air, and will never come to the point. The registrar will issue writs and decrees against you for contumacy. The recorder's clerk will make away with some of your papers, or the instructing officer himself will not say what he has seen; and when, by dint of the wariest possible precautions, you have escaped all these traps, you will be amazed that your judges have been set against you either by bigots or by the women they love. Ah! Sir, save yourself from such a hell, if you can. 'Tis damnation in this world to have to go to law; and the mere thought of a lawsuit is quite enough to drive me to the other end of the world.

ARG. How much does he want for the mule?

SCA. For the mule, for his horse and that of his servant, for the harness and pistols, and to pay a little something he owes at the hotel, he asks altogether two hundred pistoles, Sir.

ARG. Two hundred pistoles?

SCA. Yes.

ARG. (*walking about angrily*). No, no; we will go to law.

SCA. Recollect what you are doing

ARG. I shall go to law.

SCA. Don't go and expose yourself to . . . .

ARG. I will go to law.

SCA. But to go to law you need money. You must have money for the summons, you must have money for the rolls, for prosecution, attorney's introduction, solicitor's advice, evidence, and his days in court. You must have money for the consultations and pleadings of the counsel, for the right of withdrawing the briefs, and for engrossed copies of the documents. You must have money for the reports of the substitutes, for the court fees * at the conclusion,

* *Épices*, "spices," in ancient times, equalled *sweetmeats*, and were given to the judge by the side which gained the suit, as a mark of grati-

for registrar's enrolment, drawing up of deeds, sentences, decrees, rolls, signings, and clerks' copies; letting alone all the presents you will have to make. Give this money to the man, and there you are well out of the whole thing.

ARG. Two hundred pistoles!

SCA. Yes, and you will save by it. I have made a small calculation in my head of all that justice costs, and I find that by giving two hundred pistoles to your man you will have a large margin left—say, at least a hundred and fifty pistoles—without taking into consideration the cares, troubles, and anxieties, which you will spare yourself. For were it only to avoid being before everybody the butt of some facetious counsel,* I had rather give three hundred pistoles than go to law.

ARG. I don't care for that, and I challenge all the lawyers to say anything against me.

SCA. You will do as you please, but in your place I would avoid a lawsuit.

ARG. I will never give two hundred pistoles.

SCA. Ah! here is our man.

SCENE IX.—ARGANTE, SCAPIN, SILVESTRE, *dressed out as a bravo.*

SIL. Scapin, show me that Argante who is the father of Octave.

SCA. What for, Sir?

SIL. I have just been told that he wants to go to law with me, and to have my sister's marriage annulled.

SCA. I don't know if such is his intention, but he won't consent to give the two hundred pistoles you asked; he says it's too much.

SIL. S'death! s'blood! If I can but find him, I'll make mince-meat of him, were I to be broken alive on the wheel afterwards.

(ARGANTE *hides, trembling, behind* SCAPIN.)

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tude. These *épices* had long been changed into a compulsory payment of money when Molière wrote. In Racine's *Plaideurs*, act ii. scene vii., Petit Jean takes literally the demand of the judge for *épices*, and fetches the pepper-box to satisfy him.

* What would Molière have said if he had been living now!

SCA. Sir, the father of Octave is a brave man, and perhaps he will not be afraid of you.

SIL. Ah! will he not? S'blood! s'death! If he were here, I would in a moment run my sword through his body. (*Seeing* ARGANTE.) Who is that man?

SCA. He's not the man, Sir; he's not the man.

SIL. Is he one of his friends?

SCA. No, Sir; on the contrary, he's his greatest enemy.

SIL. His greatest enemy?

SCA. Yes.

SIL. Ah! zounds! I am delighted at it. (*To* ARGANTE) You are an enemy of that scoundrel Argante, are you?

SCA. Yes, yes; I assure you that it is so.

SIL. (*shaking* ARGANTE'S *hand roughly*). Shake hands, shake hands. I give you my word, I swear upon my honour, by the sword I wear, by all the oaths I can take, that, before the day is over, I shall have delivered you of that rascally knave, of that scoundrel Argante. Trust me.

SCA. But, Sir, violent deeds are not allowed in this country.

SIL. I don't care, and I have nothing to lose.

SCA. He will certainly take his precautions; he has relations, friends, servants, who will take his part against you.

SIL. Blood and thunder! It is all I ask, all I ask. (*Drawing his sword.*) Ah! s'death! ah! s'blood! Why can I not meet him at this very moment, with all these relations and friends of his? If he would only appear before me, surrounded by a score of them! Why do they not fall upon me, arms in hand? (*Standing upon his guard.*) What! you villains! you dare to attack me? Now, s'death! Kill and slay! (*He lunges out on all sides, as if he were fighting many people at once.*) No quarter; lay on. Thrust. Firm. Again. Eye and foot. Ah! knaves! ah! rascals! ah! you shall have a taste of it. I'll give you your fill. Come on, you rabble! come on. That's what you want, you there. You shall have your fill of it, I say. Stick to it, you brutes; stick to it. Now, then, parry; now, then, you. (*Turning towards* ARGANTE *and* SCAPIN.) Parry this; parry. You draw back? Stand firm, man! S'death! What! Never flinch, I say.

SCA. Sir, we have nothing to do with it.
SIL. That will teach you to trifle with me.

SCENE X.—ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

SCA. Well, Sir, you see how many people are killed for two hundred pistoles. Now I wish you a good morning.
ARG. (*all trembling*). Scapin.
SCA. What do you say?
ARG. I will give the two hundred pistoles.
SCA. I am very glad of it, for your sake.
ARG. Let us go to him; I have them with me.
SCA. Better give them to me. You must not, for your honour, appear in this business, now that you have passed for another; and, besides, I should be afraid that he would ask you for more, if he knew who you are.
ARG. True; still I should be glad to see to whom I give my money.
SCA. Do you mistrust me then?
ARG. Oh no; but . . . .
SCA. Zounds! Sir; either I am a thief or an honest man; one or the other. Do you think I would deceive you, and that in all this I have any other interest at heart than yours and that of my master, whom you want to take into your family? If I have not all your confidence, I will have no more to do with all this, and you can look out for somebody else to get you out of the mess.
ARG. Here then.
SCA. No, Sir; do not trust your money to me. I would rather you trusted another with your message.
ARG. Ah me! here, take it.
SCA. No, no, I tell you; do not trust me. Who knows if I do not want to steal your money from you?
ARG. Take it, I tell you, and don't force me to ask you again. However, mind you have an acknowledgment from him.
SCA. Trust me; he hasn't to do with an idiot.
ARG. I will go home and wait for you.
SCA. I shall be sure to go. (*Alone.*) That one's all right, now for the other. Ah! here he is. They are sent one after the other to fall into my net.

SCENE XI.—GÉRONTE, SCAPIN.

SCA. (*affecting not to see* GÉRONTE). O Heaven! O unforeseen misfortune! O unfortunate father! Poor Géronte, what will you do?

GER. (*aside*). What is he saying there with that doleful face?

SCA. Can no one tell me where to find Mr. Géronte?

GER. What is the matter, Scapin?

SCA. (*running about on the stage, and still affecting not to see or hear* GÉRONTE). Where could I meet him, to tell him of this misfortune?

GER. (*stopping* SCAPIN). What is the matter?

SCA. (*as before*). In vain I run everywhere to meet him, I cannot find him.

GER. Here I am.

SCA. (*as before*). He must have hidden himself in some place which nobody can guess.

GER. (*stopping* SCAPIN *again*). Ho! I say, are you blind? Can't you see me?

SCA. Ah! Sir, it is impossible to find you.

GER. I have been near you for the last half-hour. What is it all about?

SCA. Sir . . . .

GER. Well!

SCA. Your son, Sir . . . .

GER. Well! My son . . . .

SCA. Has met with the strangest misfortune you ever heard of.

GER. What is it?

SCA. This afternoon I found him looking very sad about something which you had said to him, and in which you had very improperly mixed my name. While trying to dissipate his sorrow, we went and walked about in the harbour. There, among other things, was to be seen a Turkish galley. A young Turk, with a gentlemanly look about him, invited us to go in, and held out his hand to us. We went in. He was most civil to us; gave us some lunch, with the most excellent fruit and the best wine you have ever seen.

GER. What is there so sad about all this?

SCA. Wait a little; it is coming. Whilst we were eating, the galley left the harbour, and when in the open sea, the Turk made me go down into a boat, and sent me to tell you that unless you sent by me five hundred crowns, he would take your son prisoner to Algiers.

GER. What! five hundred crowns!

SCA. Yes, Sir; and, moreover, he only gave me two hours to find them in.

GER. Ah! the scoundrel of a Turk to murder me in that fashion!

SCA. It is for you, Sir, to see quickly about the means of saving from slavery a son whom you love so tenderly.

GER. What the deuce did he want to go in that galley for?*

SCA. He had no idea of what would happen.

GER. Go, Scapin, go quickly, and tell that Turk that I shall send the police after him.

SCA. The police in the open sea! Are you joking?

GER. What the deuce did he want to go in that galley for?

SCA. A cruel destiny will sometimes lead people.

GER. Listen, Scapin; you must act in this the part of a faithful servant.

SCA. How, Sir?

GER. You must go and tell that Turk that he must send me back my son, and that you will take his place until I have found the sum he asks.

SCA. Ah! Sir; do you know what you are saying? and do you fancy that that Turk will be foolish enough to receive a poor wretch like me in your son's stead?

GER. What the deuce did he want to go in that galley for?

SCA. He could not foresee his misfortune. However, Sir, remember that he has given me only two hours.

GER. You say that he asks . . . .

SCA. Five hundred crowns.

GER. Five hundred crowns! Has he no conscience?

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* *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* This sentence has become established in the language with the meaning, "Whatever business had he there?"

SCA. Ah! ah! Conscience in a Turk!

GER. Does he understand what five hundred crowns are?

SCA. Yes, Sir, he knows that five hundred crowns are one thousand five hundred francs.*

GER. Does the scoundrel think that one thousand five hundred francs are to be found in the gutter?

SCA. Such people will never listen to reason.

GER. But what the deuce did he want to go in that galley for?

SCA. Ah! what a waste of words! Leave the galley alone; remember that time presses, and that you are running the risk of losing your son for ever. Alas! my poor master, perhaps I shall never see you again, and that at this very moment, whilst I am speaking to you, they are taking you away to make a slave of you in Algiers! But Heaven is my witness that I did all I could, and that, if you are not brought back, it is all owing to the want of love of your father.

GER. Wait a minute, Scapin; I will go and fetch that sum of money.

SCA. Be quick, then, for I am afraid of not being in time.

GER. You said four hundred crowns; did you not?

SCA. No, five hundred crowns.

GER. Five hundred crowns!

SCA. Yes.

GER. What the deuce did he want to go in that galley for?

SCA. Quite right, but be quick.

GER. Could he not have chosen another walk?

SCA. It is true; but act promptly.

GER. Cursed galley!

SCA. (*aside*). That galley sticks in his throat.

GER. Here, Scapin; I had forgotten that I have just received this sum in gold, and I had no idea it would so soon be wrenched from me. (*Taking his purse out of his pocket, and making as if he were giving it to* SCAPIN.) But mind you tell that Turk that he is a scoundrel.

SCA. (*holding out his hand*). Yes.

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* The *écu* stands usually for *petit écu*, which equalled three francs. "Crown," employed in a general sense, seems the only translation possible.

GER. (*as above*). An infamous wretch.

SCA. (*still holding out his hand*). Yes.

GER. (*as above*). A man without conscience, a thief.

SCA. Leave that to me.

GER. (*as above*). That . . . .

SCA. All right.

GER. (*as above*). And that, if ever I catch him, he will pay for it.

SCA. Yes.

GER. (*putting back the purse in his pocket*). Go, go quickly, and fetch my son.

SCA. (*running after him*). Hallo! Sir.

GER. Well?

SCA. And the money?

GER. Did I not give it to you?

SCA. No, indeed, you put it back in pour pocket.

GER. Ah! it is grief which troubles my mind.

SCA. So I see.

GER. What the deuce did he want to go in that galley for? Ah! cursed galley! Scoundrel of a Turk! May the devil take you!

SCAPIN (*alone*). He can't get over the five hundred crowns I wrench from him; but he has not yet done with me, and I will make him pay in a different money his imposture about me to his son.

SCENE XII.—OCTAVE, LÉANDRE, SCAPIN.

OCT. Well, Scapin, have your plans been successful?

LEA. Have you done anything towards alleviating my sorrow?

SCA. (*to* OCTAVE). Here are two hundred pistoles I have got from your father.

OCT. Ah! how happy you make me.

SCA. (*to* LÉANDRE). But I could do nothing for you.

LEA. (*going away*). Then I must die, Sir, for I could not live without Zerbinette.

SCA. Hallo! stop, stop; my goodness, how quick you are!

LEA. What can become of me?

SCA. There, there, I have all you want.

LEA. Ah! you bring me back to life again.

SCA. But I give it you only on one condition, which is that you will allow me to revenge myself a little on your father for the trick he has played me.

LEA. You may do as you please.

SCA. You promise it to me before witnesses?

LEA. Yes.

SCA. There, take these five hundred crowns.

LEA. Ah! I will go at once and buy her whom I adore.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ZERBINETTE, HYACINTHA, SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

SIL. Yes; your lovers have decided that you should be together, and we are acting according to their orders.

HYA. (*to* ZERBINETTE). Such an order has nothing in it but what is pleasant to me. I receive such a companion with joy, and it will not be my fault if the friendship which exists between those we love does not exist also between us two.

ZER. I accept the offer, and I am not one to draw back when friendship is asked of me.

SCA. And when it is love that is asked of you?

ZER. Ah! love is a different thing. One runs more risk, and I feel less determined.

SCA. You are determined enough against my master, and yet what he has just done for you ought to give you confidence enough to respond to his love as you should.

ZER. As yet I only half trust him, and what he has just done is not sufficient to reassure me. I am of a happy disposition, and am very fond of fun, it is true. But though I laugh, I am serious about many things; and your master will find himself deceived if he thinks that it is sufficient for him to have bought me, for me to be altogether his. He will have to give something else besides money, and for me to answer to his love as he wishes me, he must give me his word, with an accompaniment of certain little ceremonies which are thought indispensable.

SCA. It is so he understands this matter. He only

wants you as his wife, and I am not a man to have mixed in this business if he had meant anything else.

ZER. I believe it since you say so; but I foresee certain difficulties with the father.

SCA. We shall find a way of settling that.

HYA. (*to* ZERBINETTE). The similarity of our fate ought to strengthen the tie of friendship between us. We are both subject to the same fears, both exposed to the same misfortune.

ZER. You have this advantage at least that you know who your parents are, and that, sure of their help, when you wish to make them known, you can secure your happiness by obtaining a consent to the marriage you have contracted. But I, on the contrary, have no such hope to fall back upon, and the position I am in is little calculated to satisfy the wishes of a father whose whole care is money.

HYA. That is true; but you have this in your favour, that the one you love is under no temptation of contracting another marriage.

ZER. A change in a lover's heart is not what we should fear the most. We may justly rely on our own power to keep the conquest we have made; but what I particularly dread is the power of the fathers; for we cannot expect to see them moved by our merit.

HYA. Alas! Why must the course of true love never run smooth? How sweet it would be to love with no link wanting in those chains which unite two hearts.

SCA. How mistaken you are about this! Security in love forms a very unpleasant calm. Constant happiness becomes wearisome. We want ups and downs in life; and the difficulties which generally beset our path in this world revive us, and increase our sense of pleasure.

ZER. Do tell us, Scapin, all about that stratagem of yours, which, I was told, is so very amusing; and how you managed to get some money out of your old miser. You know that the trouble of telling me something amusing is not lost upon me, and that I well repay those who take that trouble by the pleasure it gives me.

SCA. Silvestre here will do that as well as I. I am nursing in my heart a certain little scheme of revenge which I mean to enjoy thoroughly.

SIL. Why do you recklessly engage in enterprises that may bring you into trouble?

SCA. I delight in dangerous enterprises.

SIL. As I told you already, you would give up the idea you have if you would listen to me.

SCA. I prefer listening to myself.

SIL. Why the deuce do you engage in such a business?

SCA. Why the deuce do you trouble yourself about it?

SIL. It is because I can see that you will without necessity bring a storm of blows upon yourself.

SCA. Ah, well, it will be on my shoulders, and not on yours.

SIL. It is true that you are master of your own shoulders, and at liberty to dispose of them as you please.

SCA. Such dangers never stop me, and I hate those fearful hearts which, by dint of thinking of what may happen, never undertake anything.

ZER. (*to* SCAPIN). But we shall want you.

SCA. Oh, yes! but I shall soon be with you again. It shall never be said that a man has with impunity put me into a position of betraying myself, and of revealing secrets which it were better should not be known.

SCENE II.—GÉRONTE, SCAPIN.

GER. Well! Scapin, and how have we succeeded about my son's mischance?

SCA. Your son is safe, Sir; but you now run the greatest danger imaginable, and I sincerely wish you were safe in your house.

GER. How is that?

SCA. While I am speaking to you, there are people who are looking out for you everywhere.

GER. For me?

SCA. Yes.

GER. But who?

SCA. The brother of that young girl whom Octave has married. He thinks that you are trying to break off that match, because you intend to give to your daughter the place she occupies in the heart of Octave; and he has resolved to wreak his vengeance upon you. All his friends,

men of the sword like himself, are looking out for you, and are seeking you everywhere. I have met with scores here and there, soldiers of his company, who question every one they meet, and occupy in companies all the thoroughfares leading to your house, so that you cannot go home either to the right or the left without falling into their hands.

GER. What can I do, my dear Scapin?

SCA. I am sure I don't know, Sir; it is an unpleasant business. I tremble for you from head to foot and . . . . Wait a moment.

(SCAPIN *goes to see in the back of the stage if there is anybody coming.*)

GER. (*trembling*). Well?

SCA. (*coming back*). No, no; 'tis nothing.

GER. Could you not find out some means of saving me?

SCA. I can indeed think of one, but I should run the risk of a sound beating.

GER. Ah! Scapin, show yourself a devoted servant. Do not forsake me, I pray you.

SCA. I will do what I can. I feel for you a tenderness which renders it impossible for me to leave you without help.

GER. Be sure that I will reward you for it, Scapin, and I promise you this coat of mine when it is a little more worn.

SCA. Wait a minute. I have just thought, at the proper moment, of the very thing to save you. You must get into this sack, and I . . . .

GER. (*thinking he sees somebody*). Ah!

SCA. No, no, no, no; 'tis nobody. As I was saying, you must get in here, and must be very careful not to stir. I will put you on my shoulders, and carry you like a bundle of something or other. I shall thus be able to take you through your enemies, and see you safe into your house. When there, we will barricade the door and send for help.

GER. A very good idea.

SCA. The best possible. You will see. (*Aside*) Ah! you shall pay me for that lie.

GER. What?

SCA. I only say that your enemies will be finely caught. Get in right to the bottom, and, above all things, be careful not to show yourself and not to move, whatever may happen.

GER. You may trust me to keep still.

SCA. Hide yourself; here comes one of the bullies! He is looking for you. (*Altering his voice.*)* "Vat! I shall not hab de pleasure to kill dis Géronte, and one vill not in sharity show me vere is he?" (*To* GÉRONTE, *in his ordinary tone*) Do not stir. "Pardi! I vill find him if he lied in de mittle ob de eart." (*To* GÉRONTE, *in his natural tone*) Do not show yourself. "Ho! you man vid a sack!" Sir! "I vill give thee a pound if thou vilt tell me where dis Géronte is." You are looking for Mr. Géronte? "Yes, dat I am." And on what business, Sir? "For vat pusiness?" Yes. "I vill, pardi! trash him vid one stick to dead." Oh! Sir, people like him are not thrashed with sticks, and he is not a man to be treated so. "Vat! dis fob of a Géronte, dis prute, dis cat." Mr. Géronte, Sir, is neither a fop, a brute, nor a cad; and you ought, if you please, to speak differently. "Vat! you speak so mighty vit me?" I am defending, as I ought, an honourable man who is maligned. "Are you one friend of dis Géronte?" Yes, Sir, I am. "Ah, ah! You are one friend of him, dat is goot luck!" (*Beating the sack several times with the stick.*) "Here is vat I give you for him." (*Calling out as if he received the beating*) Ah! ah! ah! ah! Sir. Ah! ah! Sir, gently! Ah! pray. Ah! ah! ah! "Dere, bear him dat from me. Goot pye." Ah! the wretch. Ah! . . . . ah!

GER. (*looking out*). Ah! Scapin, I can bear it no longer.

SCA. Ah! Sir, I am bruised all over, and my shoulders are as sore as can be.

GER. How! It was on mine he laid his stick.

SCA. I beg your pardon, Sir, it was on my back.

GER. What do you mean? I am sure I felt the blows, and feel them still.

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* All the parts within inverted commas are supposed to be spoken by the man Scapin is personating; the rest by himself.

SCA. No, I tell you; it was only the end of his stick that reached your shoulders.

GER. You should have gone a little farther back, then, to spare me, and . . . .

SCA. (*pushing* GÉRONTE'S *head back into the sack*). Take care, here is another man who looks like a foreigner. "Frient, me run like one Dutchman, and me not fint all de tay dis treatful Géronte." Hide yourself well. "Tell me, you, Sir gentleman, if you please, know you not vere is dis Géronte, vat me look for?" No, Sir, I do not know where Géronte is. "Tell me, trutful, me not vant much vit him. Only to gife him one tosen plows vid a stick, and two or tree runs vid a swort tro' his shest." I assure you, Sir, I do not know where he is. "It seems me I see sometink shake in dat sack." Excuse me, Sir. "I pe shure dere is sometink or oder in dat sack." Not at all, Sir. "Me should like to gife one plow of de swort in dat sack." Ah! Sir, beware, I pray you, of doing so. "Put, show me ten vat to be dere?" Gently, Sir. "Why chently?" You have nothing to do with what I am carrying. "And I, put I vill see." You shall not see. "Ah! vat trifling." It is some clothes of mine. "Show me tem, I tell you." I will not. "You vill not?" No. "I make you feel this shtick upon de sholders." I don't care. "Ah! you vill poast!" (*Striking the sack, and calling out as if he were beaten*) Oh! oh! oh! Oh! Sir. Oh! oh! "Goot-bye, dat is one littel lesson teach you to speak so insolent." Ah! plague the crazy jabberer! Oh!

GER. (*looking out of the sack*). Ah! all my bones are broken.

SCA. Ah! I am dying.

GER. Why the deuce do they strike on my back?

SCA. (*pushing his head back into the bag*). Take care; I see half a dozen soldiers coming together. (*Imitating the voices of several people.*) "Now, we must discover Géronte; let us look everywhere carefully. We must spare no trouble, scour the town, and not forget one single spot. Let us search on all sides. Which way shall we go? Let us go that way. No, this. On the left. On the right. No; yes." (*To* GÉRONTE *in his ordinary voice*) Hide yourself well. "Ah! here is his servant. I say, you rascal,

you must tell us where your master is. Speak. Be quick. At once. Make haste. Now." Ah! gentlemen, one moment. (GÉRONTE *looks quietly out of the bag, and sees* SCAPIN'S *trick.*) "If you do not tell us at once where your master is, we will shower a rain of blows on your back." I had rather suffer anything than tell you where my master is. "Very well, we will cudgel you soundly." Do as you please. "You want to be beaten, then?" I will never betray my master. "Ah! you will have it—there." Oh!

(*As he is going to strike,* GÉRONTE *gets out of the bag, and* SCAPIN *runs away.*)

GER. (*alone*). Ah! infamous wretch! ah! rascal! ah! scoundrel! It is thus that you murder me?

SCENE III.—ZERBINETTE, GÉRONTE.

ZER. (*laughing, without seeing* GÉRONTE). Ah, ah! I must really come and breathe a little.

GER. (*aside, not seeing* ZERBINETTE). Ah! I will make you pay for it.

ZER. (*not seeing* GÉRONTE). Ah, ah, ah, ah! What an amusing story! What a good dupe that old man is!

GER. This is no matter for laughter; and you have no business to laugh at it.

ZER. Why? What do you mean, Sir?

GER. I mean to say that you ought not to laugh at me.

ZER. Laugh at you?

GER. Yes.

ZER. How! Who is thinking of laughing at you?

GER. Why do you come and laugh in my face?

ZER. This has nothing to do with you. I am only laughing with myself at the remembrance of a story which has just been told me. The most amusing story in the world. I don't know if it is because I am interested in the matter, but I never heard anything so absurd as the trick that has just been played by a son to his father to get some money out of him.

GER. By a son to his father to get some money out of him?

ZER. Yes; and if you are at all desirous of hearing how it was done, I will tell you the whole affair. I have a natural longing for imparting to others the funny things I know.

GER. Pray, tell me that story.

ZER. Willingly. I shall not risk much by telling it you, for it is an adventure which is not likely to remain secret long. Fate placed me among one of those bands of people who are called gypsies, and who, tramping from province to province, tell you your fortune, and do many other things besides. When we came to this town, I met a young man, who, on seeing me, fell in love with me. From that moment he followed me everywhere; and, like all young men, he imagined that he had but to speak and things would go on as he liked; but he met with a pride which forced him to think twice. He spoke of his love to the people in whose power I was, and found them ready to give me up for a certain sum of money. But the sad part of the business was that my lover found himself exactly in the same condition as most young men of good family, that is, without any money at all. His father, although rich, is the veriest old skinflint and greatest miser you ever heard of. Wait a moment—what is his name? I don't remember it—can't you help me? Can't you name some one in this town who is known to be the most hard-fisted old miser in the place?

GER. No.

ZER. There is in his name some Ron . . . . Ronte . . . . Or . . . . Oronte . . . . No. Gé . . . . Géronte. Yes, Géronte, that's my miser's name. I have it now; it is the old churl I mean. Well, to come back to our story. Our people wished to leave this town to-day, and my lover would have lost me through his lack of money if, in order to wrench some out of his father, he had not made use of a clever servant he has. As for that servant's name, I remember it very well. His name is Scapin. He is a most wonderful man, and deserves the highest praise.

GER. (*aside*). Ah, the wretch!

ZER. But just listen to the plan he adopted to take in his dupe—ah! ah! ah! ah! I can't think of it without

laughing heartily—ah! ah! ah! He went to that old screw—ah! ah! ah!—and told him that while he was walking about the harbour with his son—ah! ah!—they noticed a Turkish galley; that a young Turk had invited them to come in and see it; that he had given them some lunch—ah! ah!—and that, while they were at table, the galley had gone into the open sea; that the Turk had sent him alone back, with the express order to say to him that, unless he sent him five hundred crowns, he would take his son to be a slave in Algiers—ah, ah, ah! You may imagine our miser, our stingy old curmudgeon, in the greatest anguish, struggling between his love for his son and his love for his money. Those five hundred crowns that are asked of him are five hundred dagger-thrusts—ah! ah! ah! ah! He can't bring his mind to tear out, as it were, this sum from his heart, and his anguish makes him think of the most ridiculous means to find money for his son's ransom—ah! ah! ah! He wants to send the police into the open sea after the Turk's galley—ah! ah! ah! He asks his servant to take the place of his son till he has found the money to pay for him—money he has no intention of giving—ah! ah! ah! He yields up, to make the five hundred crowns, three or four old suits which are not worth thirty—ah! ah! ah! The servant shows him each time how absurd is what he proposes, and each reflection of the old fellow is accompanied by an agonising, "But what the deuce did he want to go in that galley for? Ah! cursed galley. Ah! scoundrel of a Turk!" At last, after many hesitations, after having sighed and groaned for a long time . . . . But it seems to me that my story does not make you laugh; what do you say to it?

GER. What I say? That the young man is a scoundrel—a good-for-nothing fellow—who will be punished by his father for the trick he has played him; that the gypsy girl is a bold, impudent hussy to come and insult a man of honour, who will give her what she deserves for coming here to debauch the sons of good families; and that the servant is an infamous wretch, whom Géronte will take care to have hanged before to-morrow.

SCENE IV.—ZERBINETTE, SILVESTRE.

SIL. Where are you running away to? Do you know that the man you were speaking to is your lover's father?

ZER. I have just begun to suspect that it was so; and I related to him his own story without knowing who he was.

SIL. What do you mean by his story?

ZER. Yes; I was so full of that story that I longed to tell it to somebody. But what does it matter? So much the worse for him. I do not see that things can be made either better or worse.

SIL. You must have been in a great hurry to chatter; and it is indiscretion, indeed, not to keep silent on your own affairs.

ZER. Oh! he would have heard it from somebody else.

SCENE V.—ARGANTE, ZERBINETTE, SILVESTRE.

ARG. (*behind the scenes*). Hullo! Silvestre.

SIL. (*to* ZERBINETTE). Go in there; my master is calling me.

SCENE VI.—ARGANTE, SILVESTRE.

ARG. So you agreed, you rascals; you agreed—Scapin, you, and my son—to cheat me out of my money; and you think that I am going to bear it patiently?

SIL. Upon my word, Sir, if Scapin is deceiving you, it is none of my doing. I assure you that I have nothing whatever to do with it.

ARG. We shall see, you rascal! we shall see; and I am not going to be made a fool of for nothing.

SCENE VII.—GÉRONTE, ARGANTE, SILVESTRE.

GER. Ah! Mr. Argante, you see me in the greatest trouble.

ARG. And I am in the greatest sorrow.

GER. This rascal, Scapin, has got five hundred crowns out of me.

ARG. Yes, and this same rascal, Scapin, two hundred pistoles out of me.

GER. He was not satisfied with getting those five hundred crowns, but treated me besides in a manner I am ashamed to speak of. But he shall pay me for it.

ARG. I shall have him punished for the trick he has played me.

GER. And I mean to make an example of him.

SIL. (*aside*). May Heaven grant that I do not catch my share of all this!

GER. But, Mr. Argante, this is not all; and misfortunes, as you know, never come alone. I was looking forward to the happiness of to-day seeing my daughter, who was everything to me; and I have just heard that she left Tarentum a long while since; and there is every reason to suppose that the ship was wrecked, and that she is lost to me for ever.

ARG. But why did you keep her in Tarentum, instead of enjoying the happiness of having her with you?

GER. I had my reasons for it; some family interests forced me till now to keep my second marriage secret. But what do I see?

SCENE VIII.—ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, NÉRINE, SILVESTRE.

GER. What! you here, Nérine?

NER. (*on her knees before* GÉRONTE). Ah! Mr. Pandolphe, how . . . .

GER. Call me Géronte, and do not use the other name any more. The reasons which forced me to take it at Tarentum exist no longer.

NER. Alas! what sorrow that change of name has caused us; what troubles and difficulties in trying to find you out!

GER. And where are my daughter and her mother?

NER. Your daughter, Sir, is not far from here; but before I go to fetch her, I must ask you to forgive me for having married her, because of the forsaken state we found ourselves in, when we had no longer any hope of meeting you.

GER. My daughter is married?

NER. Yes, Sir.

GER. And to whom?

NER. To a young man, called Octave, the son of a certain Mr. Argante.

GER. O Heaven!

ARG. What an extraordinary coincidence.

GER. Take us quickly where she is.

NER. You have but to come into this house.

GER. Go in first; follow me, follow me, Mr. Argante.

SIL. (*alone*). Well, this is a strange affair.

SCENE IX.—SCAPIN, SILVESTRE.

SCA. Well, Silvestre, what are our people doing?

SIL. I have two things to tell you. One is that Octave is all right; our Hyacintha is, it seems, the daughter of Géronte, and chance has brought to pass what the wisdom of the fathers had decided. The other, that the old men threaten you with the greatest punishments—particularly Mr. Géronte.

SCA. Oh, that's nothing. Threats have never done me any harm as yet; they are but clouds which pass away far above our heads.

SIL. You had better take care. The sons may get reconciled to their fathers, and leave you in the lurch.

SCA. Leave that to me. I shall find the means of soothing their anger, and . . . .

SIL. Go away; I see them coming.

SCENE X.—GÉRONTE, ARGANTE, HYACINTHA, ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE, SILVESTRE.

GER. Come, my daughter; come to my house. My happiness would be perfect if your mother had been with you.

ARG. Here is Octave coming just at the right time.

SCENE XI.—ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, OCTAVE, HYACINTHA, ZERBINETEE, NÉRINE, SILVESTRE.

ARG. Come, my son, come and rejoice with us about the happiness of your marriage. Heaven . . . .

OCT. No, father, all your proposals for marriage are

useless. I must be open with you, and you have been told how I am engaged.

ARG. Yes; but what you do not know . . . .

OCT. I know all I care to know.

ARG. I mean to say that the daughter of Mr. Géronte . . . .

OCT. The daughter of Mr. Géronte will never be anything to me.

GER. It is she who . . . .

OCT. (*to* GÉRONTE). You need not go on, Sir; I hope you will forgive me, but I shall abide by my resolution.

SIL. (*to* OCTAVE). Listen . . . .

OCT. Be silent; I will listen to nothing.

ARG. (*to* OCTAVE). Your wife . . . .

OCT. No, father, I would rather die than lose my dear Hyacintha (*crossing the theatre, and placing himself by* HYACINTHA). Yes, all you would do is useless; this is the one to whom my heart is engaged. I will have no other wife.

ARG. Well! she it is whom we give you. What a madcap you are never to listen to anything but your own foolish whim.

HYA. (*showing* GÉRONTE). Yes, Octave, this is my father whom I have found again, and all our troubles are over.

GER. Let us go home; we shall talk more comfortably at home.

HYA. (*showing* ZERBINETTE). Ah! father, I beg of you the favour not to part me from this charming young lady. She has noble qualities, which will be sure to make you like her when you know her.

GER. What! do you wish me to take to my house a girl with whom your brother is in love, and who told me to my face so many insulting things?

ZER. Pray forgive me, Sir; I should not have spoken in that way if I had known who you were, and I only knew you by reputation.

GER. By reputation; what do you mean?

HYA. Father, I can answer for it that she is most virtuous, and that the love my brother has for her is pure.

GER. It is all very well. You would try now to persuade me to marry my son to her, a stranger, a street-girl!

SCENE XII.—ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, OCTAVE, HYACINTHA, ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE, SILVESTRE.

LEA. My father, you must no longer say that I love a stranger without birth or wealth. Those from whom I bought her have just told me that she belongs to an honest family in this town. They stole her away when she was four years old, and here is a bracelet which they gave me, and which will help me to discover her family.

ARG. Ah! To judge by this bracelet, this is my daughter whom I lost when she was four years old.

GER. Your daughter?

ARG. Yes, I see she is my daughter. I know all her features again. My dear child!

GER. Oh! what wonderful events!

SCENE XIII.—ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, OCTAVE, HYACINTHA, ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE, SILVESTRE, CARLE.

CAR. Ah! gentlemen, a most sad accident has just taken place.

GER. What is it?

CAR. Poor Scapin . . . .

GER. Is a rascal whom I shall see hanged.

CAR. Alas! Sir, you will not have that trouble. As he was passing near a building, a bricklayer's hammer fell on his head and broke his skull, leaving his brain exposed. He is dying, and he has asked to be brought in here to speak to you before he dies.

SCENE XIV.—ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, OCTAVE, HYACINTHA, ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE, SILVESTRE, CARLE, SCAPIN.

SCA. (*brought in by some men, his head wrapped up, as if he were wounded*). Oh, oh! gentlemen, you see me . . . . Oh! You see me in a sad state. Oh! . . . . I would not die without coming to ask forgiveness of all those I may have offended. Oh! Yes, gentlemen, before I give up the ghost, I beseech you to forgive me all I have done amiss, and particularly Mr. Argante and Mr. Géronte. Oh!

ARG. I forgive you; die in peace, Scapin.

SCA. (*to* GÉRONTE). It is you, Sir, I have offended the most, because of the beating with the cudgel which I . . .

GER. Leave that alone.

SCA. I feel in dying an inconceivable grief for the beating which I . . . .

GER. Ah me! be silent.

SCA. That unfortunate beating that I gave . . . .

GER. Be silent, I tell you; I forgive you everything.

SCA. Alas! how good you are. But is it really with all your heart that you forgive me the beating which I . . .?

GER. Yes, yes; don't mention it. I forgive you everything. You are punished.

SCA. Ah! Sir, how much better I feel for your kind words.

GER. Yes, I forgive you; but on one condition, that you die.

SCA. How! Sir?

GER. I retract my words if you recover.

SCA. Oh! oh! all my pains are coming back.

ARG. Mr. Géronte, let us forgive him without any condition, for we are all so happy.

GER. Well, be it so.

ARG. Let us go to supper, and talk of our happiness.

SCA. And you, take me to the end of the table; it is there I will await death.

THE

COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS.

(LA COMTESSE D'ESCARBAGNAS.)

'La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas' was acted before the Court at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, on December 2, 1671, and in the theatre of the Palais Royal on July 8, 1672. It was never printed during Molière's lifetime, but for the first time only in 1682. It gives us a good picture of the provincial thoughts, manners, and habits of those days.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE COUNT, *son to the* COUNTESS.

THE VISCOUNT, *in love with* JULIA.

MR. THIBAUDIER, *councillor, in love with the* COUNTESS.

MR. HARPIN, *receiver of taxes, also in love with the* COUNTESS.

MR. BOBINET, *tutor to the* COUNT.

JEANNOT, *servant to* MR. THIBAUDIER.

CRIQUET, *servant to the* COUNTESS.

THE COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS.

JULIA, *in love with the* VISCOUNT.

ANDRÉE, *maid to the* COUNTESS.

The scene is at Angoulême.

THE COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS.

Scene I.—Julia, the Viscount.

Visc. What! you are here already?

Ju. Yes: and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cléante; it is not right for a lover to be the last to come to the rendezvous.

Visc. I should have been here long ago if there were no importunate people in the world. I was stopped on my way by an old bore of rank, who asked me news of the court, merely to be able himself to detail to me the most absurd things that can well be imagined about it. You know that those great newsmongers are the curse of provincial towns, and that they have no greater anxiety than to spread everywhere abroad all the tittle-tattle they pick up. This one showed me, to begin with, two large sheets of paper full to the very brim with the greatest imaginable amount of rubbish, which, he says, comes from the safest quarters. Then, as if it were a wonderful thing, he read full length and with great mystery all the stupid jokes in the Dutch Gazette,* which he takes for gospel. He thinks that France is being brought to ruin by the pen of that writer, whose fine wit, according to him, is sufficient to defeat armies. After that he raved about the ministry, spoke of all its faults, and I thought he would never have done. If one is to believe him, he knows the secrets of the cabinet better than those who compose it.

* After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1668, this newspaper never ceased to attack Louis XIV. and the French nation. In 1672 Louis XIV. attempted the conquest of Holland.

The policy of the state is an open book to him, and no step is taken without his seeing through it. He shows you the secret machinations of all that takes place, whither the wisdom of our neighbours tends, and controls at his will and pleasure all the affairs of Europe. His knowledge of what goes on extends as far as Africa and Asia, and he is informed of all that is discussed in the privy council of Prester John* and the Great Mogul.

JU. You make the best excuse you can, and so arrange it that it may pass off well and be easily received.

VISC. I assure you, dear Julia, that this is the real reason of my being late. But if I wanted to say anything gallant, I could tell you that the rendezvous to which you bring me here might well excuse the sluggishness of which you complain. To compel me to pay my addresses to the lady of this house is certainly reason enough for me to fear being here the first. I ought not to have to bear the misery of it, except when she whom it amuses is present. I avoid finding myself alone with that ridiculous countess with whom you shackle me. In short, as I come only for your sake, I have every reason to stay away until you are here.

JU. Oh! you will never lack the power of giving a bright colour to your faults. However, if you had come half an hour sooner, we should have enjoyed those few moments. For when I came, I found that the countess was out, and I have no doubt that she is gone all over the town to claim for herself the honour of the comedy you gave me under her name.

VISC. But, pray, when will you put an end to this, and make me buy less dearly the happiness of seeing you?

JU. When our parents agree, which I scarcely dare hope for. You know as well as I do that the dissensions which exist between our two families deprive us of the possibility of seeing each other anywhere else, and that neither my brothers nor my father are likely to approve of our engagement.

VISC. Yes; but why not profit better by the oppor-

* The name given in the middle ages to a supposed Christian sovereign and priest (presbyter) in the interior of Asia.

tunity which their enmity gives us, and why oblige me to waste under a ridiculous deception, the moments I pass near you?

Ju. It is the better to hide our love; and, besides, to tell you the truth, this deception you speak of is to me a very amusing comedy, and I hardly think that the one you give me to-day will amuse me as much. Our Countess of Escarbagnas, with her perpetual infatuation for "quality," is as good a personage as can be put on the stage. The short journey she has made to Paris has brought her back to Angoulême more crazy than ever. The air of the court has given a new charm to her extravagance, and her folly grows and increases every day.

Visc. Yes; but you do not take into consideration that what amuses you drives me to despair; and that one cannot dissimulate long when one is under the sway of love as true as that which I feel for you. It is cruel to think, dear Julia, that this amusement of yours should deprive me of the few moments during which I could speak to you of my love, and last night I wrote on the subject some verses that I cannot help repeating to you, so true is it that the mania of reciting one's verses is inseparable from the title of a poet:

"Iris, too long thou keepst on torture's rack
One who obeys thy laws, yet whisp'ring chides
In that thou bidst me boast a joy I lack,
And hush the sorrow that my bosom hides.

Must thy dear eyes, to which I yield my arms,
From my sad sighs draw wanton pleasure still?
Is't not enough to suffer for thy charms
That I must grieve at thy capricious will?

This double martyrdom a pain affords
Too keen to bear at once; thy deeds, thy words,
Work on my wasting heart a cruel doom.

Love bids it burn; constraint its life doth chill.
If pity soften not thy wayward will,
Love, feigned and real, will lead me to the tomb."

Ju. I see that you make yourself out much more ill-

used than you need; but it is the way with you poets to tell falsehoods in cold blood, and to pretend that those you love are much more cruel than they are, in order to make them correspond to the fancies you may take into your heads. Yet, I should like you, if you will, to give me those verses in writing.

VISC. No, it is enough that I have repeated them to you, and I ought to stop there. A man may be foolish enough to make verses, but that is different from giving them to others.

JU. It is in vain for you to affect a false modesty; your wit is well known, and I do not see why you should hide what you write.

VISC. Ah! we must tread here with the greatest circumspection. It is a dangerous thing to set up for a wit. There is inherent to it a certain touch of absurdity which is catching, and we should be warned by the example of some of our friends.

JU. Nonsense, Cléante; I see that, in spite of all you say, you are longing to give me your verses; and I feel sure that you would be very unhappy if I pretended not to care for them.

VISC. I unhappy? Oh! dear no, I am not so much of a poet for you to think that I . . . . but here is the Countess of Escarbagnas; I'll go by this door, so as not to meet her, and will see that everything is got ready for the play I have promised you.

SCENE II.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA; ANDRÉE *and* CRIQUET *in the background.*

COUN. What, Madam, are you alone? Ah! what a shame! All alone! I thought my people had told me that the Viscount was here.

JU. It is true that he came, but it was sufficient for him to know that you were not at home; he would not stop after that.

COUN. What! did he see you?

JU. Yes.

COUN. And did he not stop to talk with you?

JU. No, Madam; he wished to show you how very much he is struck by your charms.

COUN. Still, I shall call him to account for that. However much any one may be in love with me, I wish them to pay to our sex the homage that is due to it. I am not one of those unjust women who approve of the rudeness their lovers display towards other fair ones.

JU. You must in no way be surprised at his conduct. The love he has for you shows itself in all his actions, and prevents him from caring for anybody but you.

COUN. I know that I can give rise to a strong passion; I have for that enough of beauty, youth, and rank, thank Heaven; but it is no reason why those who love me should not keep within the bounds of propriety towards others. (*Seeing* CRIQUET.) What are you doing there, little page? Is there not an ante-room for you to be in until you are called? It is a strange thing that in the provinces we cannot meet with a servant who knows his place! To whom do you think I am speaking? Why do you not move? Will you go outside, little knave that you are!

SCENE III.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE.

COUN. Come hither, girl.

AND. What do you wish me to do, Ma'am?

COUN. To take off my head-dress. Gently, you awkward girl; how roughly you touch my head with your heavy hands!

AND. I do it as gently as I can, Ma'am.

COUN. No doubt; but what you call gently is very rough treatment for my head. You have almost put my neck out of joint. Now, take also this muff; go and put it with the rest into the closet; don't leave anything about. Well! where is she going to now? What is the stupid girl doing?

AND. I am going to take this into the closet, as you told me, Ma'am.

COUN. Ah! heavens! (*To* JULIA) Pray, excuse her rudeness, Madam. (*To* ANDRÉE) I told you my closet, great ass; that is the place where I keep my dresses.

AND. Please, Ma'am, is a cupboard called a closet at court?

COUN. Yes, dunce; it is thus that a place where clothes are kept is called.

AND. I will remember it, Ma'am, as well as the word furniture warehouse for your attic.

SCENE IV.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUN. What trouble it gives me to have to teach such simpletons.

JU. I think them very fortunate to be under your discipline, Madam.

COUN. She is my nurse's daughter, whom I have made lady's-maid; the post is quite new to her, as yet.

JU. It shows a generous soul, Madam, and it is glorious thus to form people.

COUN. Come, some seats, I say! Here, little page! little page! little page-boy! Truly, this is too bad not to have a page to give us chairs! My maids! my page! my page! my maids! Ho! somebody! I really think that they must be all dead, and that we shall have to find seats for ourselves.

SCENE V.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE.

AND. What is it you want, Ma'am?

COUN. You do make people scream after you, you servants!

AND. I was putting your muff and head-dress away in the cup . . . . in the closet, I mean.

COUN. Call in that rascal of a page.

AND. I say, Criquet!

COUN. Cease that "Criquet" of yours, stupid, and call out "Page."

AND. Page then, and not Criquet, come and speak to missis. I think he must be deaf. Criq . . . . Page! page

SCENE VI.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET.

CRI. What is it you want?

COUN. Where were you, you rascal?

CRI. In the street, Ma'am.

COUN. Why in the street?

CRI. You told me to go outside.

COUN. You are a rude little fellow, and you ought to know that outside among people of quality, means the ante-room. Andrée, mind you ask my equerry to flog this little rogue. He is an incorrigible little wretch.

AND. Whom do you mean by your equerry, Ma'am? Is it Mr. Charles you call by that name?

COUN. Be silent, impertinent girl! You can hardly open your mouth without making some rude remark. (*To* CRIQUET) Quick, some seats; (*to* ANDRÉE) and you, light two wax candles in my silver candlesticks; it is getting late. What is it now? why do you look so scared?

AND. Ma'am . . . .

COUN. Well—Ma'am—what is the matter?

AND. It is that . . . .

COUN. What?

AND. I have no wax candles, but only dips.

COUN. The simpleton! And where are the wax candles I bought a few days ago?

AND. I have seen none since I have been here.

COUN. Get out from my presence, rude girl. I will send you back to your home again. Bring me a glass of water.

SCENE VII.—THE COUNTESS *and* JULIA (*making much ceremony before they sit down*).

COUN. Madam!

JU. Madam!

COUN. Ah! Madam!

JU. Ah! Madam!

COUN. Madam, I beg of you!

JU. Madam, I beg of you!

COUN. Oh! Madam!

JU. Oh! Madam!

COUN. Pray, Madam!

JU. Pray, Madam!

COUN. Now really, Madam!

JU. Now really, Madam!

COUN. I am in my own house, Madam! We are agreed as to that. Do you take me for a provincial, Madam?

JU. Oh! Heaven forbid, Madam!

SCENE VIII.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE (*who brings a glass of water*), CRIQUET.

COUN. (*to* ANDRÉE). Get along with you, you hussy. I drink with a salver. I tell you that you must go and fetch me a salver.

AND. Criquet, what's a salver?

CRI. A salver?

AND. Yes.

CRI. I don't know.

COUN. (*to* ANDRÉE). Will you move, or will you not?

AND. We don't either of us know what a salver is.

COUN. Know, then, that it is a plate on which you put the glass.

SCENE IX.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUN. Long live Paris! It is only there that one is well waited upon; there a glance is enough.

SCENE X.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE (*who brings a glass of water, with a plate on the top of it*), CRIQUET.

COUN. Is that what I asked you for, dunderhead? It is under that you must put the plate.

AND. That is easy to do. (*She breaks the glass in trying to put it on the plate.*)

COUN. You stupid girl! You shall really pay for the glass; you shall, I promise you!

AND. Very well, Ma'am, I will pay you for it.

COUN. But did you ever see such an awkward loutish girl? such a . . . .

AND. I say, Ma'am, if I am to pay for the glass, I won't be scolded into the bargain.

COUN. Get out of my sight.

SCENE XI.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUN. Really, Madam, small towns are strange places. In them there is no respect of persons, and I have just been making a few calls at houses where they drove me almost to despair: so little regard did they pay to my rank.

JU. Where could you expect them to have learnt manners? They have never been to Paris.

COUN. Still, they might learn, if they would only listen to one; but what I think too bad is that they will persist in saying that they know as much as I do—I who have spent two months in Paris, and have seen the whole court.

JU. What absurd people!

COUN. They are unbearable in the impertinent equality with which they treat people. For, in short, there ought to be a certain subordination in things; and what puts me out of all patience is that a town upstart, whether with two days' gentility to boast of or with two hundred years', should have impudence enough to say that he is as much of a gentleman as my late husband, who lived in the country, kept a pack of hounds, and took the title of Count in all the deeds that he signed.

JU. They know better how to live in Paris, in those large hotels you must remember with such pleasure! That Hotel of Mouchy, Madam; that Hotel of Lyons, that Hotel of Holland, what charming places to live in!*

COUN. It is true that those places are very different from what we have here. You see there people of quality who do not hesitate to show you all the respect and consideration which you look for. One is not under the obligation of rising from one's seat, and if one wants to see a review or the great ballet of Psyche, your wishes are at once attended to.

JU. I should think, Madam, that during your stay in Paris you made many a conquest among the people of quality.

COUN. You can readily believe, Madam, that of all the famous court gallants not one failed to come to my door and pay his respects to me. I keep in my casket some of the letters sent me, and can prove by them what offers I have refused. There is no need for me to tell you their names; you know what is meant by court gallants.

JU. I wonder, Madam, how, after all those great names, which I can easily guess, you can descend to Mr. Thibaudier, a councillor, and Mr. Harpin, a collector of taxes.

* Instead of naming the hotels (=mansions) of the great noblemen, Julia names the hotels (=inns) of the time. She thus shows where the countess had studied the aristocracy.

The fall is great, I must say. For your viscount, although nothing but a country viscount, is still a viscount, and can take a journey to Paris if he has not been there already. But a councillor and a tax-gatherer are but poor lovers for a great countess like you.

COUN. They are men whom one treats kindly in the country, in order to make use of when the need arises. They serve to fill up the gaps of gallantry, and to swell the ranks of one's lovers. It is a good thing not to leave a lover the sole master of one's heart, lest, for want of rivals, his love go to sleep through over-confidence.

JU. I confess, Madam, that no one can help profiting wonderfully by all you say. Your conversation is a school, to which I do not fail to come every day in order to learn something new.

SCENE XII.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET.

CRI. (*to the* COUNTESS). Here is Jeannot, Mr. Thibaudier's man, who wants to see you, Ma'am.

COUN. Ah! you little wretch, this is another of your stupidities. A well-bred lackey would have spoken in a whisper to the gentlewoman in attendance; the latter would have come to her mistress and have whispered in her ear: "Here is the footman of Mr. So-and-so, who wants to speak to you, Madam." To which the mistress would have answered, "Show him in."

SCENE XIII.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

CRI. Come along in, Jeannot.

COUN. Another blunder. (*To* JEANNOT) What do you want, page? What have you there?

JEAN. It is Mr. Thibaudier, Ma'am, who wishes you good morning, and, before he comes, sends you some pears out of his garden, with this small note.

SCENE XIV.—THE COUNTESS, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

COUN. (*giving some money to* JEANNOT). Here, my boy; here is something for your trouble.

JEAN. Oh no, thank you, Ma'am.

COUN. Take it, I say.

JEAN. My master told me not take anything from you Ma'am.

COUN. Never mind, take it all the same.

JEAN. Excuse me, Ma'am.

CRI. Take it, Jeannot. If you don't want it, you can give it me.

COUN. Tell your master that I thank him.

CRI. (*to* JEANNOT, *who is going*). Give it to me, Jeannot.

JEA. Yes, you catch me.

CRI. It was I who made you take it.

JEA. I should have taken it without your help.

COUN. What pleases me in this Mr. Thibaudier is that he knows how to behave with people of my quality, and that he is very respectful.

SCENE XV.—THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET.

VISC. I come to tell you, Madam, that the theatricals will soon be ready, and that we can go into the hall in a quarter of an hour.

COUN. Mind, I will have no crowd after me. (*To* CRIQUET) Tell the porter not to let anybody come in.

VISC. If so, Madam, I give up our theatricals. I could take no interest in them unless the spectators are numerous. Believe me, if you want to enjoy it thoroughly, tell your people to let the whole town in.

COUN. Page, a seat. (*To the* VISCOUNT, *after he is seated*) You have come just in time to accept a self-sacrifice I am willing to make to you. Look, I have here a note from Mr. Thibaudier, who sends me some pears. I give you leave to read it aloud; I have not opened it yet.

VISC. (*after he has read the note to himself*). This note is written in the most fashionable style, Madam, and is worthy of all your attention. (*Reads aloud*) "Madam, I could not have made you the present I send you if my garden did not bring me more fruit than my love . . . ."

COUN. You see clearly by this that nothing has taken place between us.

VISC. "The pears are not quite ripe yet, but they will all the better match the hardness of your heart, the continued disdain of which promises me nothing soft and sweet. Allow me, Madam, without risking an enumeration of your charms, which would be endless, to conclude with begging you to consider that I am as good a Christian as the pears which I send you,* for I render good for evil; which is to say, to explain myself more plainly, that I present you with good Christian pears in return for the choke-pears which your cruelty makes me swallow every day. "Your unworthy slave,

"THIBAUDIER."

Madam, this letter is worth keeping.

COUN. There may be a few words in it that are not of the Academy, but I observe in it a certain respect which pleases me greatly.

JU. You are right, Madam, and even if the viscount were to take it amiss, I should love a man who would write so to me.

SCENE XVI.—MR. THIBAUDIER, THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET.

COUN. Come here, Mr. Thibaudier; do not be afraid of coming in. Your note was well received, and so were your pears; and there is a lady here who takes your part against your rival.

THI. I am much obliged to her, Madam, and if ever she has a lawsuit in our court, she may be sure that I shall not forget the honour she does me in making herself the advocate of my flame near your beauty.

JU. You have no need of an advocate, Sir, and your cause has justice on its side.

THI. This, nevertheless,† Madam, the right has need of help, and I have reason to apprehend the being supplanted by such a rival, and the beguiling of the lady by the rank of the viscount.

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* They were pears "de bon chrétien." "Choke pears" renders rather weakly the *poires d'angoisse* of Mr. Thibaudier.

† *Ce, néanmoins*, &c.

VISC. I had hopes before your note came, Sir, but now, I confess fears for my love.

THI. Here are likewise a few little couplets which I have composed to your honour and glory, Madam.

VISC. Ah! I had no idea that Mr. Thibaudier was a poet; these few little couplets will be my ruin.

COUN. He means two strophes. (*To* CRIQUET) Page, give a seat to Mr. Thibaudier. (*Aside to* CRIQUET, *who brings a chair*) A folding-chair,* little animal! Mr. Thibaudier, sit down there, and read your strophes to us.

THI. (*reads*).

"A person of quality
Is my fair dame;
She has got beauty,
Fierce is my flame;
Yet I must blame
Her pride and cruelty."

VISC. I am lost after that.

COUN. The first line is excellent: "A person of quality."

JU. I think it is a little too long; but a liberty may be taken to express a noble thought.

COUN. (*to* MR. THIBAUDIER). Let us have the other.

THI. (*reads*).

"I know not if you doubt that my love be sincere,
Yet this I know, that my heart every moment
Longs to leave its sorry apartment
To visit yours, with fond respect and fear.
After all this, having my love in hand,
And my honour, of superfine brand,
You ought, in turn, I say,
Content to be a countess gay,
To cast that tigress' skin away,
Which hides your charms both night and day."

VISC. I am undone by Mr. Thibaudier.

COUN. Do not make fun of it; for the verses are good although they are country verses.

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* Compare 'Tartuffe,' act ii. scene iii.; vol. ii. p. 302.

Visc. I, Madam, make fun of it! Though he is my rival, I think his verses admirable. I do not call them, like you, two strophes merely; but two epigrams, as good as any of Martial's.

Coun. What! Does Martial make verses? I thought he only made gloves.

Thi. It is not that Martial, Madam, but an author who lived thirty or forty years ago.*

Visc. Mr. Thibaudier has read the authors, as you see. But, Madam, we shall see if my comedy, with its interludes and dances, will counteract in your mind the progress which the two strophes have made.

Coun. My son the count must be one of the spectators, for he came this morning from my country-seat, with his tutor, whom I see here.

Scene XVII.—The Countess, Julia, the Viscount, Mr. Thibaudier, Mr. Bobinet, Criquet.

Coun. Mr. Bobinet, I say, Mr. Bobinet, come forward.

Bob. I give the good evening to all this honourable company. What does Madam the Countess of Escarbagnas want of her humble servant Bobinet?

Coun. At what time, Mr. Bobinet, did you leave Escarbagnas with the Count my son?

Bob. At a quarter to nine, my lady, according to your orders.

Coun. How are my two other sons, the Marquis and the Commander?

Bob. They are, Heaven be thanked, in perfect health.

Coun. Where is the Count?

Bob. In your beautiful room, with a recess in it, Madam.

Coun. What is he doing, Mr. Bobinet?

Bob. Madam, he is composing an essay upon one of the epistles of Cicero, which I have just given him as a subject.

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* The Martial who *did not write verses*, sold perfumery, and was valet-de-chambre to the king's brother. Martial, the Roman epigrammatist, lived in the first century after Christ.

COUN. Call him in, Mr. Bobinet.

BOB. Be it according to your command, Madam. (*Exit*)

SCENE XVIII.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, MR. THIBAUDIER.

THI. (*to the* COUNTESS). That Mr. Bobinet, Madam, looks very wise, and I think that he is a man of *esprit*.

SCENE XIX.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNT, MR. BOBINET, MR. THIBAUDIER.

BOB. Come, my Lord, show what progress you make under the good precepts that are given you. Bow to the honourable company.

COUN. (*showing* JULIA). Come, Count, salute this lady; bow low to the viscount; salute the councillor.

THI. I am delighted, Madam, that you should grant me the favour of embracing his lordship. One cannot love the trunk without loving the branches.

COUN. Goodness gracious, Mr. Thibaudier, what a comparison to use!

JU. Really, Madam, his lordship the count has perfect manners.

VISC. This is a young gentleman who is thriving well.

JU. Who could have believed that your ladyship had so big a child.

COUN. Alas! when he was born, I was so young that I still played with dolls.

JU. He is your brother and not your son.

COUN. Be very careful of his education, Mr. Bobinet.

BOB. I shall never, Madam, neglect anything towards the cultivation of the young plant which your goodness has entrusted to my care, and I will try to inculcate in him the seeds of all the virtues.

COUN. Mr. Bobinet, just make him recite some choice piece from what you teach him.

BOB. Will your lordship repeat your lesson of yesterday morning?

COUNT. *Omne viro soli quod convenit esto virile,*
Omne viri . . . .

COUN. Fie! Mr. Bobinet; what silly stuff is that you teach him?

BOB. It is Latin, Madam, and the first rule of Jean Despautère.*

COUN. Truly, that Jean Despautère is an impudent fellow, and I beg you to teach my son more honest Latin than this is in future.

BOB. If you will allow him to say it all through, Madam, the gloss will explain the meaning.

COUN. There is no need; it explains itself sufficiently.

SCENE XX.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, MR THIBAUDIER, THE COUNT, MR. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

CRI. The actors send me to tell you that they are ready.

COUN. Let us take our seats. (*Showing* JULIA.) Mr. Thibaudier, take this lady under your care.

CRIQUET *places all the chairs on one side of the stage. The* COUNTESS, JULIA, *and the* VISCOUNT *sit down, and* MR. THIBAUDIER *sits down at the* COUNTESS'S *feet.*

VISC. It is important for you to observe that this comedy was made only to unite the different pieces of music and dancing which compose the entertainment, and that . . . .

COUN. Ah! never mind, let us see it; we have enough good sense to understand things.

VISC. Begin then at once, and see that no troublesome intruder comes to disturb our pleasure.

(*The violins begin an overture.*)

SCENE XXI.—THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNT, MR. HARPIN, MR. THIBAUDIER, MR. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

HAR. By George! This is fine, and I rejoice to see what I see.

COUN. How! Mr. Receiver, what do you mean by this

* Compare vol. ii. p. 205.

behaviour? Is it right to come and interrupt a comedy in that fashion?

HAR. By Jove, Madam, I am delighted at this adventure, and it shows me what I ought to think of you, and what I ought to believe of the assurances you gave me of the gift of your heart, and likewise of all your oaths of fidelity.

COUN. But, really, one should not come thus in the middle of a play and disturb an actor who is speaking.

HAR. Hah! zounds, the real comedy here is the one you are playing, and I care little if I disturb you.

COUN. Really, you do not know what you are saying.

HAR. Yes, d—— it, I know perfectly well; and . . . .

MR. BOBINET, *frightened, takes up the* COUNT, *and runs away;* CRIQUET *follows him.*

COUN. Fie, Sir! How wrong it is to swear in that fashion!

HAR. Ah! 'sdeath! If there is anything bad here, it is not my swearing, but your actions; and it would be much better for you to swear by heaven and hell than to do what you do with the viscount.

VISC. I don't know, Sir, of what you have to complain; and if . . . .

HAR. (*to the* VISCOUNT). I have nothing to say to you, Sir; you do right to push your fortune; that is quite natural; I see nothing strange in it, and I beg your pardon for interrupting your play. But neither can you find it strange that I complain of her proceedings; and we both have a right to do what we are doing.

VISC. I have nothing to say to that, and I do not know what cause of complaint you can have against her ladyship the Countess of Escarbagnas.

COUN. When one suffers from jealousy, one does not give way to such outbursts, but one comes peaceably to complain to the person beloved.

HAR. I complain peaceably!

COUN. Yes; one does not come and shout on the stage what should be said in private.

HAR. I came purposely to complain on the stage. 'Sdeath! it is the place that suits me best, and I should be

glad if this were a real theatre so that I might expose you more publicly.

COUN. Is there need for such an uproar because the viscount gives a play in my honour? Just look at Mr. Thibaudier, who loves me; he acts more respectfully than you do.

HAR. Mr. Thibaudier does as he pleases; I don't know how far Mr. Thibaudier has got with you, but Mr. Thibaudier is no example for me. I don't like to pay the piper for other people to dance.

COUN. But, Mr. Receiver, you don't consider what you are saying. Women of rank are not treated thus, and those who hear you might believe that something strange had taken place between us.

HAR. Confound it all, Madam; let us cast aside all this foolery.

COUN. What do you mean by foolery?

HAR. I mean that I do not think it strange that you should yield to the viscount's merit; you are not the first woman in the world who plays such a part, and who has a receiver of taxes of whom the love and purse are betrayed for the first new comer who takes her fancy. But do not think it extraordinary that I do not care to be the dupe of an infidelity so common to coquettes of the period, and that I come before good company to say that I break with you, and that I, the receiver of taxes, will no more be taxed on your account.

COUN. It is really wonderful how angry lovers have become the fashion! We see nothing else anywhere. Come, come, Mr. Receiver, cast aside your anger, and come and take a seat to see the play.

HAR. I sit down? s'death! not I! (*Showing* MR. THIBAUDIER.) Look for a fool at your feet, my lady Countess; I give you up to my lord the viscount, and it is to him that I will send the letters I have received from you. My scene is ended, my part is played. Good night to all!

THI. We shall meet somewhere else, and I will show you that I am a man of the sword as well as of the pen.

HAR. Right, my good Mr. Thibaudier. (*Exit.*)

COUN. Such insolence confounds me!

VISC. The jealous, Madam, are like those who lose their

cause; they have leave to say anything. Let us listen to the play now.

SCENE XXII.—THE COUNTESS, THE VISCOUNT, JULIA, MR. THIBAUDIER, JEANNOT.

JEAN. (*to the* VISCOUNT). Sir, here is a note which I have been asked to give to you immediately.

VISC. (*reads*). "As you may have some measures to take, I send you notice at once that the quarrel between your family and that of Julia's has just been settled, and that the condition of this agreement is your marriage with Julia. Good night!" (*To* JULIA) Truly, Madam, our part is also played.

The VISCOUNT, *the* COUNTESS, *and* MR. THIBAUDIER, *all rise.*

JU. Ah! Cléante, what happiness is this! Our love could scarcely hope for such a happy end.

COUN. What is it you mean?

VISC. It means, Madam, that I marry Julia; and if you will believe me, in order to make the play complete at all points, you will marry Mr. Thibaudier, and give Andrée to his footman, whom he will make his valet-de-chambre.

COUN. What! you deceive thus a person of my rank!

VISC. No offence to you, Madam, but plays require such things.

COUN. Yes, Mr. Thibaudier, I will marry you to vex everybody.

THI. You do me too much honour, Madam.

VISC. Allow us, Madam, in spite of our vexation, to see the end o' the play.

THE LEARNED WOMEN.

(LES FEMMES SAVANTES.)

The comedy of 'Les Femmes Savantes' was acted on March 11, 1672 (see vol. i. p. 153).

Molière acted the part of Chrysale.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHRYSALE, *an honest bourgeois.*

PHILAMINTE, *wife to* CHRYSALE.

ARMANDE, } *their daughters.*
HENRIETTE, }

ARISTE, *brother to* CHRYSALE.

BÉLISE, *his sister.*

CLITANDRE, *lover to* HENRIETTE.

TRISSOTIN, *a wit.*

VADIUS, *a learned man.*

MARTINE, *a kitchen-maid.*

LÉPINE, *servant to* CHRYSALE.

JULIEN, *servant to* VADIUS.

A NOTARY.

THE LEARNED WOMEN.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Armande, Henriette.

Arm. What! sister, you will give up the sweet and enchanting title of maiden? You can entertain thoughts of marrying! This vulgar wish can enter your head!

Hen. Yes, sister.

Arm. Ah! who can bear that "yes"? Can anyone hear it without feelings of disgust?

Hen. What is there in marriage which can oblige you, sister, to . . . .

Arm. Ah! fie!

Hen. What?

Arm. Fie! I tell you. Can you not conceive what offence the very mention of such a word presents to the imagination, and what a repulsive image it offers to the thoughts? Do you not shudder before it? And can you bring yourself to accept all the consequences which this word implies?

Hen. When I consider all the consequences which this word implies, I only have offered to my thoughts a husband, children, and a home; and I see nothing in all this to defile the imagination, or to make one shudder.

Arm. O heavens! Can such ties have charms for you?

Hen. And what at my age can I do better than take a husband who loves me, and whom I love, and through such a tender union secure the delights of an innocent life?

If there be conformity of tastes, do you see no attraction in such a bond?

ARM. Ah! heavens! What a grovelling disposition! What a poor part you act in the world, to confine yourself to family affairs, and to think of no more soul-stirring pleasures than those offered by an idol of a husband and by brats of children! Leave these base pleasures to the low and vulgar. Raise your thoughts to more exalted objects; endeavour to cultivate a taste for nobler pursuits; and treating sense and matter with contempt, give yourself, as we do, wholly to the cultivation of your mind. You have for an example our mother, who is everywhere honoured with the name of learned. Try, as we do, to prove yourself her daughter; aspire to the enlightened intellectuality which is found in our family, and acquire a taste for the rapturous pleasures which the love of study brings to the heart and mind. Instead of being in bondage to the will of a man, marry yourself, sister, to philosophy, for it alone raises you above the rest of mankind, gives sovereign empire to reason, and submits to its laws the animal part, with those grovelling desires which lower us to the level of the brute. These are the gentle flames, the sweet ties, which should fill every moment of life. And the cares to which I see so many women given up, appear to me pitiable frivolities.

HEN. Heaven, whose will is supreme, forms us at our birth to fill different spheres; and it is not every mind which is composed of materials fit to make a philosopher. If your mind is created to soar to those heights which are attained by the speculations of learned men, mine is fitted, sister, to take a meaner flight and to centre its weakness on the petty cares of the world. Let us not interfere with the just decrees of Heaven; but let each of us follow our different instincts. You, borne on the wings of a great and noble genius, will inhabit the lofty regions of philosophy; I, remaining here below, will taste the terrestrial charms of matrimony. Thus, in our several paths, we shall still imitate our mother: you, in her mind and its noble longings; I, in her grosser senses and coarser pleasures; you, in the productions of genius and light, and I, sister, in productions more material.

ARM. When we wish to take a person for a model, it is the nobler side we should imitate; and it is not taking our mother for a model, sister, to cough and spit like her.

HEN. But you would not have been what you boast yourself to be if our mother had had only her nobler qualities; and well it is for you that her lofty genius did not always devote itself to philosophy. Pray, leave me to those littlenesses to which you owe life, and do not, by wishing me to imitate you, deny some little savant entrance into the world.

ARM. I see that you cannot be cured of the foolish infatuation of taking a husband to yourself. But, pray, let us know whom you intend to marry; I suppose that you do not aim at Clitandre?

HEN. And why should I not? Does he lack merit? Is it a low choice I have made?

ARM. Certainly not; but it would not be honest to take away the conquest of another; and it is a fact not unknown to the world that Clitandre has publicly sighed for me.

HEN. Yes; but all those sighs are mere vanities for you; you do not share human weaknesses; your mind has for ever renounced matrimony, and philosophy has all your love. Thus, having in your heart no pretensions to Clitandre, what does it matter to you if another has such pretensions?

ARM. The empire which reason holds over the senses does not call upon us to renounce the pleasure of adulation; and we may refuse for a husband a man of merit whom we would willingly see swell the number of our admirers.

HEN. I have not prevented him from continuing his worship, but have only received the homage of his passion when you had rejected it.

ARM. But do you find entire safety, tell me, in the vows of a rejected lover? Do you think his passion for you so great that all love for me can be dead in his heart?

HEN. He tells me so, sister, and I trust him.

ARM. Do not, sister, be so ready to trust him: and be sure that, when he says he gives me up and loves you, he really does not mean it, but deceives himself.

HEN. I cannot say; but if you wish it, it will be easy for us to discover the true state of things. I see him coming, and on this point he will be sure to give us full information.

SCENE II.—CLITANDRE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE.

HEN. Clitandre, deliver me from a doubt my sister has raised in me. Pray open your heart to us; tell us the truth, and let us know which of us has a claim upon your love.

ARM. No, no; I will not force upon your love the hardship of an explanation. I have too much respect for others, and know how perplexing it is to make an open avowal before witnesses.

CLI. No; my heart cannot dissemble, and it is no hardship to me to speak openly. Such a step in no way perplexes me, and I acknowledge before all, freely and openly, that the tender chains which bind me (*pointing to* HENRIETTE), my homage and my love, are all on this side. Such a confession can cause you no surprise, for you wished things to be thus. I was touched by your attractions, and my tender sighs told you enough of my ardent desires; my heart offered you an immortal love, but you did not think the conquest which your eyes had made noble enough. I have suffered many slights, for you reigned over my heart like a tyrant; but weary at last with so much pain, I looked elsewhere for a conqueror more gentle, and for chains less cruel. (*Pointing to* HENRIETTE) I have met with them here, and my bonds will for ever be precious to me. These eyes have looked upon me with compassion, and have dried my tears. They have not despised what you had refused. Such kindness has captivated me, and there is nothing which would now break my chains. Therefore I beseech you, Madam, never to make an attempt to regain a heart which has resolved to die in this gentle bondage.

ARM. Bless me, Sir, who told you that I had such a desire, and, in short, that I cared so much for you? I think it tolerably ridiculous that you should imagine such a thing, and very impertinent in you to declare it to me.

HEN. Ah! gently, sister. Where is now that moral sense which has so much power over that which is merely animal in us, and which can restrain the madness of anger?

ARM. And you, who speak to me, what moral sense have you when you respond to a love which is offered to you before you have received leave from those who have given you birth? Know that duty subjects you to their laws, and that you may love only in accordance with their choice; for they have a supreme authority over your heart, and it is criminal in you to dispose of it yourself.

HEN. I thank you for the great kindness you show me in teaching me my duty. My heart intends to follow the line of conduct you have traced; and to show you that I profit by your advice, pray, Clitandre, see that your love is strengthened by the consent of those from whom I have received birth. Acquire thus a right over my wishes, and for me the power of loving you without a crime.

CLI. I will do so with all diligence. I only waited for this kind permission from you.

ARM. You triumph, sister, and seem to fancy that you thereby give me pain.

HEN. I, sister? By no means. I know that the laws of reason will always have full power over your senses, and that, through the lessons you derive from wisdom, you are altogether above such weakness. Far from thinking you moved by any vexation, I believe that you will use your influence to help me, will second his demand of my hand, and will by your approbation hasten the happy day of our marriage. I beseech you to do so; and in order to secure this end . . . . .

ARM. Your little mind thinks it grand to resort to raillery, and you seem wonderfully proud of a heart which I abandon to you.

HEN. Abandoned it may be; yet this heart, sister, is not so disliked by you but that, if you could regain it by stooping, you would even condescend to do so.

ARM. I scorn to answer such foolish prating.

HEN. You do well; and you show us inconceivable moderation.

SCENE III.—CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE.

HEN. Your frank confession has rather taken her aback.

CLI. She deserves such freedom of speech, and all the haughtiness of her proud folly merits my outspokenness! But since you give me leave, I will go to your father, to . . . .

HEN. The safest thing to do would be to gain my mother over. My father easily consents to everything, but he places little weight on what he himself resolves. He has received from Heaven a certain gentleness which makes him readily submit to the will of his wife. It is she who governs, and who in a dictatorial tone lays down the law whenever she has made up her mind to anything. I wish I could see in you a more pliant spirit towards her and towards my aunt. If you would but fall in with their views, you would secure their favour and their esteem.

CLI. I am so sincere that I can never bring myself to praise, even in your sister, that side of her character which resembles theirs. Female doctors are not to my taste. I like a woman to have some knowledge of everything; but I cannot admire in her the revolting passion of wishing to be clever for the mere sake of being clever. I prefer that she should, at times, affect ignorance of what she really knows. In short, I like her to hide her knowledge, and to be learned without publishing her learning abroad, quoting the authors, making use of pompous words, and being witty under the least provocation. I greatly respect your mother, but I cannot approve her wild fancies, nor make myself an echo of what she says. I cannot support the praises she bestows upon that literary hero of hers, Mr. Trissotin, who vexes and wearies me to death. I cannot bear to see her have any esteem for such a man, and to see her reckon among men of genius a fool whose writings are everywhere hissed; a pedant whose prolific pen furnishes all the markets with waste paper.

HEN. His writings, his speeches, in short, everything in him is unpleasant to me; and I feel towards him as

you do. But as he possesses great ascendency over my mother, you must force yourself to yield somewhat. A lover should make his court where his heart is engaged; he should win the favour of everyone; and in order to have nobody opposed to his love, try to please even the dog of the house.

CLI. Yes, you are right; but Mr. Trissotin is hateful to me. I cannot consent, in order to win his favour, to dishonour myself by praising his works. It is through them that he was first brought to my notice, and I knew him before I had seen him. I saw in the trash which he writes all that his pedantic person everywhere shows forth; the persistent haughtiness of his presumption, the intrepidity of the good opinion he has of his person, the calm overweening confidence which at all times makes him so satisfied with himself, and with the writings of which he boasts; so that he would not exchange his renown for all the honours of the greatest general.

HEN. You have good eyes to see all that.

CLI. I even guessed what he was like; and by means of the verses with which he deluges us, I saw what the poet must be. So well had I pictured to myself all his features and gait that one day, meeting a man in the galleries of the Palace of Justice,* I laid a wager that it must be Trissotin—and I won my wager.

HEN. What a tale!

CLI. No, I assure you that it is the perfect truth. But I see your aunt coming; allow me, I pray you, to tell her of the longings of my heart, and to gain her kind help with your mother.

SCENE IV.—BÉLISE, CLITANDRE.

CLI. Suffer a lover, Madam, to profit by such a propitious moment to reveal to you his sincere devotion . . . .

BEL. Ah! gently! Beware of opening your heart too freely to me; although I have placed you in the list of my lovers, you must use no interpreter but your eyes, and never explain by another language desires which are

* The resort of the best company in those days.

an insult to me. Love me; sigh for me; burn for my charms; but let me know nothing of it. I can shut my eyes to your secret flame, as long as you keep yourself to dumb interpreters; but if your mouth meddle in the matter, I must for ever banish you from my sight.

CLI. Do not be alarmed at the intentions of my heart. Henriette is, Madam, the object of my love, and I come ardently to conjure you to favour the love I have for her.

BEL. Ah! truly now, the subterfuge shows excellent wit. This subtle evasion deserves praise; and in all the romances I have glanced over, I have never met with anything more ingenious.

CLI. This is no attempt at wit, Madam; it is the avowal of what my heart feels. Heaven has bound me to the beauty of Henriette by the ties of an unchangeable love. Henriette holds me in her lovely chains; and to marry Henriette is the end of all my hopes. You can do much towards it; and what I have come to ask you is that you will condescend to second my addresses.

BEL. I see the end to which your demand would gently lead, and I understand whom you mean under that name. The metaphor is clever; and not to depart from it, let me tell you that Henriette rebels against matrimony, and that you must love her without any hope of having your love returned.

CLI. But, Madam, what is the use of such a perplexing debate? Why will you persist in believing what is not?

BEL. Dear me! Do not trouble yourself so much. Leave off denying what your looks have often made me understand. Let it suffice that I am content with the subterfuge your love has so skilfully adopted, and that under the figure to which respect has limited it, I am willing to suffer its homage; always provided that its transports, guided by honour, offer only pure vows on my altars.

CLI. But . . . .

BEL. Farewell. This ought really to satisfy you, and I have said more than I wished to say.

CLI. But your error . . . .

BEL. Leave me. I am blushing now; and my modesty has had much to bear.

CLI. May I be hanged if I love you; and . . . .*
BEL. No, no. I will hear nothing more.

SCENE V.—CLITANDRE (*alone*).

Deuce take the foolish woman with her dreams! Was anything so preposterous ever heard of? I must go and ask the help of a person of more sense.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ARISTE (*leaving* CLITANDRE, *and still speaking to him*).

Yes; I will bring you an answer as soon as I can. I will press, insist, do all that should be done. How many things a lover has to say when one would suffice; and how impatient he is for all that he desires! Never . . . .

SCENE II.—CHRYSALE, ARISTE.

ARI. Good day to you, brother.
CHRY. And to you also, brother.
ARI. Do you know what brings me here?
CHRY. No, I do not; but I am ready to hear it, if it pleases you to tell me.
ARI. You have known Clitandre for some time now?
CHRY. Certainly; and he often comes to our house.
ARI. And what do you think of him?
CHRY. I think him to be a man of honour, wit, courage, and uprightness, and I know very few people who have more merit.
ARI. A certain wish of his has brought me here; and I am glad to see the esteem you have for him.
CHRY. I became acquainted with his late father when I was in Rome.
ARI. Ah!

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* Molière ends this line with *sage*, with, apparently, no other motive than to find a rhyme to *davantage*.

CHRY. He was a perfect gentleman.

ARI. So it is said.

CHRY. We were only about twenty-eight years of age, and, upon my word, we were, both of us, very gay young fellows.

ARI. I believe it.

CHRY. We greatly affected the Roman ladies, and everybody there spoke of our pranks. We made many people jealous, I can tell you.

ARI. Excellent; but let us come to what brings me here.

SCENE III.—BÉLISE (*entering softly and listening*), CHRYSALE, ARISTE.

ARI. Clitandre has chosen me to be his interpreter to you; he has fallen in love with Henriette.

CHRY. What! with my daughter?

ARI. Yes. Clitandre is delighted with her, and you never saw a lover so smitten!

BEL. (*to* ARISTE). No, no; you are mistaken. You do not know the story, and the thing is not as you imagine.

ARI. How so, sister?

BEL. Clitandre deceives you; it is with another that he is in love.

ARI. It is not with Henriette that he is in love? You are joking.

BEL. No; I am telling the perfect truth.

ARI. He told me so himself.

BEL. Doubtless.

ARI. You see me here, sister, commissioned by him to ask her of her father.

BEL. Yes, I know.

ARI. And he besought me, in the name of his love, to hasten the time of an alliance so desired by him.

BEL. Better and better. No more gallant subterfuge could have been employed. But let me tell you that Henriette is an excuse, an ingenious veil, a pretext, brother, to cover another flame, the mystery of which I know; and most willingly will I enlighten you both.

ARI. Since you know so much, sister, pray tell us whom he loves.

BEL. You wish to know?
ARI. Yes; who is it?
BEL. Me!
ARI. You!
BEL. Myself.
ARI. Come, I say! sister!
BEL. What do you mean by this "Come, I say"? And what is there so wonderful in what I tell you? I am handsome enough, I should think, to have more than one heart in subjection to my empire; and Dorante, Damis, Cléonte, and Lycidas show well enough the power of my charms.
ARI. Do those men love you?
BEL. Yes; with all their might.
ARI. They have told you so?
BEL. No one would take such a liberty; they have, up to the present time, respected me so much that they have never spoken to me of their love. But the dumb interpreters have done their office in offering their hearts and lives to me.
ARI. I hardly ever see Damis here.
BEL. It is to show me a more respectful submission.
ARI. Dorante, with sharp words, abuses you everywhere.
BEL. It is the transport of a jealous passion.
ARI. Cléonte and Lycidas are both married.
BEL. It was the despair to which I had reduced their love.
ARI. Upon my word, sister, these are mere visions.
CHRY. (*to* BÉLISE). You had better get rid of these idle fancies.
BEL. Ah! idle fancies! They are idle fancies, you think. I have idle fancies! Really, "idle fancies" is excellent. I greatly rejoice at those idle fancies, brothers, and I did not know that I was addicted to idle fancies.

SCENE IV.—CHRYSALE, ARISTE.

CHRY. Our sister is decidedly crazy.
ARI. It grows upon her every day. But let us resume the subject that brings me here. Clitandre asks you to give him Henriette in marriage. Tell me what answer we can make to his love.

CHRY. Do you ask it? I consent to it with all my heart; and I consider his alliance a great honour.

ARI. You know that he is not wealthy that . . . .

CHRY. That is a thing of no consequence. He is rich in virtue, and that is better than wealth. Moreover, his father and I were but one mind in two bodies.

ARI. Let us speak to your wife, and try to render her favourable to . . .

CHRY. It is enough. I accept him for my son-in-law.

ARI. Yes; but to support your consent, it will not be amiss to have her agree to it also. Let us go . . . .

CHRY. You are joking? There is no need of this. I answer for my wife, and take the business upon myself.

ARI. But . . . .

CHRY. Leave it to me, I say, and fear nothing. I will go, and prepare her this moment.

ARI. Let it be so. I will go and see Henriette on the subject, and will return to know . . . .

CHRY. It is a settled thing, and I will go without delay and talk to my wife about it.

SCENE V.—CHRYSALE, MARTINE.

MAR. Just like my luck! Alas! they be true sayings, they be—"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," and—"One doesn't get fat in other folk's service." *

CHRY. What is it? What is the matter with you, Martine?

MAR. What is the matter?

CHRY. Yes.

MAR. The matter is that I am sent away, Sir.

CHRY. Sent away?

MAR. Yes; mistress has turned me out.

CHRY. I don't understand; why has she?

MAR. I am threatened with a sound beating if I don't go.

CHRY. No; you will stop here. I am quite satisfied with you. My wife is a little hasty at times, and I will not, no . . .

* Or, more literally, "Service is no inheritance;" but this does not sound familiar enough in English. See, however, remark on p. 400.

SCENE VI.—PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, CHRYSALE, MARTINE.

PHI. (*seeing* MARTINE). What! I see you here, you hussy! Quick, leave this place, and never let me set my eyes upon you again.

CHRY. Gently.

PHI. No; I will have it so.

CHRY. What?

PHI. I insist upon her going.

CHRY. But what has she done wrong, that you wish her in this way to . . . .?

PHI. What! you take her part?

CHRY. Certainly not.

PHI. You side with her against me?

CHRY. Oh! dear me, no; I only ask what she is guilty of.

PHI. Am I one to send her away without just cause?

CHRY. I do not say that; but we must, with servants . . . .

PHI. No; she must leave this place, I tell you.

CHRY. Let it be so; who says anything to the contrary?

PHI. I will have no opposition to my will.

CHRY. Agreed.

PHI. And like a reasonable husband, you should take my part against her, and share my anger.

CHRY. So I do. (*Turning towards* MARTINE.) Yes; my wife is right in sending you away, baggage that you are; your crime cannot be forgiven.

MAR. What is it I have done, then?

CHRY. (*aside*). Upon my word, I don't know.

PHI. She is capable even now of looking upon it as nothing.

CHRY. Has she caused your anger by breaking some looking-glass or some china?

PHI. Do you think that I would send her away for that? And do you fancy that I should get angry for so little?

CHRY. (*to* MARTINE). What is the meaning of this? (*To* PHILAMINTE) The thing is of great importance, then?

PHI. Certainly; did you ever find me unreasonable?

CHRY. Has she, through carelessness, allowed some ewer or silver dish to be stolen from us?

PHI. That would be of little moment.

CHRY. (*to* MARTINE). Oh! oh! I say, Miss! (*To* PHILAMINTE) What! has she shown herself dishonest?

PHI. It is worse than that.

CHRY. Worse than that?

PHI. Worse.

CHRY. (*to* MARTINE). How the deuce! you jade. (*To* PHILAMINTE) What! has she . . . .?

PHI. She has with unparalleled impudence, after thirty lessons, insulted my ear by the improper use of a low and vulgar word condemned in express terms by Vaugelas.*

CHRY. Is that . . . .?

PHI. What! In spite of our remonstrances to be always sapping the foundation of all knowledge—of grammar which rules even kings, and makes them, with a high hand, obey her laws.

CHRY. I thought her guilty of the greatest crime.

PHI. What! You do not think the crime unpardonable?

CHRY. Yes, yes.

PHI. I should like to see you excuse her.

CHRY. Heaven forbid!

BEL. It is really pitiful. All constructions are destroyed by her; yet she has a hundred times been told the laws of the language.

MAR. All that you preach there is no doubt very fine, but I don't understand your jargon, not I.

PHI. Did you ever see such impudence? To call a language founded on reason and polite custom a jargon!

MAR. Provided one is understood, one speaks well enough, and all your fine speeches don't do me no good.

PHI. You see! Is not that her way of speaking, *don't do me no good!*

BEL. O intractable brains! How is it that, in spite of the trouble we daily take, we cannot teach you to speak

* The French grammarian, born about 1585; died 1650.

with congruity? In putting *not* with *no*, you have spoken redundantly, and it is, as you have been told, a negative too many.

MAR. Oh my! I ain't no scholar like you, and I speaks straight out as they speaks in our place.

PHI. Ah! who can bear it?

BEL. What a horrible solecism!

PHI. It is enough to destroy a delicate ear.

BEL. You are, I must acknowledge, very dull of understanding: *they* is in the plural number, and *speaks* is in the singular. Will you thus all your life offend grammar?*

MAR. Who speaks of offending either gammer or gaffer?

PHI. O heavens!

BEL. The word *grammar* is misunderstood by you, and I have told you a hundred times where the word comes from.

MAR. Faith, let it come from Chaillot, Auteuil, or Pontoise,† I care precious little.

BEL. What a boorish mind! *Grammar* teaches us the laws of the verb and nominative case, as well as of the adjective and substantive.

MAR. Sure, let me tell you, Ma'am, that I don't know those people.

PHI. What martyrdom!

BEL. They are names of words, and you ought to notice how they agree with each other.

MAR. What does it matter whether they agree or fall out?

PHI. (*to* BÉLISE). Goodness gracious! put an end to such a discussion. (*To* CHRYSALE) And so you will not send her away?

CHRY. Oh! yes. (*Aside*) I must put up with her caprice. Go, don't provoke her, Martine.

PHI. How! you are afraid of offending the hussy! you speak to her in quite an obliging tone.

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* *Grammaire* in Molière's time was pronounced as *grand'mère* is now. *Gammer* seems the nearest approach to this in English.

† In Molière's time villages close to Paris.

CHRY. I? not at all. (*In a rough tone*) Go, leave this place. (*In a softer tone*) Go away, my poor girl.

SCENE VII.—PHILAMINTE, CHRYSALE, BÉLISE.

CHRY. She is gone, and you are satisfied, but I do not approve of sending her away in this fashion. She answers very well for what she has to do, and you turn her out of my house for a trifle.

PHI. Do you wish me to keep her for ever in my service, for her to torture my ears incessantly, to infringe all the laws of custom and reason, by a barbarous accumulation of errors of speech, and of garbled expressions tacked together with proverbs dragged out of the gutters of all the market-places?

BEL. It is true that one sickens at hearing her talk; she pulls Vaugelas to pieces, and the least defects of her gross intellect are either pleonasm or cacophony.

CHRY. What does it matter if she fails to observe the laws of Vaugelas, provided she does not fail in her cooking? I had much rather that while picking her herbs, she should join wrongly the nouns to the verbs, and repeat a hundred times a coarse or vulgar word, than that she should burn my roast, or put too much salt in my broth. I live on good soup, and not on fine language. Vaugelas does not teach how to make broth; and Malherbe and Balzac,* so clever in learned words, might, in cooking, have proved themselves but fools.

PHI. How shocking such a coarse speech sounds; and how unworthy of one who calls himself a man, to be always bent on material things, instead of rising towards those which are intellectual. Is that dross, the body, of importance enough to deserve even a passing thought? and ought we not to leave it far behind?

CHRY. Well, my body is myself, and I mean to take care of it; *dross* if you like, but my dross is dear to me.

BEL. The body and the mind, brother, exist together; but if you believe all the learned world, the mind ought

* Malherbe, 1555–1628; Balzac, 1594–1654.

to take precedence over the body, and our first care, our most earnest endeavour, must be to feed it with the juices of science.

CHRY. Upon my word, if you talk of feeding your mind, you make use of but poor diet, as everybody knows; and you have no care, no solicitude for . . . .

PHI. Ah! *solicitude* is unpleasant to my ear: it betrays strangely its antiquity.*

BEL. It is true that it is dreadfully starched and out of fashion.

CHRY. I can bear this no longer. You will have me speak out, then? I will raise the mask, and discharge my spleen. Every one calls you mad, and I am greatly troubled at . . . .

PHI. Ah! what is the meaning of this?

CHRY. (*to* BÉLISE). I am speaking to you, sister. The least solecism one makes in speaking irritates you; but you make strange ones in conduct. Your everlasting books do not satisfy me, and, except a big Plutarch to put my bands in,† you should burn all this useless lumber, and leave learning to the doctors of the town. Take away from the garret that long telescope, which is enough to frighten people, and a hundred other baubles which are offensive to the sight. Do not try to discover what is passing in the moon, and think a little more of what is happening at home, where we see everything going topsy-turvy. It is not right, and that too for many reasons, that a woman should study and know so much. To form the minds of her children to good manners, to make her household go well, to look after the servants, and regulate all expenses with economy, ought to be her principal study, and all her philosophy. Our fathers were much more sensible on this point: with them, a wife always knew enough when the extent of her genius enabled her to distinguish a doublet from a pair of breeches. She did not read, but she lived honestly; her family was the subject of all her learned conversation, and for books she had needles, thread, and a thimble, with which she worked at her daughter's trousseau.

* Many of the words condemned by the purists of the time have died out; *sollicitude* still remains. Compare vol. i. pp. 373, 384.

† To keep them flat.

Women, in our days, are far from behaving thus: they must write and become authors. No science is too deep for them. It is worse in my house than anywhere else; the deepest secrets are understood, and everything is known except what should be known. Everyone knows how go the moon and the polar star, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, with which I have nothing to do. And in this vain knowledge, which they go so far to fetch, they know nothing of the soup of which I stand in need. My servants all wish to be learned, in order to please you; and all alike occupy themselves with anything but the work they have to do. Reasoning is the occupation of the whole house, and reasoning banishes all reason. One burns my roast while reading some story; another dreams of verses when I call for drink. In short, they all follow your example, and although I have servants, I am not served. One poor girl alone was left me untouched by this villainous fashion; and now, behold, she is sent away with a huge clatter because she fails to speak Vaugelas. I tell you, sister, all this offends me, for as I have already said, it is to you I am speaking. I dislike to see all those Latin-mongers in my house, and particularly Mr. Trissotin. It is he who has turned your heads with his verses. All his talk is mere rubbish, and one is for ever trying to find out what he has said after he has done speaking. For my part I believe that he is rather cracked.

PHI. What coarseness, O heavens! both in thought and language.

BEL. Can there be a more gross assemblage of corpuscles,* a mind composed of more vulgar atoms? Is it possible that I can come from the same blood? I hate myself for being of your race, and out of pure shame I abandon the spot.

SCENE VIII.—PHILAMINTE, CHRYSALE.

PHI. Have you any other shaft ready?

CHRY. I? No. Don't let us dispute any longer. I've done. Let's speak of something else. Your eldest daughter

* A reference to the corpuscular philosophy.

shows a dislike to marriage; in short, she is a philosopher, and I've nothing to say. She is under good management, and you do well by her. But her younger sister is of a different disposition, and I think it would be right to give Henriette a proper husband, who . . . .

PHI. It is what I have been thinking about, and I wish to speak to you of what I intend to do. This Mr. Trissotin on whose account we are blamed, and who has not the honour of being esteemed by you, is the man whom I have chosen to be her husband; and I can judge of his merit better than you can. All discussion is superfluous here, for I have duly resolved that it should be so. I will ask you also not to say a word of it to your daughter before I have spoken to her on the subject. I can justify my conduct, and I shall be sure to know if you have spoken to her.

SCENE IX.—ARISTE, CHRYSALE.

ARI. Well! your wife has just left, and I see that you must have had a talk together.

CHRY. Yes.

ARI. And how did you succeed? Shall we have Henriette? Has she given her consent? Is the affair settled?

CHRY. Not quite as yet.

ARI. Does she refuse?

CHRY. No.

ARI. Then she hesitates?

CHRY. Not in the least.

ARI. What then?

CHRY. Well! she offers me another man for a son-in-law

ARI. Another man for a son-in-law?

CHRY. Yes.

ARI. What is his name?

CHRY. Mr. Trissotin.

ARI. What! that Mr. Trissotin . . . .

CHRY. Yes, he who always speaks of verse and Latin.

ARI. And you have accepted him?

CHRY. I? Heaven forbid!

ARI. What did you say to it?

CHRY. Nothing. I am glad that I did not speak, and commit myself.

ARI. Your reason is excellent, and it is a great step towards the end we have in view. Did you not propose Clitandre to her?

CHRY. No; for as she talked of another son-in-law, I thought it was better for me to say nothing.

ARI. Your prudence is to the last degree wonderful! Are you not ashamed of your weakness? How can a man be so poor-spirited as to let his wife have absolute power over him, and never dare to oppose anything she has resolved upon?

CHRY. Ah! it is easy, brother, for you to speak; you don't know what a dislike I have to a row, and how I love rest and peace. My wife has a terrible disposition. She makes a great show of the name of philosopher, but she is not the less passionate on that account; and her philosophy, which makes her despise all riches, has no power over the bitterness of her anger. However little I oppose what she has taken into her head, I raise a terrible storm which lasts at least a week. She makes me tremble when she begins her outcries; I don't know where to hide myself. She is a perfect virago; and yet, in spite of her diabolical temper, I must call her my darling and my love.

ARI. You are talking nonsense. Between ourselves, your wife has absolute power over you only because of your own cowardice. Her authority is founded upon your own weakness; it is from you she takes the name of mistress. You give way to her haughty manners, and suffer yourself to be led by the nose like a fool. What! you call yourself a man, and cannot for once make your wife obey you, and have courage enough to say, "I will have it so?" You will, without shame, see your daughter sacrificed to the mad visions with which the family is possessed? You will confer your wealth on a man because of half-a-dozen Latin words with which the ass talks big before them—a pedant whom your wife compliments at every turn with the names of wit and great philosopher whose verses were never equalled, whereas everybody knows that he is anything but all that. Once more I tell you, it is a shame, and you deserve that people should laugh at your cowardice.

CHRY. Yes, you are right, and I see that I am wrong. I must pluck up a little more courage, brother.

ARI. That's right.

CHRY. It is shameful to be so submissive under the tyranny of a woman.

ARI. Good.

CHRY. She has abused my gentleness.

ARI. It is true.

CHRY. My easy-going ways have lasted too long.

ARI. Certainly.

CHRY. And to-day I will let her know that my daughter is my daughter, and that I am the master, to choose a husband for her according to my mind.

ARI. You are reasonable now, and as you should be.

CHRY. You are for Clitandre, and you know where he lives; send him to me directly, brother.

ARI. I will go at once.

CHRY. I have borne it too long. I will be a man, and set everybody at defiance.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, BÉLISE, TRISSOTIN, LÉPINE.

PHI. Ah! Let us sit down here to listen comfortably to these verses; they should be weighed word by word.

ARM. I am all anxiety to hear them.

BEL. And I am dying for them.

PHI. (*to* TRISSOTIN). Whatever comes from you is a delight to me.

ARM. It is to me an unparalleled pleasure.

BEL. It is a delicious repast offered to my ears.

PHI. Do not let us languish under such pressing desires.

ARM. Lose no time.

BEL. Begin quickly and hasten our pleasure.

PHI. Offer your epigram to our impatience.

TRI. (*to* PHILAMINTE). Alas! it is but a new-born child, Madam, but its fate ought truly to touch your heart, for it was in your court-yard that I brought it forth, but a moment since.

PHI. To make it dear to me, it is sufficient for me to know its father.

TRI. Your approbation may serve it as a mother.

BEL. What wit he has!

SCENE II.—HENRIETTE, PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, BÉLISE, TRISSOTIN, LÉPINE.

PHI. (*to* HENRIETTE, *who is going away*). Stop! why do you run away?

HEN. I fear to disturb such sweet intercourse.

PHI. Come nearer, and with both ears share in the delight of hearing wonders.

HEN. I have little understanding for the beauties of authorship, and witty things are not in my line.

PHI. No matter. Besides, I wish afterwards to tell you of a secret which you must learn.

TRI. (*to* HENRIETTE). Knowledge has nothing that can touch you, and your only care is to charm everybody.

HEN. One as little as the other, and I have no wish . . . .

BEL. Ah! let us think of the new-born babe, I beg of you.

PHI. (*to* LÉPINE). Now, little page, bring some seats for us to sit down. (LÉPINE *slips down.*) You senseless boy, how can you fall down after having learnt the laws of equilibrium?

BEL. Do you not perceive, ignorant fellow, the causes of your fall, and that it proceeds from your having deviated from the fixed point which we call the centre of gravity?

LEP. I perceived it, Madam, when I was on the ground.

PHI. (*to* LÉPINE, *who goes out*). The awkward clown!

TRI. It is fortunate for him that he is not made of glass.

ARM. Ah! wit is everything!

BEL. It never ceases. (*They sit down.*)

PHI. Serve us quickly your admirable feast.

TRI. To satisfy the great hunger which is here shown to me, a dish of eight verses seems but little; and I think that I should do well to join to the epigram, or rather to the madrigal, the ragout of a sonnet which, in the eyes of

a princess, was thought to have a certain delicacy in it. It is throughout seasoned with Attic salt, and I think you will find the taste of it tolerably good.

ARM. Ah! I have no doubt of it.

PHI. Let us quickly give audience.

BEL. (*interrupting* TRISSOTIN *each time he is about to read*). I feel, beforehand, my heart beating for joy. I love poetry to distraction, particularly when the verses are gallantly turned.

PHI. If we go on speaking he will never be able to read.

TRI. SONN . . . .

BEL. (*to* HENRIETTE). Be silent, my niece.

ARM. Ah! let him read, I beg.

TRI. SONNET TO THE PRINCESS URANIA ON HER FEVER.*

Your prudence fast in sleep's repose
Is plunged; if thus superbly kind,
A lodging gorgeously you can find
For the most cruel of your foes—

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* The sonnet is not of Molière's invention, but is to be found in *Les Œuvres galantes en prose et en vers de M. Cotin*, Paris, 1663. It is called, *Sonnet à Mademoiselle de Longueville, à présent Duchesse de Nemours, sur sa fièvre quarte.* As, of necessity, the translation given above is not very literal, I append the original.

"Votre prudence est endormie,
De traiter magnifiquement,
Et de loger superbement,
Votre plus cruelle ennemie;

Faites-la sortir quoi qu'on die,
De votre riche appartement,
Où cette ingrate insolemment
Attaque votre belle vie!

Quoi! sans respecter votre rang,
Elle se prend à votre sang,
Et nuit et jour vous fait outrage!

Si vous la conduisez aux bains,
Sans la marchander davantage,
Noyez-la de vos propres mains."

The *die* of *quoi qu'on die* was the regular form in Molière's time, and had nothing archaic about it. This is sufficiently true of "Will she, nill she" (compare Shakespeare's "And, will you, nill you, I will marry you") to excuse its use here.

BEL. Ah! what a pretty beginning!

ARM. What a charming turn it has!

PHI. He alone possesses the talent of making easy verses.

ARM. We must yield to *prudence fast in sleep's repose is plunged.*

BEL. *A lodging for the most cruel of your foes* is full of charms for me.

PHI. I like *superbly* and *gorgeously;* these two adverbs joined together sound admirably.

BEL. Let us hear the rest.

TRI. *Your prudence fast in sleep's repose*
Is plunged; if thus superbly kind,
A lodging gorgeously you can find
For the most cruel of your foes

ARM. *Prudence asleep!*

BEL. *Lodge one's enemy!*

PHI. *Superbly and gorgeously!*

TRI. *Will she, nill she, quick, out she goes!*
From your apartment richly lined,
Where that ingrate's outrageous mind
At your fair life her javelin throws.

BEL. Ah! gently. Allow me to breathe, I beseech you.

ARM. Give us time to admire, I beg.

PHI. One feels, at hearing these verses, an indescribable something which goes through one's inmost soul, and makes one feel quite faint.

ARM. *Will she, nill she, quick, out she goes*
From your apartment richly lined.

How prettily *rich apartment* is said here, and with what wit the metaphor is introduced!

PHI. *Will she, nill she, quick, out she goes!* Ah! in what admirable taste that *will she, nill she,* is! To my mind the passage is invaluable.

ARM. My heart is also in love with *will she, nill she.*

BEL. I am of your opinion; *will she, nill she,* is a happy expression.

ARM. I wish I had written it.

BEL. It is worth a whole poem!

PHI. But do you, like me, understand thoroughly the wit of it?

ARM. *and* BEL. Oh! oh!

PHIL. *Will she, nill she, quick, out she goes!* Although another should take the fever's part, pay no attention; laugh at the gossips; *will she, nill she, quick, out she goes. Will she, nill she, will she, nill she.* This *will she, nill she,* says a great deal more than it seems. I do not know if every one is like me, but I discover in it a hundred meanings.

BEL. It is true that it says more than its size seems to imply.

PHI. (*to* TRISSOTIN). But when you wrote this charming *Will she, nill she,* did you yourself understand all its energy? Did you realise all that it tells us, and did you then think that you were writing something so witty?

TRI. Ah! ah!

ARM. I have likewise the *ingrate* in my head; this ungrateful, unjust, uncivil fever that ill-treats people who entertain her.

PHI. In short, both the stanzas are admirable. Let us come quickly to the triplets, I pray.

ARM. Ah! once more, *will she, nill she,* I beg.

TRI. *Will she, nill she, quick, out she goes!*

PHI., ARM. *and* BEL. *Will she, nill she!*

TRI. *From your apartment richly lined.*

PHI., ARM. *and* BEL. *Rich apartment!*

TRI. *Where that ingrate's outrageous mind.*

PHI, ARM. *and* BEL. That ungrateful fever!

TRI. *At your fair life her javelin throws.*

PHI. *Fair life!*

ARM. *and* BEL. Ah!

TRI. *What! without heed for your high line,*
She saps your blood with care malign. . .

PHI., ARM. *and* BEL. Ah!

TRI. *Redoubling outrage night and day!*
If to the bath you take her down,
Without a moment's haggling, pray,
With your own hands the miscreant drown.

PHI. Ah! it is quite overpowering.

BEL. I faint.

ARM. I die from pleasure.

PHI. A thousand sweet thrills seize one.

ARM. *If to the bath you take her down,*

BEL. *Without a moment's haggling, pray,*

PHI. *With your own hands the miscreant drown.* With your own hands, there, drown her there in the bath.

ARM. In your verses we meet at each step with charming beauty.

BEL. One promenades through them with rapture.

PHI. One treads on fine things only.

ARM. They are little lanes all strewn with roses.

TRI. Then the sonnet seems to you. . . .

PHI. Admirable, new; and never did any one make anything more beautiful.

BEL. (*to* HENRIETTE). What! my niece, you listen to what has been read without emotion! You play there but a sorry part!

HEN. We each of us play the best part we can, my aunt, and to be a wit does not depend on our will.

TRI. My verses, perhaps, are tedious to you.

HEN. No. I do not listen.

PHI. Ah! let us hear the epigram.

TRI. ON A CARRIAGE OF THE COLOUR OF AMARANTH GIVEN TO ONE OF HIS LADY FRIENDS.*

PHI. His titles have always something rare in them.

ARM. They prepare one for a hundred flashes of wit.

TRI. *Love for his bonds so dear a price demands,*
E'en now it costs me more than half my lands,
And when this chariot meets your eyes,
Where so much gold emboss'd doth rise
That people all astonished stand,
And Laïs rides in triumph through the land . . .

PHI. Ah! Laïs! what erudition!

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* This epigram is also by Cotin. It is called, '*Madrigal sur un carrosse de couleur amarante, acheté pour une dame.*'

" L'amour si chèrement m'a vendu son lien
Qu'il me coûte déjà la moitié de mon bien,
Et quand tu vois ce beau carrosse,
Où tant d'or se relève en bosse,
Qu'il étonne tout le pays,
Et fait pompeusement triompher ma Laïs,
Ne dis plus qu'il est amarante,
Dis plutôt qu'il est de ma rente."

BEL. The cover is pretty, and worth a million.

TRI. *And when this chariot meets your eyes,*
Where so much gold emboss'd doth rise
That people all astonished stand,
And Laïs rides in triumph through the land,
Say no more it is amaranth,
Say rather it is o' my rent.

ARM. Oh, oh, oh! this is beyond everything; who would have expected that?

PHI. He is the only one to write in such taste.

BEL. Say no more it is *amaranth, say rather it is o' my rent!* It can be declined; *my rent; of my rent; to my rent; from my rent.*

PHI. I do not know whether I was prepossessed from the first moment I saw you, but I admire all your prose and verse whenever I see it.

TRI. (*to* PHILAMINTE). If you would only show us something of your composition, we could admire in our turn.

PHI. I have done nothing in verse; but I have reason to hope that I shall, shortly, be able, as a friend, to show you eight chapters of the plan of our Academy. Plato only touched on the subject when he wrote the treatise of his Republic; but I will complete the idea as I have arranged it on paper in prose. For, in short, I am truly angry at the wrong which is done us in regard to intelligence; and I will avenge the whole sex for the unworthy place which men assign us by confining our talents to trifles, and by shutting the door of sublime knowledge against us.

ARM. It is insulting our sex too grossly to limit our intelligence to the power of judging of a skirt, of the make of a garment, of the beauties of lace, or of a new brocade.

BEL. We must rise above this shameful condition, and bravely proclaim our emancipation.

TRI. Every one knows my respect for the fairer sex, and that if I render homage to the brightness of their eyes, I also honour the splendour of their intellect.

PHI. And our sex does you justice in this respect: but we will show to certain minds who treat us with proud

contempt that women also have knowledge; that, like men, they can hold learned meetings—regulated, too, by better rules; that they wish to unite what elsewhere is kept apart, join noble language to deep learning, reveal nature's laws by a thousand experiments; and on all questions proposed, admit every party, and ally themselves to none.

TRI. For order, I prefer peripateticism.

PHI. For abstractions I love platonism.

ARM. Epicurus pleases me, for his tenets are solid.

BEL. I agree with the doctrine of atoms: but I find it difficult to understand a vacuum, and I much prefer subtile matter.

TRI. I quite agree with Descartes about magnetism.

ARM. I like his vortices.

PHI. And I his falling worlds.*

ARM. I long to see our assembly opened, and to distinguish ourselves by some great discovery.

TRI. Much is expected from your enlightened knowledge, for nature has hidden few things from you.

PHI. For my part, I have, without boasting, already made one discovery; I have plainly seen men in the moon.

BEL. I have not, I believe, as yet quite distinguished men, but I have seen steeples as plainly as I see you.†

ARM. In addition to natural philosophy, we will dive into grammar, history, verse, ethics, and politics.

PHI. I find in ethics charms which delight my heart; it was formerly the admiration of great geniuses; but I give the preference to the Stoics, and I think nothing so grand as their founder.

ARM. Our regulations in respect to language will soon be known, and we mean to create a revolution. Through a just or natural antipathy, we have each of us taken a mortal hatred to certain words, both verbs and nouns, and these we mutually abandon to each other. We are preparing sentences of death against them, and we shall open our learned meetings by the proscription of

* Notes do not seem necessary here; a good English dictionary will give better explanations than could be given except by very long notes.

† An astronomer of the day had boasted of having done this

the diverse words of which we mean to purge both prose and verse.

PHI. But the greatest project of our assembly—a noble enterprise which transports me with joy, a glorious design which will be approved by all the lofty geniuses of posterity—is the cutting out of all those filthy syllables which, in the finest words, are a source of scandal: those eternal jests of the fools of all times; those nauseous commonplaces of wretched buffoons; those sources of infamous ambiguity, with which the purity of women is insulted.

TRI. These are indeed admirable projects.

BEL. You shall see our regulations when they are quite ready.

TRI. They cannot fail to be wise and beautiful.

ARM. We shall by our laws be the judges of all works; by our laws, prose and verse will both alike be submitted to us. No one will have wit except us or our friends. We shall try to find fault with everything, and esteem no one capable of writing but ourselves.

SCENE III.—PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE, TRISSOTIN, LÉPINE.

LEP. (*to* TRISSOTIN). Sir, there is a gentleman who wants to speak to you; he is dressed all in black, and speaks in a soft tone. (*They all rise.*)

TRI. It is that learned friend who entreated me so much to procure him the honour of your acquaintance.

PHI. You have our full leave to present him to us.

(TRISSOTIN *goes out to meet* VADIUS.)

SCENE IV.—PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE.

PHI. (*to* ARMANDE *and* BÉLISE). At least, let us do him all the honours of our knowledge. (*To* HENRIETTE, *who is going*) Stop! I told you very plainly that I wanted to speak to you.

HEN. But what about?

PHI. You will soon be enlightened on the subject.

SCENE V.—TRISSOTIN, VADIUS, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE.

TRI. (*introducing* VADIUS*). Here is the gentleman who is dying to see you. In presenting him I am not afraid, Madam, of being accused of introducing a profane person to you; he can hold his place among the wits.

PHI. The hand which introduces him sufficiently proves his value.

TRI. He has a perfect knowledge of the ancient authors, and knows Greek, Madam, as well as any man in France.

PHI. (*to* BÉLISE). Greek! O heaven! Greek! He understands Greek, sister!

BEL. (*to* ARMANDE). Ah, niece! Greek!

ARM. Greek! ah! how delightful!

PHI. What, Sir, you understand Greek? Allow me, I beg, for the love of Greek, to embrace you.

(VADIUS *embraces also* BÉLISE *and* ARMANDE.)

HEN. (*to* VADIUS, *who comes forward to embrace her*) Excuse me, Sir, I do not understand Greek.

(*They sit down.*)

PHI. I have a wonderful respect for Greek books.

VAD. I fear that the anxiety which calls me to render my homage to you to-day, Madam, may render me importunate. I may have disturbed some learned discourse.

PHI. Sir, with Greek in possession, you can spoil nothing.

TRI. Moreover, he does wonders in prose as well as in verse, and he could, if he chose, show you something.

VAD. The fault of authors is to burden conversation with their productions; to be at the Palais, in the walks, in the drawing-rooms, or at table, the indefatigable readers of their tedious verses. As for me, I think nothing more ridiculous than an author who goes about begging for praise, who, preying on the ears of the first comers, often makes them the martyrs of his night watches. I have never been guilty of such foolish conceit, and I am in that respect of the opinion of a Greek, who by an express law forbade all his wise men any unbecoming anxiety to

* It is probably Ménage who is here laughed at.

read their works.—Here are some little verses for young lovers upon which I should like to have your opinion.

TRI. Your verses have beauties unequalled by any others.

VAD. Venus and the Graces reign in all yours.

TRI. You have an easy style, and a fine choice of words.

VAD. In all your writings one finds *ithos* and *pathos*.

TRI. We have seen some eclogues of your composition which surpass in sweetness those of Theocritus and Virgil.

VAD. Your odes have a noble, gallant, and tender manner, which leaves Horace far behind.

TRI. Is there anything more lovely than your canzonets?

VAD. Is there anything equal to the sonnets you write?

TRI. Is there anything more charming than your little rondeaus?

VAD. Anything so full of wit as your madrigals?

TRI. You are particularly admirable in the ballad.

VAD. And in *bouts-rimés* I think you adorable.

TRI. If France could appreciate your value—

VAD. If the age could render justice to a lofty genius—

TRI. You would ride in the streets in a gilt coach.

VAD. We should see the public erect statues to you. Hem . . . (*to* TRISSOTIN). It is a ballad; and I wish you frankly to . . .

TRI. (*to* VADIUS). Have you heard a certain little sonnet upon the Princess Urania's fever?

VAD. Yes; I heard it read yesterday.

TRI. Do you know the author of it?

VAD. No, I do not; but I know very well that, to tell him the truth, his sonnet is good for nothing.

TRI. Yet a great many people think it admirable.

VAD. It does not prevent it from being wretched; and if you had read it, you would think like me.

TRI. I know that I should differ from you altogether, and that few people are able to write such a sonnet.

VAD. Heaven forbid that I should ever write one so bad!

TRI. I maintain that a better one cannot be made, and my reason is that I am the author of it.

VAD. You?

TRI. Myself.

VAD. I cannot understand how the thing can have happened.

TRI. It is unfortunate that I had not the power of pleasing you.

VAD. My mind must have wandered during the reading, or else the reader spoilt the sonnet; but let us leave that subject, and come to my ballad.

TRI. The ballad is, to my mind, but an insipid thing; it is no longer the fashion, and savours of ancient times.

VAD. Yet a ballad has charms for many people.

TRI. It does not prevent me from thinking it unpleasant.

VAD. That does not make it worse.

TRI. It has wonderful attractions for pedants.

VAD. Yet we see that it does not please you.

TRI. You stupidly give your qualities to others.

(*They all rise.*)

VAD. You very impertinently cast yours upon me.

TRI. Go, you little dunce! you pitiful quill-driver!

VAD. Go, you penny-a-liner! you disgrace to the profession!

TRI. Go, you book-maker, you impudent plagiarist!

VAD. Go, you pedantic snob!

PHI. Ah! gentlemen, what are you about?

TRI. (*to* VADIUS). Go, go, and make restitution to the Greeks and Romans for all your shameful thefts.

VAD. Go and do penance on Parnassus for having murdered Horace in your verses.

TRI. Remember your book, and the little noise it made.

VAD. And you, remember your bookseller, reduced to the workhouse.

TRI. My glory is established; in vain would you endeavour to shake it.

VAD. Yes, yes; I send you to the author of the 'Satires.'*

TRI. I, too, send you to him.

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* Boileau.

VAD. I have the satisfaction of having been honourably treated by him; he gives me a passing thrust, and includes me among several authors well known at the Palais; but he never leaves you in peace, and in all his verses you are exposed to his attacks.

TRI. By that we see the honourable rank I hold. He leaves you in the crowd, and esteems one blow enough to crush you. He has never done you the honour of repeating his attacks, whereas he assails me separately, as a noble adversary against whom all his efforts are necessary; and his blows, repeated against me on all occasions, show that he never thinks himself victorious.

VAD. My pen will teach you what sort of man I am.

TRI. And mine will make you know your master.

VAD. I defy you in verse, prose, Greek and Latin.

TRI. Very well, we shall meet each other alone at Barbin's.*

SCENE VI.—TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, BÉLISE, HENRIETTE.

TRI. Do not blame my anger. It is your judgment I defend, Madam, in the sonnet he dares to attack.

PHI. I will do all I can to reconcile you. But let us speak of something else. Come here, Henriette. I have for some time now been tormented at finding in you a want of intellectuality, but I have thought of a means of remedying this defect.

HEN. You take unnecessary trouble for my sake. I have no love for learned discourses. I like to take life easy, and it is too much trouble to be intellectual. Such ambition does not trouble my head, and I am perfectly satisfied, mother, with being stupid. I prefer to have only a common way of talking, and not to torment myself to produce fine words.

PHI. That may be; but this stupidity wounds me, and it is not my intention to suffer such a stain on my family. The beauty of the face is a fragile ornament, a passing flower, a moment's brightness which only belongs to the

* Barbin, a famous bookseller. The arms chosen for the duel would no doubt be books. See 'The Lutrin,' by Boileau.

epidermis; whereas that of the mind is lasting and solid I have therefore been feeling about for the means of giving you the beauty which time cannot remove—of creating in you the love of knowledge, of insinuating solid learning into you; and the way I have at last determined upon is to unite you to a man full of genius; (*showing* TRISSOTIN) to this gentleman, in fact. It is he whom I intend you to marry

HEN. Me, mother!

PHI. Yes, you! just play the fool a little.

BEL. (*to* TRISSOTIN). I understand you; your eyes ask me for leave to engage elsewhere a heart I possess. Be at peace, I consent. I yield you up to this union; it is a marriage which will establish you in society.

TRI. (*to* HENRIETTE). In my delight, I hardly know what to tell you, Madam, and this marriage with which I am honoured puts me . . . .

HEN. Gently, Sir; it is not concluded yet; do not be in such a hurry.

PHI. What a way of answering! Do you know that if . . . . but enough. You understand me. (*To* TRISSOTIN) She will obey. Let us leave her alone for the present.

SCENE VII.—HENRIETTE, ARMANDE.

ARM. You see how our mother's anxiety for your welfare shines forth; she could not have chosen a more illustrious husband . . . .

HEN. If the choice is so good, why do you not take him for yourself?

ARM. It is upon you, and not upon me, that his hand is bestowed.

HEN. I yield him up entirely to you as my elder sister.

ARM. If marriage seemed so pleasant to me as it seems to be to you, I would accept your offer with delight.

HEN. If I loved pedants as you do, I should think the match an excellent one.

ARM. Although our tastes differ so in this case, you will still have to obey our parents, sister. A mother has full power over us, and in vain do you think by resistance to . . . .

SCENE VIII.—CHRYSALE, ARISTE, CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE, ARMANDE.

CHRY. (*to* HENRIETTE, *as he presents* CLITANDRE) Now, my daughter, you must show your approval of what I do. Take off your glove, shake hands with this gentleman, and from henceforth in your heart consider him as the man I want you to marry.

ARM. Your inclinations on this side are strong enough, sister.

HEN. We must obey our parents, sister; a father has full power over us.

ARM. A mother should have a share of obedience.

CHRY. What is the meaning of this?

ARM. I say that I greatly fear you and my mother are not likely to agree on this point, and this other husband . . . .

CHRY. Be silent, you saucy baggage: philosophise as much as you please with her, and do not meddle with what I do. Tell her what I have done, and warn her that she is not to come and make me angry. Go at once!

SCENE IX.—CHRYSALE, ARISTE, HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE.

ARI. That's right; you are doing wonders!

CLI. What transport! what joy! Ah! how kind fortune is to me!

CHRY. (*to* CLITANDRE). Come, take her hand and pass before us; take her to her room. Ah! what sweet caresses. (*To* ARISTE) How moved my heart is before this tenderness; it cheers up one's old age, and I can still remember my youthful loving days.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE.

ARM. Yes, there was no hesitation in her; she made a display of her obedience, and her heart scarcely took time

to hear the order. She seemed less to obey the will of her father than affect to set at defiance the will of her mother.

PHI. I will soon show her to which of us two the laws of reason subject her wishes, and who ought to govern, mother or father, mind or body, form or matter.

ARM. At least, they owed you the compliment of consulting you; and that little gentleman who resolves to become your son-in-law, in spite of yourself, behaves himself strangely.

PHI. He has not yet reached the goal of his desires. I thought him well made, and approved of your love; but his manners were always unpleasant to me. He knows that I write a little, thank Heaven, and yet he has never desired me to read anything to him.

SCENE II.—ARMANDE, PHILAMINTE, CLITANDRE (*entering softly and listening unseen*).

ARM. If I were you, I would not allow him to become Henriette's husband. It would be wrong to impute to me the least thought of speaking like an interested person in this matter, and false to think that the base trick he is playing me secretly vexes me. By the help of philosophy, my soul is fortified against such trials; by it we can rise above everything. But to see him treat you so, provokes me beyond all endurance. Honour requires you to resist his wishes, and he is not a man in whom you could find pleasure. In our talks together I never could see that he had in his heart any respect for you.

PHI. Poor idiot!

ARM. In spite of all the reports of your glory, he was always cold in praising you.

PHI. The churl!

ARM. And twenty times have I read to him some of your new productions, without his ever thinking them fine.

PHI. The impertinent fellow!

ARM. We were often at variance about it, and you could hardly believe what foolish things . . .

CLI. (*to* ARMANDE). Ah! gently, pray. A little charity,

or at least a little truthfulness. What harm have I done to you? and of what am I guilty that you should thus arm all your eloquence against me to destroy me, and that you should take so much trouble to render me odious to those whose assistance I need? Tell me why this great indignation? (*To* PHILAMINTE) I am willing to make you, Madam, an impartial judge between us.

ARM. If I felt this great wrath with which you accuse me, I could find enough to authorise it. You deserve it but too well. A first love has such sacred claims over our hearts, that it would be better to lose fortune and renounce life than to love a second time. Nothing can be compared to the crime of changing one's vows, and every faithless heart is a monster of immorality.

CLI. Do you call that infidelity, Madam, which the haughtiness of your mind has forced upon me? I have done nothing but obey the commands it imposed upon me; and if I offend you, you are the primary cause of the offence. At first your charms took entire possession of my heart. For two years I loved you with devoted love; there was no assiduous care, duty, respect, service, which I did not offer you. But all my attentions, all my cares, had no power over you. I found you opposed to my dearest wishes; and what you refused I offered to another. Consider then, if the fault is mine or yours. Does my heart run after change, or do you force me to it? Do I leave you, or do you not rather turn me away?

ARM. Do you call it being opposed to your love, Sir, if I deprive it of what there is vulgar in it, and if I wish to reduce it to the purity in which the beauty of perfect love consists? You cannot for me keep your thoughts clear and disentangled from the commerce of sense; and you do not enter into the charms of that union of two hearts in which the body is ignored. You can only love with a gross and material passion; and in order to maintain in you the love I have created, you must have marriage, and all that follows. Ah! what strange love! How far great souls are from burning with these terrestrial flames! The senses have no share in all their ardour; their noble passion unites the hearts only, and treats all else as unworthy. Theirs is a flame pure and clear like a celestial

fire. With this they breathe only sinless sighs, and never yield to base desires. Nothing impure is mixed in what they propose to themselves. They love for the sake of loving, and for nothing else. It is only to the soul that all their transports are directed, and the body they altogether forget.

CLI. Unfortunately, Madam, I feel, if you will forgive my saying so, that I have a body as well as a soul; and that I am too much attached to that body for me totally to forget it. I do not understand this separation. Heaven has denied me such philosophy, and my body and soul go together. There is nothing so beautiful, as you well say, as that purified love which is directed only to the heart; those unions of the soul and those tender thoughts so free from the commerce of sense. But such love is too refined for me. I am, as you observe, a little gross and material. I love with all my being; and, in the love that is given to me, I wish to include the whole person. This is not a subject for lofty self-denial; and, without wishing to wrong your noble sentiments, I see that in the world my method has a certain vogue; that marriage is somewhat the fashion, and passes for a tie honourable and tender enough to have made me wish to become your husband, without giving you cause to be offended at such a thought.

ARM. Well, well! Sir, since without being convinced by what I say, your grosser feelings will be satisfied; since, to reduce you to a faithful love, you must have carnal ties and material chains, I will, if I have my mother's permission, bring my mind to consent to all you wish.

CLI. It is too late; another has accepted before you, and if I were to return to you, I should basely abuse the place of rest in which I sought refuge, and should wound the goodness of her to whom I fled when you disdained me.

PHI. But, Sir, when you thus look forward, do you believe in my consent to this other marriage? In the midst of your dreams, let it enter your mind that I have another husband ready for her.

CLI. Ah! Madam, reconsider your choice, I beseech you; and do not expose me to such a disgrace. Do not doom me to the unworthy destiny of seeing myself the

rival of Mr. Trissotin. The love of *beaux esprits*,* which goes against me in your mind, could not have opposed to me a less noble adversary. There are people whom the bad taste of the age has reckoned among men of genius; but Mr. Trissotin deceives nobody, and every one does justice to the writings he gives us. Everywhere but here he is esteemed at his just value; and what has made me wonder above all things is to see you exalt to the sky, stupid verses which you would have disowned had you yourself written them.

PHI. If you judge of him differently from us, it is that we see him with other eyes than you do.

SCENE III.—TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, CLITANDRE.

TRI. (*to* PHILAMINTE). I come to announce you great news. We have had a narrow escape while we slept. A world passed all along us, and fell right across our vortex.† If in its way it had met with our earth, it would have dashed us to pieces like so much glass.

PHI. Let us put off this subject till another season. This gentleman would understand nothing of it; he professes to cherish ignorance, and above all to hate intellect and knowledge.

CLI. This is not altogether the fact; allow me, Madam, to explain myself. I only hate that kind of intellect and learning which spoils people. These are good and beautiful in themselves; but I had rather be numbered among the ignorant than to see myself learned like certain people.

TRI. For my part I do not believe, whatever opinion may be held to the contrary, that knowledge can ever spoil anything.

CLI. And I hold that knowledge can make great fools both in words and in deeds.

TRI. The paradox is rather strong.

CLI. It would be easy to find proofs; and I believe without being very clever, that if reasons should fail, notable examples would not be wanting.

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* No single word has given me so much trouble to translate as this word *esprit*. This time I acknowledge myself beaten.

† *Tourbillon*. Compare act iii scene ii. Another reference to Cotin

TRI. You might cite some without proving your point.

CLI. I should not have far to go to find what I want.

TRI. As far as I am concerned, I fail to see those notable examples.

CLI. I see them so well that they almost blind me.

TRI. I believed hitherto that it was ignorance which made fools, and not knowledge.

CLI. You made a great mistake; and I assure you that a learned fool is more of a fool than an ignorant one.

TRI. Common sense is against your maxims, since an ignorant man and a fool are synonymous.

CLI. If you cling to the strict uses of words, there is a greater connection between pedant and fool.

TRI. Folly in the one shows itself openly.

CLI. And study adds to nature in the other.

TRI. Knowledge has always its intrinsic value.

CLI. Knowledge in a pedant becomes impertinence.

TRI. Ignorance must have great charms for you, since you so eagerly take up arms in its defence.

CLI. If ignorance has such charms for me, it is since I have met with learned people of a certain kind.

TRI. These learned people of a certain kind may, when we know them well, be as good as other people of a certain other kind.

CLI. Yes, if we believe certain learned men; but that remains a question with certain people.

PHI. (*to* CLITANDRE). It seems to me, Sir . . . .

CLI. Ah! Madam, I beg of you; this gentleman is surely strong enough without assistance. I have enough to do already with so strong an adversary, and as I fight I retreat.

ARM. But the offensive eagerness with which your answers . . . . .

CLI. Another ally! I quit the field.

PHI. Such combats are allowed in conversation, provided you attack no one in particular.

CLI. Ah! Madam, there is nothing in all this to offend him. He can bear raillery as well as any man in France; and he has supported many other blows without finding his glory tarnished by it.

TRI. I am not surprised to see this gentleman take such

a part in this contest. He belongs to the court; that is saying everything. The court, as every one well knows, does not care for learning; it has a certain interest in supporting ignorance. And it is as a courtier he takes up its defence.

CLI. Your are very angry with this poor court. The misfortune is great indeed to see you men of learning day after day declaiming against it; making it responsible for all your troubles; calling it to account for its bad taste, and seeing in it the scapegoat of your ill-success. Allow me, Mr. Trissotin, to tell you, with all the respect with which your name inspires me, that you would do well, your brethren and you, to speak of the court in a more moderate tone; that, after all, it is not so very stupid as all you gentlemen make it out to be; that it has good sense enough to appreciate everything; that some good taste can be acquired there; and that the common sense found there is, without flattery, well worth all the learning of pedantry.*

TRI. We see some effects of its good taste, Sir.

CLI. Where do you see, Sir, that its taste is so bad?

TRI. Where, Sir! Do not Rasius and Balbus by their learning do honour to France? and yet their merit, so very patent to all, attracts no notice from the court.

CLI. I see whence your sorrow comes, and that, through modesty, you forbear, Sir, to rank yourself with these. Not to drag you in, tell me, what your able heroes do for their country? What service do their writings render it that they should accuse the court of horrible injustice, and complain everywhere that it fails to pour down favours on their learned names? Their knowledge is of great moment to France! and the court stands in great need of the books they write! These wretched scribblers get it into their little heads that to be printed and bound in calf makes them at once important personages in the state; that with their pens they regulate the destiny of crowns; that at the least mention of their productions, pensions ought to be poured down upon them; that the eyes of the whole universe are fixed upon them, and the glory

* Compare vol. i. pp. 377 and 385.

of their name spread everywhere! They think themselves prodigies of learning because they know what others have said before them; because for thirty years they have had eyes and ears, and have employed nine or ten thousand nights or so in cramming themselves with Greek and Latin, and in filling their heads with the indiscriminate plunder of all the old rubbish which lies scattered in books. They always seem intoxicated with their own knowledge, and for all merit are rich in importunate babble. Unskilful in everything, void of common sense, and full of absurdity and impertinence, they decry everywhere true learning and knowledge.

PHI. You speak very warmly on the subject, and this transport shows the working of ill-nature in you. It is the name of rival which excites in your breast . . . .

SCENE IV.—TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTE, CLITANDRE, ARMANDE, JULIAN.

JUL. The learned gentleman who paid you a visit just now, Madam, and whose humble servant I have the honour to be, exhorts you to read this letter.

PHI. However important this letter may be, learn, friend, that it is a piece of rudeness to come and interrupt a conversation, and that a servant who knows his place should apply first to the people of the household to be introduced.

JUL. I will note that down, Madam, in my book.

PHI. (*reads*). "*Trissotin boasts, Madam, that he is to marry your daughter. I give you notice that his philosophy aims only at your wealth, and that you would do well not to conclude this marriage before you have seen the poem which I am composing against him. While you are waiting for this portrait, in which I intend to paint him in all his colours, I send you Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Catullus, where you will find marked in the margin all the passages he has pilfered.*"

We see there merit attacked by many enemies because of the marriage I have decided upon. But this general ill-feeling only prompts me to an action which will confound envy, and make it feel that whatever it does only hastens the end. (*To* JULIAN) Tell all this to your master; tell

him also that in order to let him know how much value I set on his disinterested advice, and how worthy of being followed I esteem it, this very evening I shall marry my daughter to this gentleman (*showing* TRISSOTIN).

SCENE V.—PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, CLITANDRE.

PHI. (*to* CLITANDRE). You, Sir, as a friend of the family, may assist at the signing of the contract, for I am willing to invite you to it. Armande, be sure you send for the notary, and tell your sister of my decision.

ARM. There is no need of saying anything to my sister; this gentleman will be pretty sure to take the news to her, and try and dispose her heart to rebellion.

PHI. We shall see who has most power over her, and whether I can bring her to a sense of her duty.

SCENE VI.—ARMANDE, CLITANDRE.

ARM. I am very sorry to see, Sir, that things are not going quite according to your views.

CLI. I shall go and do all I can not to leave this serious anxiety upon your mind.

ARM. I am afraid that your efforts will not be very successful.

CLI. You may perhaps see that your fears are without foundation.

ARM. I hope it may be so.

CLI. I am persuaded that I shall have all your help.

ARM. Yes, I will second you with all my power.

CLI. And I shall be sure to be most grateful.

SCENE VII.—CHRYSALE, ARISTE, HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE.

CLI. I should be most unfortunate without your assistance, Sir, for your wife has rejected my offer, and, her mind being prepossessed in favour of Trissotin, she insists upon having him for a son-in-law.

CHRY. But what fancy is this that she has got into her head? Why in the world will she have this Mr. Trissotin?

ARI. It is because he has the honour of rhyming with Latin that he is carrying it off over the head of his rival.

CLI. She wants to conclude this marriage to-night

CHRY. To-night?

CLI. Yes, to-night.

CHRY. Well! and this very night I will, in order to thwart her, have you both married.

CLI. She has sent for the notary to draw up the contract.

CHRY. And I will go and fetch him for the one he must draw up.

CLI. And Henriette is to be told by her sister of the marriage to which she must look forward.

CHRY. And I command her with full authority to prepare herself for this other alliance. Ah! I will show them if there is any other master but myself to give orders in the house. (*To* HENRIETTE) We will return soon. Now, come along with me, brother; and you also, my son-in-law.

HEN. (*to* ARISTE). Alas! try to keep him in this disposition.

ARI. I will do everything to serve your love.

SCENE VIII.—HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE.

CLI. However great may be the help that is promised to my love, my greatest hope is in your constancy.

HEN. You know that you may be sure of my love.

CLI. I see nothing to fear as long as I have that.

HEN. You see to what a union they mean to force me.

CLI. As long as your heart belongs entirely to me, I see nothing to fear.

HEN. I will try everything for the furtherance of our dearest wishes, and if after all I cannot be yours, there is a sure retreat I have resolved upon, which will save me from belonging to any one else.

CLI. May Heaven spare me from ever receiving from you that proof of your love.

ACT V.

Scene I.—Henriette, Trissotin.

Hen. It is about the marriage which my mother has set her heart upon that I wish, Sir, to speak privately to you; and I thought that, seeing how our home is disturbed by it, I should be able to make you listen to reason. You are aware that with me you will receive a considerable dowry; but money, which we see so many people esteem, has no charms worthy of a philosopher; and contempt for wealth and earthly grandeur should not show itself in your words only.

Tri. Therefore it is not that which charms me in you; but your dazzling beauty, your sweet and piercing eyes, your grace, your noble air—these are the wealth, the riches, which have won for you my vows and love; it is of those treasures only that I am enamoured.

Hen. I thank you for your generous love; I ought to feel grateful and to respond to it; I regret that I cannot; I esteem you as much as one can esteem another; but in me I find an obstacle to loving you. You know that a heart cannot be given to two people, and I feel that Clitandre has taken entire possession of mine. I know that he has much less merit than you, that I have not fit discrimination for the choice of a husband, and that with your many talents you ought to please me. I see that I am wrong, but I cannot help it; and all the power that reason has over me is to make me angry with myself for such blindness.

Tri. The gift of your hand, to which I am allowed to aspire, will give me the heart possessed by Clitandre; for by a thousand tender cares I have reason to hope that I shall succeed in making myself loved.

Hen. No; my heart is bound to its first love, and cannot be touched by your cares and attention. I explain myself plainly with you, and my confession ought in no way to hurt your feelings. The love which springs up in the heart is not, as you know, the effect of merit, but is partly decided by caprice; and oftentimes, when some one

pleases us, we can barely find the reason. If choice and wisdom guided love, all the tenderness of my heart would be for you; but love is not thus guided. Leave me, I pray, to my blindness; and do not profit by the violence which, for your sake, is imposed on my obedience. A man of honour will owe nothing to the power which parents have over us; he feels a repugnance to exact a self-sacrifice from her he loves, and will not obtain a heart by force. Do not encourage my mother to exercise, for your sake, the absolute power she has over me. Give up your love for me, and carry to another the homage of a heart so precious as yours.

TRI. For this heart to satisfy you, you must impose upon it laws it can obey. Could it cease to love you, Madam, unless you ceased to be loveable, and could cease to display those celestial charms . . . .

HEN. Ah! Sir, leave aside all this trash; you are encumbered with so many Irises, Phyllises, Amaranthas, which everywhere in your verses you paint as charming, and to whom you swear such love, that . . . .

TRI. It is the mind that speaks, and not the heart. With them it is only the poet that is in love; but it is in earnest that I love the adorable Henriette.

HEN. Ah, Sir, I beg of you . . . .

TRI. If I offend you, my offence is not likely to cease. This love, ignored by you to this day, will be of eternal duration. Nothing can put a stop to its delightful transports; and although your beauty condemns my endeavours, I cannot refuse the help of a mother who wishes to crown such a precious flame. Provided I succeed in obtaining such great happiness, provided I obtain your hand, it matters little to me how it comes to pass.

HEN. But are you aware, Sir, that you risk more than you think by using violence; and to be plain with you, that it is not safe to marry a girl against her wish, for she might well have recourse to a certain revenge that a husband should fear.

TRI. Such a speech has nothing that can make me alter my purpose. A philosopher is prepared against every event. Cured by reason of all vulgar weaknesses, he rises

above these things, and is far from minding what does not depend on him.*

HEN. Truly, Sir, I am delighted to hear you; and I had no idea that philosophy was so capable of teaching men to bear such accidents with constancy. This wonderful strength of mind deserves to have a fit subject to illustrate it, and to find one who may take pleasure in giving it an occasion for its full display. As, however, to say the truth, I do not feel equal to the task, I will leave it to another; and, between ourselves, I assure you that I renounce altogether the happiness of seeing you my husband.

TRI. (*going*). We shall see by-and-by how the affair will end. In the next room, close at hand, is the notary waiting.

SCENE II.—CHRYSALE, CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE.

CHRY. I am glad, my daughter, to see you; come here and fulfil your duty, by showing obedience to the will of your father. I will teach your mother how to behave; and, to defy her more fully, here is Martine, whom I have brought back to take her old place in the house again.

HEN. Your resolution deserves praise. I beg of you, father, never to change the disposition you are in. Be firm in what you have resolved, and do not suffer yourself to be the dupe of your own good-nature. Do not yield; and I pray you to act so as to hinder my mother from having her own way.

CHRY. How! Do you take me for a booby?

HEN. Heaven forbid!

CHRY. Am I a fool, pray?

HEN. I do not say that.

CHRY. Am I thought unfit to have the decision of a man of sense?

HEN. No, father.

CHRY. Ought I not at my age to know how to be master at home?

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* Compare 'School for Wives,' act v. scene vi.; and also vol. i. p. 420.

HEN. Of course.

CHRY. Do you think me weak enough to allow my wife to lead me by the nose?

HEN. Oh dear, no, father.

CHRY. Well, then, what do you mean? You are a nice girl to speak to me as you do!

HEN. If I have displeased you, father, I have done so unintentionally.

CHRY. My will is law in this place.

HEN. Certainly, father.

CHRY. No one but myself has in this house a right to command.

HEN. Yes, you are right, father.

CHRY. It is I who hold the place of chief of the family.

HEN. Agreed.

CHRY. It is I who ought to dispose of my daughter's hand.

HEN. Yes, indeed, father.

CHRY. Heaven has given me full power over you.

HEN. No one, father, says anything to the contrary.

CHRY. And as to choosing a husband, I will show you that it is your father, and not your mother, whom you have to obey.

HEN. Alas! in that you respond to my dearest wish. Exact obedience to you is my earnest wish.

CHRY. We shall see if my wife will prove rebellious to my will.

CLI. Here she is, and she brings the notary with her.

CHRY. Back me up, all of you.

MAR. Leave that to me; I will take care to encourage you, if need be.

SCENE III.—PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, TRISSOTIN, A NOTARY, CHRYSALE, CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE, MARTINE.

PHI. (*to the* NOTARY). Can you not alter your barbarous style, and give us a contract couched in noble language?

NOT. Our style is very good, and I should be a blockhead, Madam, to try and change a single word.

BEL. Ah! what barbarism in the very midst of France!

But yet, Sir, for learning's sake, allow us, instead of crowns, livres, and francs, to have the dowry expressed in minæ and talents, and to express the date in Ides and Kalends.

NOT. I, Madam? If I were to do such a thing, all my colleagues would hiss me.

PHI. It is useless to complain of all this barbarism. Come, Sir, sit down and write. (*Seeing* MARTINE) Ah! this impudent hussy dares to show herself here again! Why was she brought back, I should like to know?

CHRY. We will tell you by-and-by; we have now something else to do.

NOT. Let us proceed with the contract. Where is the future bride?

PHI. It is the younger daughter I give in marriage.

NOT. Good.

CHRY. (*showing* HENRIETTE). Yes, Sir, here she is; her name is Henriette.

NOT. Very well; and the future bridegroom?

PHI. (*showing* TRISSOTIN). This gentleman is the husband I give her.

CHRY. (*showing* CLITANDRE). And the husband I wish her to marry is this gentleman.

NOT. Two husbands! Custom does not allow of more than one.

PHI. (*to the* NOTARY). What is it that is stopping you? Put down Mr. Trissotin as my son-in-law.

CHRY. For my son-in-law put down Mr. Clitandre.

NOT. Try and agree together, and come to a quiet decision as to who is to be the future husband.

PHI. Abide, Sir, abide by my own choice.

CHRY. Do, Sir, do according to my will.

NOT. Tell me which of the two I must obey.

PHI. (*to* CHRYSALE). What! you will go against my wishes.

CHRY. I cannot allow my daughter to be sought after only because of the wealth which is in my family.

PHI. Really! as if any one here thought of your wealth, and as if it were a subject worthy the anxiety of a wise man.

CHRY. In short, I have fixed on Clitandre.

PHI. (*showing* TRISSOTIN). And I am decided that for a

husband she shall have this gentleman. My choice shall be followed; the thing is settled.

CHRY. Heyday! you assume here a very high tone.

MAR. 'Tisn't for the wife to lay down the law, and I be one to give up the lead to the men in everything.

CHRY. That is well said.

MAR. If my discharge was as sure as a gun, what I says is, that the hen hadn't ought to be heard when the cock's there.

CHRY. Just so.

MAR. And we all know that a man is always chaffed, when at home his wife wears the breeches.

CHRY. It is perfectly true.

MAR. I says that, if I had a husband, I would have him be the master of the house. I should not care a bit for him if he played the henpecked husband; and if I resisted him out of caprice, or if I spoke too loud, I should think it quite right if, with a couple of boxes on the ear, he made me pitch it lower.

CHRY. You speak as you ought.

MAR. Master is quite right to want a proper husband for his daughter.

CHRY. Certainly.

MAR. Why should he refuse her Clitandre, who is young and handsome, in order to give her a scholar, who is always splitting hairs about something? She wants a husband and not a pedagogue, and as she cares neither for Greek nor Latin, she has no need of Mr. Trissotin.

CHRY. Excellent.

PHI. We must suffer her to chatter on at her ease.

MAR. Learned people are only good to preach in a pulpit, and I have said a thousand times that I wouldn't have a learned man for my husband. Learning is not at all what is wanted in a household. Books agree badly with marriage, and if ever I consent to engage myself to anybody, it will be to a husband who has no other book but me, who doesn't know *a* from *b*—no offence to you, Madam—and, in short, who would be clever only for his wife.*

* In this scene, as in act ii. scenes v. and vi., Martine speaks very correctly at times.

PHI. (*to* CHRYSALE). Is it finished? and have I listened patiently enough to your worthy interpreter?

CHRY. She has only said the truth.

PHI. And I, to put an end to this dispute, will have my wish obeyed. (*Showing* TRISSOTIN) Henriette and this gentleman shall be united at once. I have said it, and I will have it so. Make no reply; and if you have given your word to Clitandre, offer him her elder sister.

CHRY. Ah! this is a way out of the difficulty. (*To* HENRIETTE *and* CLITANDRE) Come, do you consent?

HEN. How! father . . . .!

CLI. (*to* CHRYSALE). What! Sir . . . .!

BEL. Propositions more to his taste might be made. But we are establishing a kind of love which must be as pure as the morning-star; the thinking substance is admitted, but not the material substance.

SCENE IV.—ARISTE, CHRYSALE, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, HENRIETTE, ARMANDE, TRISSOTIN, A NOTARY, CLITANDRE, MARTINE.

ARI. I am sorry to have to trouble this happy ceremony by the sad tidings of which I am obliged to be bearer. These two letters make me bring news which have made me feel grievously for you. (*To* PHILAMINTE) One letter is for you, and comes from your attorney. (*To* CHRYSALE) The other comes from Lyons.

PHI. What misfortune can be sent us worthy of troubling us?

ARI. You can read it in this letter.

PHI. "*Madam, I have asked your brother to give you this letter; it will tell you news which I did not dare to come and tell you myself. The great negligence you have shown in your affairs has been the cause that the clerk of your attorney has not forewarned me, and you have altogether lost the lawsuit which you ought to have gained.*"

CHRY. (*to* PHILAMINTE). Your lawsuit lost!

PHI. (*to* CHRYSALE). You seem very much upset; my heart is in no way troubled by such a blow. Show, show like me, a less vulgar mind wherewith to brave the ills of fortune. "Your want of care will cost you forty thousand

crowns, and you are condemned to pay this sum with all costs." Condemned? Ah! this is a shocking word, and only fit for criminals.

ARI. It is the wrong word, no doubt, and you, with reason, protest against it. It should have been, "You are desired by an order of the court to pay immediately forty thousand crowns and costs."

PHI. Let us see the other.

CHRY. "*Sir, the friendship which binds me to your brother prompts me to take a lively interest in all that concerns you. I know that you had placed your fortune entirely in the hands of Argante and Damon, and I acquaint you with the news that they have both failed.*" O Heaven! to lose everything thus in a moment!

PHI. (*to* CHRYSALE). Ah! what a shameful outburst! Fie! For the truly wise there is no fatal change of fortune, and, losing all, he still remains himself. Let us finish the business we have in hand; and please cast aside your sorrow. (*Showing* TRISSOTIN) His wealth will be sufficient for us and for him.

TRI. No, Madam; cease, I pray you, from pressing this affair further. I see that everybody is opposed to this marriage, and I have no intention of forcing the wills of others.

PHI. This reflection, Sir, comes very quickly after our reverse of fortune.

TRI. I am tired at last of so much resistance, and prefer to relinquish all attempts at removing these obstacles. I do not wish for a heart that will not surrender itself.

PHI. I see in you, and that not to your honour, what I have hitherto refused to believe.

TRI. You may see whatever you please, and it matters little to me how you take what you see. I am not a man to put up with the disgrace of the refusals with which I have been insulted here. I am well worthy of more consideration, and whoever thinks otherwise, I am her humble servant. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—ARISTE, CHRYSALE, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE, A NOTARY, MARTINE.

PHI. How plainly he has disclosed his mercenary soul, and now little like a philosopher he has acted.

CLI. I have no pretension to being one; but, Madam, I will link my destiny to yours, and I offer you, with myself, all that I possess.

PHI. You delight me, Sir, by this generous action, and I will reward your love. Yes, I grant Henriette to the eager affection . . . .

HEN. No, mother. I have altered my mind; forgive me if now I resist your will.

CLI. What! do you refuse me happiness, and now that I see everybody for me . . . .

HEN. I know how little you possess, Clitandre; and I always desired you for a husband when, by satisfying my most ardent wishes, I saw that our marriage would improve your fortune. But in the face of such reverses, I love you enough not to burden you with our adversity.

CLI. With you any destiny would be happiness, without you misery.

HEN. Love in its ardour generally speaks thus. Let us avoid the torture of vexatious recriminations. Nothing irritates such a tie more than the wretched wants of life. After a time we accuse each other of all the sorrows that follow such an engagement.

ARI. (*to* HENRIETTE). Is what you have just said the only reason which makes you refuse to marry Clitandre?

HEN. Yes; otherwise you would see me ready to fly to this union with all my heart.

ARI. Suffer yourself, then, to be bound by such gentle ties. The news I brought you was false. It was a stratagem, a happy thought I had to serve your love by deceiving my sister, and by showing her what her philosopher would prove when put to the test.

CHRY. Heaven be praised!

PHI. I am delighted at heart for the vexation which this cowardly deserter will feel. The punishment of his sordid avarice will be to see in what a splendid manner this match will be concluded.

CHRY. (*to* CLITANDRE). I told you that you would marry her.

ARM. (*to* PHILAMINTE). So, then, you sacrifice me to their love?

PHI. It will not be to sacrifice you; you have the support of your philosophy, and you can with a contented mind see their love crowned.

BEL. Let him take care, for I still retain my place in his heart. Despair often leads people to conclude a hasty marriage, of which they repent ever after.

CHRY. (*to the* NOTARY). Now, Sir, execute my orders, and draw up the contract in accordance with what I said.

THE IMAGINARY INVALID.

(LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.)

This is the last comedy written by Molière. He was very ill, nearly dying, at the time he wrote it. It was first acted at the Palais Royal Theatre, on February 10, 1673. (See vol. i., Preface, p. x.)

Molière acted the part of Argan.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ARGAN, *an imaginary invalid.*

BÉLINE, *second wife to* ARGAN.

ANGÉLIQUE, *daughter to* ARGAN, *in love with* CLÉANTE.

LOUISON, ARGAN'S *young daughter, sister to* ANGÉLIQUE.

BÉRALDE, *brother to* ARGAN.

CLÉANTE, *lover to* ANGÉLIQUE.

MR. DIAFOIRUS, *a physician.*

THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, *his son, in love with* ANGÉLIQUE.

MR. PURGON, *physician to* ARGAN.

MR. FLEURANT, *an apothecary.*

MR. DE BONNEFOI, *a notary.*

TOINETTE, *maid-servant to* ARGAN.

THE IMAGINARY INVALID.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ARGAN (*sitting at a table, adding up his apothecary's bill with counters*).

ARG. Three and two make five, and five make ten, and ten make twenty. "Item, on the 24th, a small, insinuative clyster, preparative and gentle, to soften, moisten, and refresh the bowels of Mr. Argan." What I like about Mr. Fleurant, my apothecary, is that his bills are always civil. "The bowels of Mr. Argan." All the same, Mr. Fleurant, it is not enough to be civil, you must also be reasonable, and not plunder sick people. Thirty sous for a clyster! I have already told you, with all due respect to you, that elsewhere you have only charged me twenty sous; and twenty sous, in the language of apothecaries, means only ten sous. Here they are, these ten sous. "Item, on the said day, a good detergent clyster, compounded of double catholicon rhubarb, honey of roses, and other ingredients, according to the prescription, to scour, work, and clear out the bowels of Mr. Argan, thirty sous." With your leave, ten sous. "Item, on the said day, in the evening, a julep, hepatic, soporiferous, and somniferous, intended to promote the sleep of Mr. Argan, thirty-five sous." I do not complain of that, for it made me sleep very well. Ten, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen sous six deniers. "Item, on the

25th, a good purgative and corroborative mixture, composed of fresh cassia with Levantine senna and other ingredients, according to the prescription of Mr. Purgon, to expel Mr. Argan's bile, four francs." You are joking, Mr. Fleurant; you must learn to be reasonable with patients; Mr. Purgon never ordered you to put four francs. Tut! put three francs, if you please. Twenty, thirty sous.* "Item, on the said day, a dose, anodyne and astringent, to make Mr. Argan sleep, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. "Item, on the 26th, a carminative clyster to cure the flatulence of Mr. Argan, thirty sous." "Item, the clyster repeated in the evening, as above, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. "Item, on the 27th, a good mixture composed for the purpose of driving out the bad humours of Mr. Argan, three francs." Good; twenty and thirty sous; I am glad that you are reasonable. "Item, on the 28th, a dose of clarified and edulcorated whey, to soften, lenify, temper, and refresh the blood of Mr. Argan, twenty sous." Good; ten sous. "Item, a potion, cordial and preservative, composed of twelve grains of bezoar, syrup of citrons and pomegranates, and other ingredients, according to the prescription, five francs." Ah! Mr. Fleurant, gently, if you please; if you go on like that, no one will wish to be unwell. Be satisfied with four francs. Twenty, forty sous. Three and two are five, and five are ten, and ten are twenty. Sixty-three francs four sous six deniers. So that during this month I have taken one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight mixtures, and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve clysters; and last month there were twelve mixtures and twenty clysters. I am not astonished, therefore, that I am not so well this month as last. I shall speak to Mr. Purgon about it, so that he may set the matter right. Come, let all this be taken away. (*He sees that no one comes, and that he is alone.*) Nobody. It's no use, I am always left alone; there's no way of keeping them here. (*He rings a hand-bell.*) They don't hear, and my bell doesn't make enough noise. (*He rings again.*) No one. (*He rings again.*) Toinette! (*He rings again.*) It's

* As usual, Argan only counts half; even after he has reduced the charge.

just as if I didn't ring at all. You hussy! you jade! (*He rings again.*) Confound it all! (*He rings and shouts.*) Deuce take you, you wretch!

SCENE II.—ARGAN, TOINETTE.

TOI. Coming, coming.

ARG. Ah! you jade, you wretch!

TOI. (*pretending to have knocked her head*). Bother your impatience! You hurry me so much that I have knocked my head against the window-shutter.

ARG. (*angry*). You vixen!

TOI. (*interrupting* ARGAN). Oh!

ARG. There is . . . .

TOI. Oh!

ARG. For the last hour I . . . .

TOI. Oh!

ARG. You have left me . . . .

TOI. Oh!

ARG. Be silent! you baggage, and let me scold you.

TOI. Well! that's too bad after what I have done to myself.

ARG. You make me bawl till my throat is sore, you jade!

TOI. And you, you made me break my head open; one is just as bad as the other; so, with your leave, we are quits.

ARG. What! you hussy . . . .

TOI. If you go on scolding me, I shall cry.

ARG. To leave me, you . . . .

TOI. (*again interrupting* ARGAN). Oh!

ARG. You would . . . .

TOI. (*still interrupting him*). Oh!

ARG. What! shall I have also to give up the pleasure of scolding her?

TOI. Well, scold as much as you please; do as you like.

ARG. You prevent me, you hussy, by interrupting me every moment.

TOI. If you have the pleasure of scolding, I surely can have that of crying. Let every one have his fancy; 'tis but right. Oh! oh!

ARG. I must give it up, I suppose. Take this away, take this away, you jade. Be careful to have some broth ready, for the other that I am to take soon.

TOI. This Mr. Fleurant and Mr. Purgon amuse themselves finely with your body. They have a rare milch-cow in you, I must say; and I should like them to tell me what disease it is you have for them to physic you so.

ARG. Hold your tongue, simpleton; it is not for you to control the decrees of the faculty. Ask my daughter Angélique to come to me. I have something to tell her.

TOI. Here she is, coming of her own accord; she must have guessed your thoughts.

SCENE III.—ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

ARG. You come just in time; I want to speak to you.

ANG. I am quite ready to hear you.

ARG. Wait a moment. (*To* TOINETTE) Give me my walking-stick; I'll come back directly.

TOI. Go, Sir, go quickly; Mr. Fleurant gives us plenty to do.

SCENE IV.—ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

ANG. Toinette!

TOI. Well! what?

ANG. Look at me a little.

TOI. Well, I am looking at you.

ANG. Toinette!

TOI. Well! what, Toinette?

ANG. Don't you guess what I want to speak about?

TOI. Oh! yes, I have some slight idea that you want to speak of our young lover, for it is of him we have been speaking for the last six days, and you are not well unless you mention him at every turn.

ANG. Since you know what it is I want, why are you not the first to speak to me of him? and why do you not spare me the trouble of being the one to start the conversation?

TOI. You don't give me time, and you are so eager that it is difficult to be beforehand with you on the subject.

ANG. I acknowledge that I am never weary of speaking of him, and that my heart takes eager advantage of every moment I have to open my heart to you. But tell me, Toinette, do you blame the feelings I have towards him?

TOI. I am far from doing so.

ANG. Am I wrong in giving way to these sweet impressions?

TOI. I don't say that you are.

ANG. And would you have me insensible to the tender protestations of ardent love which he shows me?

TOI. Heaven forbid!

ANG. Tell me, do you not see, as I do, something providential, some act of destiny in the unexpected adventure from which our acquaintance originated?

TOI. Yes.

ANG. That it is impossible to act more generously?

TOI. Agreed.

ANG. And that he did all this with the greatest possible grace?

TOI. Oh! yes.

ANG. Do you not think, Toinette, that he is very handsome?

TOI. Certainly.

ANG. That he has the best manners in the world?

TOI. No doubt about it.

ANG. That there is always something noble in what he says and what he does?

TOI. Most certainly.

ANG. That there never was anything more tender than all he says to me?

TOI. True.

ANG. And that there can be nothing more painful than the restraint under which I am kept? for it prevents all sweet intercourse, and puts an end to that mutual love with which Heaven has inspired us.

TOI. You are right.

ANG. But, dear Toinette, tell me, do you think that he loves me as much as he says he does?

TOI. Hum! That's a thing hardly to be trusted at any time. A show of love is sadly like the real thing, and I have met with very good actors in that line.

ANG. Ah! Toinette, what are you saying there? Alas! judging by the manner in which he speaks, is it possible that he is not telling the truth?

TOI. At any rate, you will soon be satisfied on this point, and the resolution which he says he has taken of asking you in marriage, is a sure and ready way of showing you if what he says is true or not. That is the all-sufficient proof.

ANG. Ah! Toinette, if he deceives me, I shall never in all my life believe in any man.

TOI. Here is your father coming back.

SCENE V.—ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

ARG. I say, Angélique, I have a piece of news for you which, perhaps, you did not expect. You have been asked of me in marriage. Halloa! how is that? You are smiling. It is pleasant, is it not, that word marriage? there is nothing so funny to young girls. Ah! nature! nature! So, from what I see, daughter, there is no need of my asking you if you are willing to marry.

ANG. I ought to obey you in everything, father.

ARG. I am very glad to possess such an obedient daughter; the thing is settled then, and I have promised you.

ANG. It is my duty, father, blindly to follow all you determine upon for me.

ARG. My wife, your mother-in-law, wanted me to make a nun of you and of your little sister Louison also. She has always been bent upon that.

TOI. (*aside*). The excellent creature has her reasons.

ARG. She would not consent to this marriage; but I carried the day, and my word is given.

TOI. (*to* ARGAN). Really, I am pleased with you for that, and it is the wisest thing you ever did in your life.

ARG. I have not seen the person in question; but I am told that I shall be satisfied with him, and that you too will be satisfied.

ANG. Most certainly, father.

ARG. How! have you seen him then?

ANG. Since your consent to our marriage authorises

me to open my heart to you, I will not hide from you that chance made us acquainted six days ago, and that the request which has been made to you is the result of the sympathy we felt for one another at first sight.

ARG. They did not tell me that; but I am glad of it; it is much better that things should be so. They say that he is a tall, well-made young fellow.

ANG. Yes, father.

ARG. Of a fine build.

ANG. Yes, indeed.

ARG. Pleasant.

ANG. Certainly.

ARG. A good face.

ANG. Very good.

ARG. Steady and of good family.

ANG. Quite.

ARG. With very good manners.

ANG. The best possible.

ARG. And speaks both Latin and Greek.

ANG. Ah! that I don't know anything about.

ARG. And that he will in three days be made a doctor.

ANG. He, father?

ARG. Yes; did he not tell you?

ANG. No, indeed! who told you?

ARG. Mr. Purgon.

ANG. Does Mr. Purgon know him?

ARG. What a question! Of course he knows him, since he is his nephew.

ANG. Cléante is the nephew of Mr. Purgon?

ARG. What Cléante? We are speaking about him who has asked you in marriage.

ANG. Yes, of course.

ARG. Well, he is the nephew of Mr. Purgon, and the son of his brother-in-law, Mr. Diafoirus; and this son is called Thomas Diafoirus, and not Cléante. Mr. Fleurant and I decided upon this match this morning, and to-morrow this future son-in-law will be brought to me by his father .... What is the matter, you look all scared?

ANG. It is because, father, I see that you have been speaking of one person, and I of another.

TOI. What! Sir, you have formed such a queer project

as that, and, with all the wealth you possess, you want to marry your daughter to a doctor?

ARG. What business is it of yours, you impudent jade?

TOI. Gently, gently. You always begin by abuse. Can we not reason together without getting into a rage? Come, let us speak quietly. What reason have you, if you please, for such a marriage?

ARG. My reason is, that seeing myself infirm and sick, I wish to have a son-in-law and relatives who are doctors, in order to secure their kind assistance in my illness, to have in my family the fountain-head of those remedies which are necessary to me, and to be within reach of consultations and prescriptions.

TOI. Very well; at least that is giving a reason, and there is a certain pleasure in answering one another calmly. But now, Sir, on your conscience, do you really and truly believe that you are ill?

ARG. Believe that I am ill, you jade? Believe that I am ill, you impudent hussy?

TOI. Very well, then, Sir, you are ill; don't let us quarrel about that. Yes, you are very ill, I agree with you upon that point, more ill even than you think. Now, is that settled? But your daughter is to marry a husband for herself, and as she is not ill, what is the use of giving her a doctor?

ARG. It is for my sake that I give her this doctor, and a good daughter ought to be delighted to marry for the sake of her father's health.

TOI. In good troth, Sir, shall I, as a friend, give you a piece of advice?

ARG. What is this advice?

TOI. Not to think of this match.

ARG. And your reason?

TOI. The reason is that your daughter will never consent to it.

ARG. My daughter will not consent to it?

TOI. No.

ARG. My daughter?

TOI. Your daughter. She will tell you that she has no need of Mr. Diafoirus, nor of his son, Mr. Thomas Diafoirus, nor all the Diafoiruses in the world.

ARG. But I have need of them. Besides, the match is more advantageous than you think. Mr. Diafoirus has only this son for his heir; and, moreover, Mr. Purgon, who has neither wife nor child, gives all he has in favour of this marriage; and Mr. Purgon is a man worth eight thousand francs a year.

TOI. What a lot of people he must have killed to have become so rich!

ARG. Eight thousand francs is something, without counting the property of the father.

TOI. That is very well, Sir, but, all the same, I advise you, between ourselves, to choose another husband for her; she is not of a make to become a Mrs. Diafoirus.

ARG. But I will have it so.

TOI. Fie! nonsense! Don't speak like that.

ARG. Don't speak like that? Why not?

TOI. Dear me, no, don't.

ARG. And why should I not speak like that?

TOI. People will say that you don't know what you are talking about.

ARG. People will say all they like, but I tell you that I will have her make my promise good.

TOI. I feel sure that she won't.

ARG. Then I will force her to do it.

TOI. She will not do it, I tell you.

ARG. She will, or I will shut her up in a convent

TOI. You?

ARG. I.

TOI. Good!

ARG. How good?

TOI. You will not shut her up in a convent.

ARG. I shall not shut her up in a convent?

TOI. No.

ARG. No?

TOI. No.

ARG. Well, this is cool! I shall not put my daughter in a convent if I like!

TOI. No, I tell you.

ARG. And who will hinder me?

TOI. You yourself.

ARG. Myself?

TOI. You will never have the heart to do it.

ARG. I shall.

TOI. You are joking.

ARG. I am not joking.

TOI. Fatherly love will hinder you.

ARG. It will not hinder me.

TOI. A little tear or two, her arms thrown round your neck, or "My darling little papa," said very tenderly, will be enough to touch your heart.

ARG. All that will be useless.

TOI. Oh yes!

ARG. I tell you that nothing will move me.

TOI. Rubbish!

ARG. You have no business to say "Rubbish."

TOI. I know you well enough; you are naturally kind-hearted.

ARG. (*angrily*). I am not kind-hearted, and I am ill-natured when I like.

TOI. Gently, Sir, you forget that you are ill.

ARG. I command her to prepare herself to take the husband I have fixed upon.

TOI. And I decidedly forbid her to do anything of the kind.

ARG. What have we come to? And what boldness is this for a scrub of a servant to speak in such a way before her master?

TOI. When a master does not consider what he is doing, a sensible servant should set him right.

ARG. (*running after* TOINETTE). Ah, impudent girl, I will kill you!

TOI. (*avoiding* ARGAN, *and putting the chair between her and him*). It is my duty to oppose what would be a dishonour to you.

ARG. (*running after* TOINETTE *with his cane in his hand*). Come here, come here, let me teach you how to speak.

TOI. (*running to the opposite side of the chair*). I interest myself in your affairs as I ought to do, and I don't wish to see you commit any folly.

ARG. (*as before*). Jade!

TOI. (*as before*). No, I will never consent to this marriage

ARG. (*as before*). Worthless hussy!

TOI. (*as before*). I won't have her marry your Thomas Diafoirus.

ARG. (*as before*). Vixen!

TOI. (*as before*). She will obey me sooner than you.

ARG. (*stopping*). Angélique, won't you stop that jade for me?

ANG. Ah! father, don't make yourself ill.

ARG. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE). If you don't stop her, I will refuse you my blessing.

TOI. (*going away*). And I will disinherit her if she obeys you.

ARG. (*throwing himself into his chair*). Ah! I am done for. It is enough to kill me!

SCENE VI.—BÉLINE, ARGAN.

ARG. Ah! come near, my wife.

BEL. What ails you, my poor, dear husband?

ARG. Come to my help.

BEL. What is the matter, my little darling child?

ARG. My love.

BEL. My love.

ARG. They have just put me in a rage.

BEL. Alas! my poor little husband! How was that, my own dear pet?

ARG. That jade of yours, Toinette, has grown more insolent than ever.

BEL. Don't excite yourself.

ARG. She has put me in a rage, my dove.

BEL. Gently, my child.

ARG. She has been thwarting me for the last hour about everything I want to do.

BEL. There, there; never mind.

ARG. And has had the impudence to say that I am not ill.

BEL. She is an impertinent hussy.

ARG. You know, my soul, what the truth is?

BEL. Yes, my darling, she is wrong.

ARG. My own dear, that jade will be the death of me,

BEL. Now, don't, don't.

ARG. She is the cause of all my bile.

BEL. Don't be so angry.

ARG. And I have asked you ever so many times to send her away.

BEL. Alas! my child, there is no servant without defects. We are obliged to put up at times with their bad qualities on account of their good ones. The girl is skilful, careful, diligent, and, above all, honest; and you know that in our days we must be very careful what people we take into our house. I say, Toinette.

SCENE VII.—ARGAN, BÉLINE, TOINETTE.

TOI. Madam.

BEL. How is this? Why do you put my husband in a passion?

TOI. (*in a soft tone*). I, Madam? Alas! I don't know what you mean, and my only aim is to please master in everything.

ARG. Ah! the deceitful girl!

TOI. He said to us that he wished to marry his daughter to the son of Mr. Diafoirus. I told him that I thought the match very advantageous for her, but that I believed he would do better to put her in a convent.

BEL. There is not much harm in that, and I think that she is right.

ARG. Ah! deary, do you believe her? She is a vile girl, and has said a hundred insolent things to me.

BEL. Well, I believe you, my dear. Come, compose yourself; and you, Toinette, listen to me. If ever you make my husband angry again, I will send you away Come, give me his fur cloak and some pillows, that I may make him comfortable in his arm-chair. You are all anyhow. Pull your night-cap right down over your ears; there is nothing that gives people such bad colds as letting in the air through the ears.

ARG. Ah, deary! how much obliged I am to you for all the care you take of me.

BEL. (*adjusting the pillows, which she puts round him*). Raise yourself a little for me to put this under you. Let us put this one for you to lean upon, and this one on the other side; this one behind your back, and this other to support your head.

TOI. (*clapping a pillow rudely on his head*). And this other to keep you from the evening damp.

ARG. (*rising angrily, and throwing the pillows after* TOINETTE, *who runs away*). Ah, wretch! you want to smother me.

SCENE VIII.—ARGAN, BÉLINE.

BEL. Now, now; what is it again?

ARG. (*throwing himself in his chair*). Ah! I can hold out no longer.

BEL. But why do you fly into such a passion? she thought she was doing right.

ARG. You don't know, darling, the wickedness of that villainous baggage. She has altogether upset me, and I shall want more than eight different mixtures and twelve injections to remedy the evil.

BEL. Come, come, my dearie, compose yourself a little.

ARG. Lovey, you are my only consolation.

BEL. Poor little pet!

ARG. To repay you for all the love you have for me, my darling, I will, as I told you, make my will.

BEL. Ah, my soul! do not let us speak of that, I beseech you. I cannot bear to think of it, and the very word "will" makes me die of grief.

ARG. I had asked you to speak to our notary about it.

BEL. There he is, close at hand; I have brought him with me.

ARG. Make him come in then, my life!

BEL. Alas! my darling, when a woman loves her husband so much, she finds it almost impossible to think of these things.

SCENE IX.—MR. DE BONNEFOI, BÉLINE, ARGAN.

ARG. Come here, Mr. de Bonnefoi, come here. Take a seat, if you please. My wife tells me, Sir, that you are a very honest man, and altogether one of her friends; I have therefore asked her to speak to you about a will which I wish to make.

BEL. Alas! I cannot speak of those things.

MR. DE BON. She has fully explained to me your inten-

tions, Sir, and what you mean to do for her. But I have to tell you that you can give nothing to your wife by will.

ARG. But why so?

MR. DE BON. It is against custom. If you were in a district where statute law prevailed, the thing could be done; but in Paris, and in almost all places governed by custom, it cannot be done; and the will would be held void. The only settlement that man and wife can make on each other is by mutual donation while they are alive, and even then there must be no children from either that marriage or from any previous marriage at the decease of the first who dies.

ARG. It's a very impertinent custom that a husband can leave nothing to a wife whom he loves, by whom he is tenderly loved, and who takes so much care of him. I should like to consult my own advocate to see what I can do.

MR. DE BON. It is not to an advocate that you must apply; for they are very particular on this point and think it a great crime to bestow one's property contrary to the law. They are people to make difficulties, and are ignorant of the bylaws of conscience. There are others whom you may consult with advantage on that point, and who have expedients for gently overriding the law, and for rendering just that which is not allowed. These know how to smooth over the difficulties of an affair, and to find the means of eluding custom by some indirect advantage. Without that, what would become of us every day? We must make things easy; otherwise we should do nothing, and I wouldn't give a penny for our business.

ARG. My wife had rightly told me, Sir, that you were a very clever and honest man. What can I do, pray, to give her my fortune and deprive my children of it?

MR. DE BON. What you can do? You can discreetly choose a friend of your wife, to whom you will give all you own in due form by your will, and that friend will give it up to her afterwards; or else you can sign a great many safe bonds in favour of various creditors who will lend their names to your wife, and in whose hands they will leave a declaration that what was done was only to

serve her. You can also in your lifetime put in her hands ready money and bills which you can make payable to bearer.

BEL. Alas! you must not trouble yourself about all that. If I lose you, my child, I will stay no longer in the world.

ARG. My darling!

BEL. Yes, my pet, if I were unfortunate enough to lose you . . . .

ARG. My dear wifey!

BEL. Life would be nothing to me.

ARG. My love!

BEL. And I would follow you to the grave, to show you all the tenderness I feel for you.

ARG. You will break my heart, deary; comfort yourself, I beseech you.

MR. DE BON. (*to* BÉLINE). These tears are unseasonable; things have not come to that yet.

BEL. Ah, Sir! you don't know what it is to have a husband one loves tenderly.

ARG. All the regret I shall have, if I die, my darling, will be to have no child from you. Mr. Purgon told me he would make me have one.

MR. DE BON. That may come still.

ARG. I must make my will, deary, according to what this gentleman advises; but, out of precaution, I will give you the twenty thousand francs in gold which I have in the wainscoting of the recess of my room, and two bills payable to bearer which are due to me, one from Mr. Damon, the other from Mr. Géronte.

BEL. No, no! I will have nothing to do with all that. Ah! How much do you say there is in the recess?

ARG. Twenty thousand francs, darling.

BEL. Don't speak to me of your money, I beseech you. Ah! How much are the two bills for?

ARG. One, my love, is for four thousand francs, and the other for six thousand.

BEL. All the wealth in the world, my soul, is nothing to me compared to you.

MR. DE BON. (*to* ARGAN). Shall we draw up the will?

ARG. Yes, Sir. But we shall be more comfortable in my own little study. Help me, my love.

BEL. Come, my poor, dear child.

SCENE X.—ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

TOI. They are shut up with the notary, and I heard something about a will; your mother-in-law doesn't go to sleep; it is, no doubt, some conspiracy of hers against your interests to which she is urging your father.

ANG. Let him dispose of his money as he likes, as long as he does not dispose of my heart in the same way. You see, Toinette, to what violence it is subjected. Do not forsake me, I beseech you, in this my extremity.

TOI. I forsake you! I had rather die. In vain does your stepmother try to take me into her confidence, and make me espouse her interests. I never could like her, and I have always been on your side. Trust me, I will do everything to serve you. But, in order to serve you more effectually, I shall change my tactics, hide my wish to help you, and affect to enter into the feelings of your father and your stepmother.

ANG. Try, I beseech you, to let Cléante know about the marriage they have decided upon.

TOI. I have nobody to employ for that duty but the old usurer Punchinello, my lover; it will cost me a few honeyed words, which I am most willing to spend for you. To-day it is too late for that, but to-morrow morning early I will send for him, and he will be delighted to . . . .

SCENE XI.—BÉLINE (*in the house*), ANGÉLIQE, TOINETTE.

BEL. Toinette.

TOI. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE). I am called away. Good night. Trust me.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

TOI. (*not recognising* CLÉANTE). What is it you want, Sir?

CLE. What do I want?

TOI. Ah! ah! is it you? What a surprise! What are you coming here for?

CLE. To learn my destiny, to speak to the lovely Angélique, to consult the feelings of her heart, and to ask her what she means to do about this fatal marriage of which I have been told.

TOI. Very well; but no one speaks so easily as all that to Angélique; you must take precautions, and you have been told how narrowly she is watched. She never goes out, nor does she see anybody. It was through the curiosity of an old aunt that we obtained leave to go to the play where your love began, and we have taken good care not to say anything about it.

CLE. Therefore am I not here as Cléante, nor as her lover, but as the friend of her music-master, from whom I have obtained leave to say that I have come in his stead.

TOI. Here is her father; withdraw a little, and let me tell him who you are.

SCENE II.—ARGAN, TOINETTE.

ARG. (*thinking himself alone*). Mr. Purgon told me that I was to walk twelve times to and fro in my room every morning, but I forgot to ask him whether it should be lengthways or across.

TOI. Sir, here is a gentleman . . . .

ARG. Speak in a lower tone, you jade; you split my head open; and you forget that we should never speak so loud to sick people.

TOI. I wanted to tell you, Sir . . . .

ARG. Speak low, I tell you.

TOI. Sir . . . . (*She moves her lips as if she were speaking.*)

ARG. What?

TOI. I tell you that . . . . (*As before.*)

ARG. What is it you say?

TOI. (*aloud*). I say that there is a gentleman here who wants to speak to you.

ARG. Let him come in.

SCENE III.—ARGAN, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

CLE. Sir.

TOI. (*to* CLÉANTE). Do not speak so loud, for fear of splitting open the head of Mr. Argan.

CLE. Sir, I am delighted to find you up, and to see you better.

TOI. (*affecting to be angry*). How! better? It is false; master is always ill.

CLE. I had heard that your master was better, and I think that he looks well in the face.

TOI. What do you mean by his looking well in the face? He looks very bad, and it is only impertinent folks who say that he is better; he never was so ill in his life.

ARG. She is right.

TOI. He walks, sleeps, eats, and drinks, like other folks, but that does not hinder him from being very ill.

ARG. Quite true.

CLE. I am heartily sorry for it, Sir. I am sent by your daughter's music-master; he was obliged to go into the country for a few days, and as I am his intimate friend, he has asked me to come here in his place, to go on with the lessons, for fear that, if they were discontinued, she should forget what she has already learnt.

ARG. Very well. (*To* TOINETTE) Call Angélique.

TOI. I think, Sir, it would be better to take the gentleman to her room.

ARG. No, make her come here.

TOI. He cannot give her a good lesson if they are not left alone.

ARG. Oh! yes, he can.

TOI. Sir, it will stun you; and you should have nothing to disturb you in the state of health you are in.

ARG. No, no; I like music, and I should be glad to .... Ah! here she is. (*To* TOINETTE) Go and see if my wife is dressed.

SCENE IV.—ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE.

ARG. Come, my daughter, your music-master is gone

into the country, and here is a person whom he sends instead, to give you your lesson.

ANG. (*recognising* CLÉANTE). O heavens!

ARG. What is the matter? Why this surprise?

ANG. It is . . . .

ARG. What can disturb you in that manner?

ANG. It is such a strange coincidence.

ARG. How so?

ANG. I dreamt last night that I was in the greatest trouble imaginable, and that some one exactly like this gentleman came to me. I asked him to help me, and presently he saved me from the great trouble I was in. My surprise was very great to meet unexpectedly, on my coming here, him of whom I had been dreaming all night.

CLE. It is no small happiness to occupy your thoughts whether sleeping or waking, and my delight would be great indeed if you were in any trouble out of which you would think me worthy of delivering you. There is nothing that I would not do for . . . .

SCENE V.—ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

TOI. (*to* ARGAN). Indeed, Sir, I am of your opinion now, and I unsay all that I said yesterday. Here are Mr. Diafoirus the father, and Mr. Diafoirus the son, who are coming to visit you. How well provided with a son-in-law you will be! You will see the best-made young fellow in the world, and the most intellectual. He said but two words to me, it is true, but I was struck with them, and your daughter will be delighted with him.

ARG. (*to* CLÉANTE, *who moves as if to go*). Do not go, Sir. I am about, as you see, to marry my daughter, and they have just brought her future husband, whom she has not as yet seen.

CLE. You do me great honour, Sir, in wishing me to be witness of such a pleasant interview.

ARG. He is the son of a clever doctor, and the marriage will take place in four days.

CLE. Indeed!

ARG. Please inform her music-master of it, that he may be at the wedding.

CLE. I will not fail to do so.
ARG. And I invite you also.
CLE. You do me too much honour.
TOI. Come, make room; here they are.

SCENE VI.—MR. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE, SERVANTS.

ARG. (*putting up his hand to his night-cap without taking it off*). Mr. Purgon has forbidden me to uncover my head. You belong to the profession, and know what would be the consequence if I did so.

MR. DIA. We are bound in all our visits to bring relief to invalids, and not to injure them.

(MR. ARGAN *and* MR. DIAFOIRUS *speak at the same time.*)

ARG. I receive, Sir . . . .
MR. DIA. We come here, Sir . . . .
ARG. With great joy . . . .
MR. DIA. My son Thomas and myself . . . .
ARG. The honour you do me . . . .
MR. DIA. To declare to you, Sir . . . .
ARG. And I wish . . . .
MR. DIA. The delight we are in . . . .
ARG. I could have gone to your house . . . .
MR. DIA. At the favour you do us . . . .
ARG. To assure you of it . . . .
MR. DIA. In so kindly admitting us . . . .
ARG. But you know, Sir . . . .
MR. DIA. To the honour, Sir . . . .
ARG. What it is to be a poor invalid . . . .
MR. DIA. Of your alliance . . . .
ARG. Who can only . . . .
MR. DIA. And assure you . . . .
ARG. Tell you here . . . .
MR. DIA. That in all that depends on our knowledge . . . .
ARG. That he will seize every opportunity . . . .
MR. DIA. As well as in any other way . . . .
ARG. To show you, Sir . . . .
MR. DIA. That we shall ever be ready, Sir . . . .
ARG. That he is entirely at your service . . . .

MR. DIA. To show you our zeal. (*To his son*) Now, Thomas, come forward, and pay your respects.

T. DIA. (*to* MR. DIAFOIRUS). Ought I not to begin with the father?

MR. DIA. Yes.

T. DIA. (*to* ARGAN). Sir, I come to salute, acknowledge, cherish, and revere in you a second father; but a second father to whom I owe more, I make bold to say, than to the first. The first gave me birth, but you have chosen me. He received me by necessity, but you have accepted me by choice. What I have from him is of the body, corporal; what I hold from you is of the will, voluntary; and in so much the more as the mental faculties are above the corporal, in so much the more do I hold precious this future affiliation, for which I come beforehand to-day to render you my most humble and most respectful homage.

TOI. Long life to the colleges which send such clever people into the world!

T. DIA. (*to* MR. DIAFOIRUS). Has this been said to your satisfaction, father?

MR. DIA. *Optime.*

ARG. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE). Come, bow to this gentleman.

T DIA. (*to* MR. DIAFOIRUS). Shall I kiss?

MR. DIA. Yes, yes.

T. DIA. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE). Madam, it is with justice that heaven has given you the name of stepmother, since we see in you steps towards the perfect beauty which . . . .*

ARG. (*to* THOMAS DIAFOIRUS). It is not to my wife, but to my daughter, that you are speaking.

T. DIA. Where is she?

ARG. She will soon come.

T. DIA. Shall I wait, father, till she comes?

MR. DIA. No; go through your compliments to the young lady in the meantime.

T. DIA. Madam, as the statue of Memnon gave forth a harmonious sound when it was struck by the first rays of the sun, in like manner do I experience a sweet rapture

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* Thomas Diafoirus is evidently going to base some compliment on the *belle-mère*. The only way out of the difficulty in English seems to be to complete the sentence somewhat.

at the apparition of this sun of your beauty. As the naturalists remark that the flower styled heliotrope always turns towards the star of day, so will my heart for ever turn towards the resplendent stars of your adorable eyes as to its only pole. Suffer me, then, Madam, to make to-day on the altar of your charms the offering of a heart which longs for and is ambitious of no greater glory than to be till death, Madam, your most humble, most obedient, most faithful servant and husband.

TOI. Ah! See what it is to study, and how one learns to say fine things!

ARG. (*to* CLÉANTE). Well! what do you say to that?

CLE. The gentleman does wonders, and if he is as good a doctor as he is an orator, it will be most pleasant to be one of his patients.

TOI. Certainly, it will be something admirable if his cures are as wonderful as his speeches.

ARG. Now, quick, my chair; and seats for everybody. (*Servants bring chairs.*) Sit down here, my daughter. (*To* MR. DIAFOIRUS) You see, Sir, that everybody admires your son; and I think you very fortunate in being the father of such a fine young man.

MR. DIA. Sir, it is not because I am his father, but I can boast that I have reason to be satisfied with him, and that all those who see him speak of him as of a youth without guile. He has not a very lively imagination, nor that sparkling wit which is found in some others; but it is this which has always made me augur well of his judgment, a quality required for the exercise of our art. As a child he never was what is called sharp or lively. He was always gentle, peaceful, taciturn, never saying a word, and never playing at any of those little pastimes that we call children's games. It was found most difficult to teach him to read, and he was nine years old before he knew his letters. A good omen, I used to say to myself; trees slow of growth bear the best fruit. We engrave on marble with much more difficulty than on sand, but the result is more lasting; and that dulness of apprehension, that heaviness of imagination, is a mark of a sound judgment in the future. When I sent him to college, he found it hard work, but he stuck to his duty, and bore up with obstinacy against all

difficulties. His tutors always praised him for his assiduity and the trouble he took. In short, by dint of continual hammering, he at last succeeded gloriously in obtaining his degree; and I can say, without vanity, that from that time till now there has been no candidate who has made more noise than he in all the disputations of our school. There he has rendered himself formidable, and no debate passes but he goes and argues loudly and to the last extreme on the opposite side. He is firm in dispute, strong as a Turk in his principles, never changes his opinion, and pursues an argument to the last recesses of logic. But, above all things, what pleases me in him, and what I am glad to see him follow my example in, is that he is blindly attached to the opinions of the ancients, and that he would never understand nor listen to the reasons and the experiences of the pretended discoveries of our century concerning the circulation of the blood and other opinions of the same stamp.*

T. DIA. (*pulling out of his pocket a long paper rolled up, and presenting it to* ANGÉLIQUE). I have upheld against these circulators a thesis which, with the permission (*bowing to* ARGAN) of this gentleman, I venture to present to the young lady as the first-fruits of my genius.

ANG. Sir, it is a useless piece of furniture to me; I do not understand these things.

TOI. (*taking the paper*). Never mind; give it all the same; the picture will be of use, and we will adorn our attic with it.

T. DIA. (*again bowing to* ANGÉLIQUE). With the permission of this gentleman, I invite you to come one of these days to amuse yourself by assisting at the dissection of a woman upon whose body I am to give lectures.

TOI. The treat will be most welcome. There are some who give the pleasure of seeing a play to their lady-love; but a dissection is much more gallant.

MR. DIA. Moreover, in respect to the qualities required for marriage, I assure you that he is all you could wish, and that his children will be strong and healthy.

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* Harvey's treatise on the circulation of the blood was published in 1628. His discovery was violently opposed for a long time afterwards.

ARG. Do you not intend, Sir, to push his way at court, and obtain for him the post of physician there?

MR. DIA. To tell you the truth, I have never had any predilection to practice with the great; it never seemed pleasant to me, and I have found that it is better for us to confine ourselves to the ordinary public. Ordinary people are more convenient; you are accountable to nobody for your actions, and as long as you follow the common rules laid down by the faculty, there is no necessity to trouble yourself about the result. What is vexatious among people of rank is that, when they are ill, they positively expect their doctor to cure them.

TOI. How very absurd! How impertinent of them to ask of you doctors to cure them! You are not placed near them for that, but only to receive your fees and to prescribe remedies. It is their own look-out to get well if they can.

MR. DIA. Quite so. We are only bound to treat people according to form.

ARG. (*to* CLÉANTE). Sir, please make my daughter sing before the company.

CLE. I was waiting for your commands, Sir; and I propose, in order to amuse the company, to sing with the young lady an operetta which has lately come out. (*To* ANGÉLIQUE, *giving her a paper*) There is your part.

ANG. Mine?

CLE. (*aside to* ANGÉLIQUE). Don't refuse, pray; but let me explain to you what is the scene we must sing. (*Aloud.*) I have no voice; but in this case it is sufficient if I make myself understood; and you must have the goodness to excuse me, because I am under the necessity of making the young lady sing.

ARG. Are the verses pretty?

CLE. It is really nothing but a small extempore opera, and what you will hear is only rhythmical prose or a kind of irregular verse, such as passion and necessity make two people utter.

ARG. Very well; let us hear.

CLE. The subject of the scene is as follows. A shepherd was paying every attention to the beauties of a play, when he was disturbed by a noise close to him, and on

turning round he saw a scoundrel who, with insolent language, was annoying a young shepherdess. He immediately espoused the cause of a sex to which all men owe homage; and after having chastised the brute for his insolence, he came near the shepherdess to comfort her. He sees a young girl with the most beautiful eyes he has ever beheld, who is shedding tears which he thinks the most precious in the world. Alas! says he to himself, can any one be capable of insulting such charms? Where is the unfeeling wretch, the barbarous man to be found who will not feel touched by such tears? He endeavours to stop those beautiful tears, and the lovely shepherdess takes the opportunity of thanking him for the slight service he has rendered her. But she does it in a manner so touching, so tender, and so passionate that the shepherd cannot resist it, and each word, each look is a burning shaft which penetrates his heart. Is there anything in the world worthy of such thanks? and what will not one do, what service and what danger will not one be delighted to run to attract upon oneself even for a moment the touching sweetness of so grateful a heart? The whole play was acted without his paying any more attention to it; yet he complains that it was too short, since the end separates him from his lovely shepherdess. From that moment, from that first sight, he carries away with him a love which has the strength of a passion of many years. He now feels all the pangs of absence, and is tormented in no longer seeing what he beheld for so short a time. He tries every means to meet again with a sight so dear to him, and the remembrance of which pursues him day and night. But the great watch which is kept over his shepherdess deprives him of all the power of doing so. The violence of his passion urges him to ask in marriage the adorable beauty without whom he can no longer live, and he obtains from her the permission of doing so, by means of a note that he has succeeded in sending to her. But he is told in the meantime that the father of her whom he loves has decided upon marrying her to another, and that everything is being got ready to celebrate the wedding. Judge what a cruel wound for the heart of that poor shepherd! Behold him suffering from this

mortal blow; he cannot bear the dreadful idea of seeing her he loves in the arms of another; and in his despair he finds the means of introducing himself into the house of his shepherdess, in order to learn her feelings and to hear from her the fate he must expect. There he sees everything ready for what he fears; he sees the unworthy rival whom the caprice of a father opposes to the tenderness of his love; he sees that ridiculous rival triumphant near the lovely shepherdess, as if already assured of his conquest. Such a sight fills him with a wrath he can hardly master. He looks despairingly at her whom he adores, but the respect he has for her and the presence of her father prevent him from speaking except with his eyes. At last he breaks through all restraint, and the greatness of his love forces him to speak as follows. (*He sings.*)

Phyllis, too sharp a pain you bid me bear;
Break this stern silence, tell me what to fear;
Disclose your thoughts, and bid them open lie
To tell me if I live or die.

ANG. The marriage preparations sadden me.
O'erwhelmed with sorrow,
My eyes I lift to heaven; I strive to pray,
Then gaze on you and sigh. No more I say.

CLE. Tircis, who fain would woo,
Tell him, Phyllis, is it true,
Is he so blest by your sweet grace
As in your heart to find a place?

ANG. I may not hide it, in this dire extreme,
Tircis, I own for you my love . . . .

CLE. O blessed words! am I indeed so blest?
Repeat them, Phyllis; set my doubts at rest.

ANG. I love you, Tircis!

CLE. Ah! Phyllis, once again.

ANG. I love you, Tircis!

CLE. Alas! I fain
A hundred times would hearken to that strain.

ANG. I love you! I love you!
Tircis, I love you!

CLE. Ye kings and gods who, from your eternal seat,
Behold the world of men beneath your feet,
Can you possess a happiness more sweet?
My Phyllis! one dark haunting fear
Our peaceful joy disturbs unsought;
A rival may my homage share.

ANG. Ah! worse than death is such a thought!
Its presence equal torment is
To both, and mars my bliss.

CLE. Your father to his vow would subject you.

ANG. Ah! welcome death before I prove untrue.

ARG. And what does the father say to all that?

CLE. Nothing.

ARG. Then that father is a fool to put up with those silly things, without saying a word!

CLE. (*trying to go on singing*). Ah! my love . . . .

ARG. No, no; that will do. An opera like that is in very bad taste. The shepherd Tircis is an impertinent fellow, and the shepherdess Phyllis an impudent girl to speak in that way in the presence of her father. (*To* ANGÉLIQUE) Show me that paper. Ah! ah! and where are the words that you have just sung? This is only the music.

CLE. Are you not aware, Sir, that the way of writing the words with the notes themselves has been lately discovered?

ARG. Has it? Good-bye for the present. We could have done very well without your impertinent opera.

CLE. I thought I should amuse you.

ARG. Foolish things do not amuse, Sir. Ah! here is my wife.

SCENE VII.—BÉLINE, ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, MR. DIAFOIRUS, T. DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.

ARG. My love, here is the son of Mr. Diafoirus.

T. DIA. Madam, it is with justice that Heaven has given you the title of stepmother, since we see in you steps . . . .

BEL. Sir, I am delighted to have come here just in time to see you.

T. DIA. Since we see in you . . . . since we see in you . . . . Madam, you have interrupted me in the middle of my period, and have troubled my memory.

MR. DIA. Keep it for another time.

ARG. I wish, my dear, that you had been here just now.

TOI. Ah! Madam, how much you have lost by not being at the second father, the statue of Memnon, and the flower styled heliotrope.

ARG. Come, my daughter, shake hands with this gentleman, and pledge him your troth.

ANG. Father!

ARG. Well? What do you mean by "Father"?

ANG. I beseech you not to be in such a hurry; give us time to become acquainted with each other, and to see grow in us that sympathy so necessary to a perfect union.

T. DIA. As far as I am concerned, Madam, it is already full-grown within me, and there is no occasion for me to wait.

ANG. I am not so quick as you are, Sir, and I must confess that your merit has not yet made enough impression on my heart.

ARG. Oh! nonsense! There will be time enough for the impression to be made after you are married.

ANG. Ah! my father, give me time, I beseech you! Marriage is a chain which should never be imposed by force. And if this gentleman is a man of honour, he ought not to accept a person who would be his only by force.

T. DIA. *Nego consequentiam.* I can be a man of honour, Madam, and at the same time accept you from the hands of your father.

ANG. To do violence to any one is a strange way of setting about inspiring love.

T. DIA. We read in the ancients, Madam, that it was their custom to carry off by main force from their father's house the maiden they wished to marry, so that the latter might not seem to fly of her own accord into the arms of a man.

ANG. The ancients, Sir, are the ancients; but we are the moderns. Pretences are not necessary in our age; and when a marriage pleases us, we know very well how to

go to it without being dragged by force. Have a little patience; if you love me, Sir, you ought to do what I wish.

T. DIA. Certainly, Madam, but without prejudice to the interest of my love.

ANG. But the greatest mark of love is to submit to th will of her who is loved.

T. DIA. *Distinguo*, Madam. In what does not regard the possession of her, *concedo;* but in what regards it, *nego.*

TOI. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE). It is in vain for you to argue. This gentleman is bran new from college, and will be more than a match for you. Why resist, and refuse the glory of belonging to the faculty?

BEL. She may have some other inclination in her head.

ANG. If I had, Madam, it would be such as reason and honour allow.

ARG. Heyday! I am acting a pleasant part here!

BEL. If I were you, my child, I would not force her to marry; I know very well what I should do.

ANG. I know what you mean, Madam, and how kind you are to me: but it may be hoped that your advice may not be fortunate enough to be followed.

BEL. That is because well-brought-up and good children, like you, scorn to be obedient to the will of their fathers. Obedience was all very well in former times.

ANG. The duty of a daughter has its limits, Madam, and neither reason nor law extend it to all things.

BEL. Which means that your thoughts are all in favour of marriage, but that you will choose a husband for yourself.

ANG. If my father will not give me a husband I like, at least I beseech him not to force me to marry one I can never love.

ARG. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for all this.

ANG. We all have our own end in marrying. For my part, as I only want a husband that I can love sincerely, and as I intend to consecrate my whole life to him, I feel bound, I confess, to be cautious. There are some who marry simply to free themselves from the yoke of their parents, and to be at liberty to do all

they like. There are others, Madam, who see in marriage only a matter of mere interest; who marry only to get a settlement, and to enrich themselves by the death of those they marry. They pass without scruple from husband to husband, with an eye to their possessions. These, no doubt, Madam, are not so difficult to satisfy, and care little what the husband is like.

BEL. You are very full of reasoning to-day. I wonder what you mean by this.

ANG. I, Madam? What can I mean but what I say?

BEL. You are such a simpleton, my dear, that one can hardly bear with you.

ANG. You would like to extract from me some rude answer; but I warn you that you will not have the pleasure of doing so.

BEL. Nothing can equal your impertinence.

ANG. It is of no use, Madam: you will not.

BEL. And you have a ridiculous pride, an impertinent presumption, which makes you the scorn of everybody.

ANG. All this will be useless, Madam. I shall be quiet in spite of you: and to take away from you all hope of succeeding in what you wish, I will withdraw from your presence.

SCENE VIII.—ARGAN, BÉLINE, MR. DIAFOIRUS, T. DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.

ARG. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE, *as she goes away*). Listen to me! Of two things, one. Either you will marry this gentleman or you will go into a convent. I give you four days to consider. (*To* BÉLINE) Don't be anxious; I will bring her to reason.

BEL. I am sorry to leave you, my child; but I have some important business which calls me to town. I shall soon be back.

ARG. Go, my darling; call upon the notary, and tell him to be quick about you know what.

BEL. Good-bye, my child.

ARG. Good-bye, deary.

SCENE IX.—ARGAN, MR. DIAFOIRUS, T. DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.

ARG. How much this woman loves me; it is perfectly incredible.

MR. DIA. We shall now take our leave of you, Sir.

ARG. I beg of you, Sir, to tell me how I am.

MR. DIA. (*feeling* ARGAN'S *pulse*). Now, Thomas, take the other arm of the gentleman, so that I may see whether you can form a right judgment on his pulse. *Quid dicis?*

T. DIA. *Dico* that the pulse of this gentleman is the pulse of a man who is not well.

MR. DIA. Good.

T. DIA. That it is *duriusculus*, not to say *durus*.

MR. DIA. Very well.

T. DIA. Irregular.

MR. DIA. *Bene.*

T. DIA. And even a little caprizant.

MR. DIA. *Optime.*

T. DIA. Which speaks of an intemperance in the splenetic *parenchyma;* that is to say, the spleen.

MR. DIA. Quite right.

ARG. It cannot be, for Mr. Purgon says that it is my liver which is out of order.

MR. DIA. Certainly; he who says *parenchyma* says both one and the other, because of the great sympathy which exists between them through the means of the *vas breve*, of the *pylorus*, and often of the *meatus choledici*. He no doubt orders you to eat plenty of roast-meat.

ARG. No; nothing but boiled meat.

MR. DIA. Yes, yes; roast or boiled, it is all the same; he orders very wisely, and you could not have fallen into better hands.

ARG. Sir, tell me how many grains of salt I ought to put to an egg?

MR. DIA. Six, eight, ten, by even numbers; just as in medicines by odd numbers.

ARG. Good-bye, Sir; I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again.

Scene X.—Béline, Argan.

Bel. Before I go out, I must inform you of one thing you must be careful about. While passing before Angélique's door, I saw with her a young man, who ran away as soon as he noticed me.

Arg. A young man with my daughter!

Bel. Yes; your little girl Louison, who was with them, will tell you all about it.

Arg. Send her here, my love, send her here at once. Ah! the brazen-faced girl! (*Alone.*) I no longer wonder at the resistance she showed.

Scene XI.—Argan, Louison.

Lou. What do you want, papa? My step-mamma told me to come to you.

Arg. Yes; come here. Come nearer. Turn round, and hold up your head. Look straight at me. Well?

Lou. What, papa?

Arg. So?

Lou. What?

Arg. Have you nothing to say to me?

Lou. Yes. I will, to amuse you, tell you, if you like, the story of the Ass's Skin or the fable of the Fox and the Crow, which I have learnt lately.

Arg. That is not what I want of you.

Lou. What is it then?

Arg. Ah! cunning little girl, you know very well what I mean.

Lou. No indeed, papa.

Arg. Is that the way you obey me?

Lou. What, papa?

Arg. Have I not asked you to tell me at once all you see?

Lou. Yes, papa.

Arg. Have you done so?

Lou. Yes, papa. I always come and tell you all I see.

Arg. And have you seen nothing to-day?

Lou. No, papa.

ARG. No?

LOU. No, papa.

ARG. Quite sure?

LOU. Quite sure.

ARG. Ah! indeed! I will make you see something soon.

LOU. (*seeing* ARGAN *take a rod*). Ah! papa!

ARG. Ah! ah! false little girl; you do not tell me that you saw a man in your sister's room!

LOU. (*crying*). Papa!

ARG. (*taking* LOUISON *by the arm*). This will teach you to tell falsehoods.

LOU. (*throwing herself on her knees*). Ah! my dear papa! pray forgive me. My sister had asked me not to say anything to you, but I will tell you everything.

ARG. First you must have a flogging for having told an untruth, then we will see to the rest.

LOU. Forgive me, papa, forgive me!

ARG. No, no!

LOU. My dear papa, don't whip me.

ARG. Yes, you shall be whipped.

LOU. For pity's sake! don't whip me, papa.

ARG. (*going to whip her*). Come, come.

LOU. Ah! papa, you have hurt me; I am dead! (*She feigns to be dead.*)

ARG. How, now! What does this mean? Louison! Louison! Ah! Heaven! Louison! My child! Ah! wretched father! My poor child is dead! What have I done? Ah! villainous rod! A curse on the rod! Ah! my poor child! My dear little Louison!

LOU. Come, come, dear papa; don't weep so. I am not quite dead yet.

ARG. Just see the cunning little wench. Well! I forgive you this once, but you must tell me everything.

LOU. Oh yes, dear papa.

ARG. Be sure you take great care, for here is my little finger that knows everything, and it will tell me if you don't speak the truth.

LOU. But, papa, you won't tell sister that I told you.

ARG. No, no.

LOU. (*after having listened to see if any one can hear*)

Papa, a young man came into sister's room while I was there.

ARG. Well?

LOU. I asked him what he wanted; he said that he was her music-master.

ARG. (*aside*). Hm! hm! I see. (*To* LOUISON) Well?

LOU. Then sister came.

ARG. Well?

LOU. She said to him, "Go away, go away, go. Good heavens! you will drive me to despair."

ARG. Well?

LOU. But he would not go away.

ARG. What did he say to her?

LOU. Oh! ever so many things.

ARG. But what?

LOU. He told her this, and that, and the other; that he loved her dearly; that she was the most beautiful person in the world.

ARG. And then, after?

LOU. Then he knelt down before her.

ARG. And then?

LOU. Then he kept on kissing her hands.

ARG. And then?

LOU. Then my mamma came to the door, and he escaped.

ARG. Nothing else?

LOU. No, dear papa.

ARG. Here is my little finger, which says something though. (*Putting his finger up to his ear.*) Wait. Stay, eh? ah! ah! Yes? oh! oh! here is my little finger, which says that there is something you saw, and which you do not tell me.

LOU. Ah! papa, your little finger is a story-teller.

ARG. Take care.

LOU. No, don't believe him; he tells a story, I assure you.

ARG. Oh! Well, well; we will see to that. Go away now, and pay great attention to what you see. (*Alone.*) Ah! children are no longer children nowadays! What trouble! I have not even enough leisure to attend to my illness. I am quite done up. (*He falls down into his chair.*)

Scene XII.—Béralde, Argan.

Ber. Well, brother! What is the matter? How are you?

Arg. Ah! very bad, brother; very bad.

Ber. How is that?

Arg. No one would believe how very feeble I am.

Ber. That's a sad thing, indeed.

Arg. I have hardly enough strength to speak.

Ber. I came here, brother, to propose a match for my niece, Angélique.

Arg. (*in a rage, speaking with great fury, and starting up from his chair*). Brother, don't speak to me of that wicked, good-for-nothing, insolent, brazen-faced girl. I will put her in a convent before two days are over.

Ber. Ah! all right! I am glad to see that you have a little strength still left, and that my visit does you good. Well, well, we will talk of business by-and-by. I have brought you an entertainment, which will dissipate your melancholy, and will dispose you better for what we have to talk about. They are gipsies dressed in Moorish clothes. They perform some dances mixed with songs, which, I am sure, you will like, and which will be as good as a prescription from Mr. Purgon. Come along.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

Men *and* Women (*dressed as Moors*).

First Moorish Woman.

When blooms the spring of life,
The golden harvest reap.
Waste not your years in bootless strife,
Till age upon your bodies creep.
But now, when shines the kindly light,
Give up your soul to love's delight.

No touch of sweetest joy
This longing heart can know,
No bliss without alloy
When love does silent show.

Then up, ye lads and lasses gay!
The spring of life is fair;
Cloud not these hours with care,
For love must win the day.

Beauty fades,
Years roll by,
Lowering shades
Obscure the sky.
And joys so sweet of yore
Shall charm us then no more.

Then up, ye lads and lasses gay!
The spring of life is fair;
Cloud not these hours with care,
For love must win the day.

First Entry of the BALLET.

2ND MOORISH WOMAN.

They bid us love, they bid us woo,
Why seek delay?
To tender sighs and kisses too
In youth's fair day,
Our hearts are but too true.

The sweetest charms has Cupid's spell.
No sooner felt, the ready heart
His conquered self would yield him well
Ere yet the god had winged his dart.
But yet the tale we often hear
Of tears and sorrows keen,
To share in them, I ween,
Though sweet, would make us fear.

3RD MOORISH WOMAN.

To love a lover true,
In youth's kind day, I trow,
Is pleasant task enow;
But think how we must rue
If he inconstant show!

4TH MOORISH WOMAN.

The loss of lover false to me
But trifling grief would be,
Yet this is far the keenest smart
That he had stol'n away our heart.

2ND MOORISH WOMAN.

What then shall we do
Whose hearts are so young?

4TH MOORISH WOMAN.

Though cruel his laws,
Attended by woes,
Away with your arms,
Submit to his charms!

TOGETHER.

His whims ye must follow,
His transports though fleet,
His pinings too sweet:
Though often comes sorrow,
The thousand delights
The wounds of his darts
Still charm all the hearts.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BÉRALDE, ARGAN, TOINETTE.

BER. Well, brother, what do you say to that? Isn't it as good as a dose of cassia?

TOI. Oh! good cassia is a very good thing, Sir.

BER. Now, shall we have a little chat together.

ARG. Wait a moment, brother, I'll be back directly.

TOI. Here, Sir; you forget that you cannot get about without a stick.

ARG. Ay, to be sure.

SCENE II.—BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

TOI. Pray, do not give up the interest of your niece.

BER. No, I shall do all in my power to forward her wishes.

TOI. We must prevent this foolish marriage which he has got into his head, from taking place. And I thought to myself that it would be a good thing to introduce a doctor here, having a full understanding of our wishes, to disgust him with his Mr. Purgon, and abuse his mode of treating him. But as we have nobody to act that part for us, I have decided upon playing him a trick of my own.

BER. In what way?

TOI. It is rather an absurd idea, and it may be more fortunate than good. But act your own part. Here is our man.

SCENE III.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

BER. Let me ask you, brother, above all things not to excite yourself during our conversation.

ARG. I agree.

BER. To answer without anger to anything I may mention.

ARG. Very well.

BER. And to reason together upon the business I want to discuss with you without any irritation.

ARG. Dear me! Yes. What a preamble!

BER. How is it, brother, that, with all the wealth you possess, and with only one daughter—for I do not count the little one—you speak of sending her to a convent?

ARG. How is it, brother, that I am master of my family, and that I can do all I think fit?

BER. Your wife doesn't fail to advise you to get rid, in that way, of your two daughters; and I have no doubt that, through a spirit of charity, she would be charmed to see them both good nuns.

ARG. Oh, I see! My poor wife again! It is she who does all the harm, and everybody is against her.

BER. No, brother; let us leave that alone. She is a woman with the best intentions in the world for the

good of your family, and is free from all interested motives. She expresses for you the most extraordinary tenderness, and shows towards your children an inconceivable goodness. No, don't let us speak of her, but only of your daughter. What can be your reason for wishing to give her in marriage to the son of a doctor?

ARG. My reason is that I wish to have a son-in-law who will suit my wants.

BER. But it is not what your daughter requires, and we have a more suitable match for her.

ARG. Yes; but this one is more suitable for me.

BER. But does she marry a husband for herself or for you, brother?

ARG. He must do both for her and for me, brother; and I wish to take into my family people of whom I have need.

BER. So that, if your little girl were old enough, you would give her to an apothecary?

ARG. Why not?

BER. Is it possible that you should always be so infatuated with your apothecaries and doctors, and be so determined to be ill, in spite of men and nature?

ARG. What do you mean by that, brother?

BER. I mean, brother, that I know of no man less sick than you, and that I should be quite satisfied with a constitution no worse than yours. One great proof that you are well, and that you have a body perfectly well made, is that with all the pains you have taken, you have failed as yet in injuring the soundness of your constitution, and that you have not died of all the medicine they have made you swallow.

ARG. But are you aware, brother, that it is these medicines which keep me in good health? Mr. Purgon says that I should go off if he were but three days without taking care of me.

BER. If you are not careful, he will take such care of you that he will soon send you into the next world.

ARG. But let us reason together, brother; don't you believe at all in medicine?

BER. No, brother; and I do not see that it is necessary for our salvation to believe in it.

ARG. What! Do you not hold true a thing acknowledged by everybody, and revered throughout all ages?

BER. Between ourselves, far from thinking it true, I look upon it as one of the greatest follies which exist among men; and to consider things from a philosophical point of view, I don't know of a more absurd piece of mummery, of anything more ridiculous, than a man who takes upon himself to cure another man.

ARG. Why will you not believe that a man can cure another?

BER. For the simple reason, brother, that the springs of our machines are mysteries about which men are as yet completely in the dark, and nature has put too thick a veil before our eyes for us to know anything about it.

ARG. Then, according to you, the doctors know nothing at all.

BER. Oh yes, brother. Most of them have some knowledge of the best classics, can talk fine Latin, can give a Greek name to every disease, can define and distinguish them; but as to curing these diseases, that's out of the question.

ARG. Still, you must agree to this, that doctors know more than others.

BER. They know, brother, what I have told you: and that does not effect many cures. All the excellency of their art consists in pompous gibberish, in a specious babbling, which gives you words instead of reasons, and promises instead of results.

ARG. Still, brother, there exist men as wise and clever as you, and we see that in cases of illness every one has recourse to the doctor.

BER. It is a proof of human weakness, and not of the truth of their art.

ARG. Still, doctors must believe in their art, since they make use of it for themselves.

BER. It is because some of them share the popular error by which they themselves profit, while others profit by it without sharing it. Your Mr. Purgon has no wish to deceive; he is a thorough doctor from head to foot, a man who believes in his rules more than in all the demonstrations of mathematics, and who would think it a

crime to question them. He sees nothing obscure in physic, nothing doubtful, nothing difficult, and through an impetuous prepossession, an obstinate confidence, a coarse common sense and reason, orders right and left purgatives and bleedings, and hesitates at nothing. We must bear him no ill-will for the harm he does us: it is with the best intentions in the world that he will send you into the next world, and in killing you he will do no more than he has done to his wife and children, and than he would do to himself, if need be.*

ARG. It is because you have a spite against him. But let us come to the point. What is to be done when one is ill?

BER. Nothing, brother.

ARG. Nothing?

BER. Nothing. Only rest. Nature, when we leave her free, will herself gently recover from the disorder into which she has fallen. It is our anxiety, our impatience, which does the mischief, and most men die of their remedies, and not of their diseases.

ARG. Still you must acknowledge, brother, that we can in certain things help nature.

BER. Alas! brother; these are pure fancies, with which we deceive ourselves. At all times, there have crept among men brilliant fancies in which we believe, because they flatter us, and because it would be well if they were true. When a doctor speaks to us of assisting, succouring nature, of removing what is injurious to it, of giving it what it is defective in, of restoring it, and giving back to it the full exercise of its functions; when he speaks of purifying the blood, of refreshing the bowels and the brain, of correcting the spleen, of rebuilding the lungs, of renovating the liver, of fortifying the heart, of re-establishing and keeping up the natural heat, and of possessing secrets wherewith to lengthen life of many years—he repeats to you the romance of physic. But when you test the truth of what he has promised to you,

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* Molière seems to refer to Dr. Guenaut, who was said to have killed with antimony (his favourite remedy) his wife, his daughter, his nephew, and two of his sons-in-law.—AIMÉ MARTIN.

you find that it all ends in nothing; it is like those beautiful dreams which only leave you in the morning the regret of having believed in them.

ARG. Which means that all the knowledge of the world is contained in your brain, and that you think you know more than all the great doctors of our age put together.

BER. When you weigh words and actions, your great doctors are two different kinds of people. Listen to their talk, they are the cleverest people in the world; see them at work, and they are the most ignorant.

ARG. Heyday! You are a great doctor, I see, and I wish that some one of those gentlemen were here to take up your arguments and to check your babble.

BER. I do not take upon myself, brother, to fight against physic; and every one at their own risk and peril may believe what he likes. What I say is only between ourselves; and I should have liked, in order to deliver you from the error into which you have fallen, and in order to amuse you, to take you to see some of Molière's comedies on this subject.

ARG. Your Molière is a fine impertinent fellow with his comedies! I think it mightily pleasant of him to go and take off honest people like the doctors.

BER. It is not the doctors themselves that he takes off, but the absurdity of medicine.

ARG. It becomes him well, truly, to control the faculty! He's a nice simpleton, and a nice impertinent fellow to laugh at consultations and prescriptions, to attack the body of physicians, and to bring on his stage such venerable people as those gentlemen.

BER. What would you have him bring there but the different professions of men? Princes and kings are brought there every day, and they are of as good a stock as your physicians.

ARG. No, by all the devils! if I were a physician, I would be revenged of his impertinence, and when he falls ill, I would let him die without relief. In vain would he beg and pray. I would not prescribe for him the least little bleeding, the least little injection, and I would tell him, "Die, die, like a dog; it will teach you to laugh at us doctors."

BER. You are terribly angry with him.

ARG. Yes, he is an ill-advised fellow, and if the doctors are wise, they will do what I say.

BER. He will be wiser than the doctors, for he will not go and ask their help.

ARG. So much the worse for him, if he has not recourse to their remedies.

BER. He has his reasons for not wishing to have anything to do with them; he is certain that only strong and robust constitutions can bear their remedies in addition to the illness, and he has only just enough strength for his sickness.

ARG. What absurd reasons. Here, brother, don't speak to me anymore about that man; for it makes me savage, and you will give me his complaint.

BER. I will willingly cease, brother; and, to change the subject, allow me to tell you that, because your daughter shows a slight repugnance to the match you propose, it is no reason why you should shut her up in a convent. In your choice of a son-in-law you should not blindly follow the anger which masters you. We should in such a matter yield a little to the inclinations of a daughter, since it is for all her life, and the whole happiness of her married life depends on it.

SCENE IV.—MR. FLEURANT, ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

ARG. Ah! brother, with your leave.

BER. Eh? What are you going to do?

ARG. To take this little clyster; it will soon be done.

BER. Are you joking? Can you not spend one moment without clysters or physic? Put it off to another time, and be quiet.

ARG. Mr. Fleurant, let it be for to-night or to-morrow morning.

MR. FLEU. (*to* BERALDE). What right have you to interfere? How dare you oppose yourself to the prescription of the doctors, and prevent the gentleman from taking my clyster? You are a nice fellow to show such boldness.

BER. Go, Sir, go; it is easy to see that you are not accustomed to speak face to face with men.

MR. FLEU. You ought not thus to sneer at physic, and make me lose my precious time. I came here for a good prescription, and I will go and tell Mr. Purgon that I have been prevented from executing his orders, and that I have been stopped in the performance of my duty. You'll see, you'll see . . . .

SCENE V.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

ARG. Brother, you'll be the cause that some misfortune will happen here.

BER. What a misfortune not to take a clyster prescribed by Mr. Purgon! Once more, brother, is it possible that you can't be cured of this doctor disease, and that you will thus bring yourself under their remedies?

ARG. Ah! brother. You speak like a man who is quite well, but if you were in my place, you would soon change your way of speaking. It is easy to speak against medicine when one is in perfect health.

BER. But what disease do you suffer from?

ARG. You will drive me to desperation. I should like you to have my disease, and then we should see if you would prate as you do. Ah! here is Mr. Purgon.

SCENE VI.—MR. PURGON, ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

MR. PUR. I have just heard nice news downstairs you laugh at my prescriptions, and refuse to take the remedy which I ordered.

ARG. Sir, it is not . . . .

MR. PUR. What daring boldness, what a strange revolt of a patient against his doctor!

TOI. It is frightful.

MR. PUR. A clyster which I have had the pleasure of composing myself.

ARG. It was not I . . . .

MR. PUR. Invented and made up according to all the rules of art.

TOI. He was wrong.

MR. PUR. And which was to work a marvellous effect on the intestines.

ARG. My brother . . . .

MR. PUR. To send it back with contempt!

ARG. (*showing* BÉRALDE). It was he . . . .

MR. PUR. Such conduct is monstrous.

TOI. So it is.

MR. PUR. It is a fearful outrage against medicine.

ARG. (*showing* BÉRALDE). He is the cause . . . .

MR. PUR. A crime of high-treason against the faculty, and one which cannot be too severely punished.

TOI. You are quite right.

MR. PUR. I declare to you that I break off all intercourse with you.

ARG. It is my brother . . . .

MR. PUR. That I will have no more connection with you.

TOI. You will do quite right.

MR. PUR. And to end all association with you, here is the deed of gift which I made to my nephew in favour of the marriage. (*He tears the document, and throws the pieces about furiously.*)

ARG. It is my brother who has done all the mischief.

MR. PUR. To despise my clyster!

ARG. Let it be brought, I will take it directly.

MR. PUR. I would have cured you in a very short time.

TOI. He doesn't deserve it.

MR. PUR. I was about to cleanse your body, and to clear it of its bad humours.

ARG. Ah! my brother!

MR. PUR. And it wanted only a dozen purgatives to cleanse it entirely.

TOI. He is unworthy of your care.

MR. PUR. But since you would not be cured by me.

ARG. It was not my fault.

MR. PUR. Since you have forsaken the obedience you owe to your doctor.

TOI. It cries for vengeance.

MR. PUR. Since you have declared yourself a rebel against the remedies I had prescribed for you.

ARG. No, no, certainly not.

MR. PUR. I must now tell you that I give you up to your

bad constitution, to the intemperament of your intestines, to the corruption of your blood, to the acrimony of your bile, and to the feculence of your humours.

TOI. It serves you right.

ARG. Alas!

MR. PUR. And I will have you before four days in an incurable state.

ARG. Ah! mercy on me!

MR. PUR. You shall fall into bradypepsia.

ARG. Mr. Purgon!

MR. PUR. From bradypepsia into dyspepsia.

ARG. Mr. Purgon!

MR. PUR. From dyspepsia into apepsy.

ARG. Mr. Purgon!

MR. PUR. From apepsy into lientery.

ARG. Mr. Purgon!

MR. PUR. From lientery into dysentery.

ARG. Mr. Purgon!

MR. PUR. From dysentery into dropsy.

ARG. Mr. Purgon!

MR. PUR. And from dropsy to the deprivation of life into which your folly will bring you.

SCENE VII.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

ARG. Ah heaven! I am dead. Brother, you have undone me.

BER. Why? What is the matter?

ARG. I am undone. I feel already that the faculty is avenging itself.

BER. Really, brother, you are crazy, and I would not for a great deal that you should be seen acting as you are doing. Shake yourself a little, I beg, recover yourself, and do not give way so much to your imagination.

ARG. You hear, brother, with what strange diseases he has threatened me.

BER. What a foolish fellow you are!

ARG. He says that I shall become incurable within four days.

BER. And what does it signify what he says? Is it an oracle that has spoken? To hear you, anyone would

think that Mr. Purgon holds in his hands the thread of your life, and that he has supreme authority to prolong it or to cut it short at his will. Remember that the springs of your life are in yourself, and that all the wrath of Mr. Purgon can do as little towards making you die, as his remedies can do to make you live. This is an opportunity, if you like to take it, of getting rid of your doctors; and if you are so constituted that you cannot do without them, it is easy for you, brother, to have another with whom you run less risk.

ARG. Ah, brother! he knows all about my constitution, and the way to treat me.

BER. I must acknowledge that you are greatly infatuated, and that you look at things with strange eyes.

SCENE VIII.—ARGAN, TOINETTE, BÉRALDE.

TOI. (*to* ARGAN). There is a doctor here, Sir, who desires to see you.

ARG. What doctor?

TOI. A doctor of medicine.

ARG. I ask you who he is?

TOI. I don't know who he is, but he is as much like me as two peas, and if I was not sure that my mother was an honest woman, I should say that this is a little brother she has given me since my father's death.

SCENE IX.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

BER. You are served according to your wish. One doctor leaves you, another comes to replace him.

ARG. I greatly fear that you will cause some misfortune.

BER. Oh! You are harping upon that string again?

ARG. Ah! I have on my mind all those diseases that I don't understand, those . . . .

SCENE X.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE (*dressed as a doctor*).

TOI. Allow me, Sir, to come and pay my respects to you, and to offer you my small services for all the bleedings and purging you may require.

ARG. I am much obliged to you, Sir. (*To* BÉRALDE) Toinette herself, I declare!

TOI. I beg you will excuse me one moment, Sir. I forgot to give a small order to my servant.

SCENE XI.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

ARG. Would you not say that this is really Toinette?

BER. It is true that the resemblance is very striking. But it is not the first time that we have seen this kind of thing, and history is full of those freaks of nature.

ARG. For my part, I am astonished, and . . . .

SCENE XII.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

TOI. What do you want, Sir?

ARG. What?

TOI. Did you not call me?

ARG. I? No.

TOI. My ears must have tingled then.

ARG. Just stop here one moment and see how much that doctor is like you.

TOI. Ah! yes, indeed, I have plenty of time to waste! Besides, I have seen enough of him already.

SCENE XIII.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

ARG. Had I not seen them both together, I should have believed it was one and the same person.

BER. I have read wonderful stories about such resemblances; and we have seen some in our day that have taken in everybody.

ARG. For my part, I should have been deceived this time, and sworn that the two were but one.

SCENE XIV.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE (*as a doctor*).

TOI. Sir, I beg your pardon with all my heart.

ARG. (*to* BERALDE). It is wonderful.

TOI. You will not take amiss, I hope, the curiosity I feel to see such an illustrious patient; and your reputation,

which reaches the farthest ends of the world, must be my excuse for the liberty I am taking.

ARG. Sir, I am your servant.

TOI. I see, Sir, that you are looking earnestly at me. What age do you think I am?

ARG. I should think twenty-six or twenty seven at the utmost.

TOI. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! I am ninety years old.

ARG. Ninety years old!

TOI. Yes; this is what the secrets of my art have done for me to preserve me fresh and vigorous as you see.

ARG. Upon my word, a fine youthful old fellow of ninety!

TOI. I am an itinerant doctor, and go from town to town, from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, to seek out illustrious material for my abilities; to find patients worthy of my attention, capable of exercising the great and noble secrets which I have discovered in medicine. I disdain to amuse myself with the small rubbish of common diseases, with the trifles of rheumatism, coughs, fevers, vapours, and headaches. I require diseases of importance, such as good non-intermittent fevers with delirium, good scarlet-fevers, good plagues, good confirmed dropsies, good pleurisies with inflammations of the lungs. These are what I like, what I triumph in, and I wish, Sir, that you had all those diseases combined, that you had been given up, despaired of by all the doctors, and at the point of death, so that I might have the pleasure of showing you the excellency of my remedies, and the desire I have of doing you service!

ARG. I am greatly obliged to you, Sir, for the kind intentions you have towards me.

TOI. Let me feel your pulse. Come, come, beat properly, please. Ah! I will soon make you beat as you should. This pulse is trifling with me; I see that it does not know me yet. Who is your doctor?

ARG. Mr. Purgon.

TOI. That man is not noted in my books among the great doctors. What does he say you are ill of?

ARG. He says it is the liver, and others say it is the spleen.

TOI. They are a pack of ignorant blockheads; you are suffering from the lungs.

ARG. The lungs?

TOI. Yes; what do you feel?

ARG. From time to time great pains in my head.

TOI. Just so; the lungs.

ARG. At times it seems as if I had a mist before my eyes.

TOI. The lungs.

ARG. I feel sick now and then.

TOI. The lungs.

ARG. And I feel sometimes a weariness in all my limbs.

TOI. The lungs.

ARG. And sometimes I have sharp pains in the stomach, as if I had the colic.

TOI. The lungs. Do you eat your food with appetite?

ARG. Yes, Sir.

TOI. The lungs. Do you like to drink a little wine?

ARG. Yes, Sir.

TOI. The lungs. You feel sleepy after your meals, and willingly enjoy a nap?

ARG. Yes, Sir.

TOI. The lungs, the lungs, I tell you. What does your doctor order you for food?

ARG. He orders me soup.

TOI. Ignoramus!

ARG. Fowl.

TOI. Ignoramus!

ARG. Veal.

TOI. Ignoramus!

ARG. Broth.

TOI. Ignoramus!

ARG. New-laid eggs.

TOI. Ignoramus!

ARG. And at night a few prunes to relax the bowels.

TOI. Ignoramus!

ARG. And, above all, to drink my wine well diluted with water.

TOI. *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum.* You must drink your wine pure; and to thicken your blood, which is too

thin, you must eat good fat beef, good fat pork, good Dutch cheese, some gruel, rice puddings, chestnuts, and thin cakes,* to make all adhere and conglutinate. Your doctor is an ass. I will send you one of my own school, and will come and examine you from time to time during my stay in this town.

ARG. You will oblige me greatly.

TOI. What the deuce do you want with this arm?

ARG. What?

TOI. If I were you, I should have it cut off on the spot.

ARG. Why?

TOI. Don't you see that it attracts all the nourishment to itself, and hinders this side from growing?

ARG. May be; but I have need of my arm.

TOI. You have also a right eye that I would have plucked out if I were in your place.

ARG. My right eye plucked out?

TOI. Don't you see that it interferes with the other, and robs it of its nourishment? Believe me, have it plucked out as soon as possible; you will see all the clearer with the left eye.

ARG. There is no need to hurry.

TOI. Good-bye. I am sorry to leave you so soon, but I must assist at a grand consultation which is to take place about a man who died yesterday.

ARG. About a man who died yesterday?

TOI. Yes, that we may consider and see what ought to have been done to cure him. Good-bye.

ARG. You know that patients do not use ceremony.

SCENE XV.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

BER. Upon my word, this doctor seems to be a very clever man.

ARG. Yes, but he goes a little too fast.

BER. All great doctors do so.

ARG. Cut off my arm and pluck out my eye, so that the other may be better. I had rather that it were not

* *Oublies*; now called *plaisirs*. "Wafers" would perhaps have been the right rendering in Molière's time

better. A nice operation indeed, to make me at once one-eyed and one-armed.

SCENE XVI.—ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

TOI. (*pretending to speak to somebody*). Come, come, I am your servant; I'm in no joking humour.

ARG. What is the matter?

TOI. Your doctor, forsooth, who wanted to feel my pulse!

ARG. Just imagine; and that, too, at fourscore and ten years of age.

BER. Now, I say, brother, since you have quarrelled with Mr. Purgon, won't you give me leave to speak of the match which is proposed for my niece?

ARG. No, brother; I will put her in a convent, since she has rebelled against me I see plainly that there is some love business at the bottom of it all, and I have discovered a certain secret interview which they don't suspect me to know anything about.

BER. Well, brother, and suppose there were some little inclination, where could the harm be? Would it be so criminal when it all tends to what is honourable—marriage?

ARG. Be that as it may, she will be a nun. I have made up my mind.

BER. You intend to please somebody by so doing.

ARG. I understand what you mean. You always come back to that, and my wife is very much in your way.

BER. Well, yes, brother; since I must speak out, it is your wife I mean; for I can no more bear with your infatuation about doctors than with your infatuation about your wife, and see you run headlong into every snare she lays for you.

TOI. Ah! Sir, don't talk so of mistress. She is a person against whom there is nothing to be said; a woman without deceit, and who loves master—ah! who loves him . . . . I can't express how much.

ARG. (*to* BÉRALDE). Just ask her all the caresses she lavishes for me.

TOI. Yes, indeed!

ARG. And all the uneasiness my sickness causes her.

TOI. Certainly.

ARG. And the care and trouble she takes about me.

TOI. Quite right. (*To* BÉRALDE) Will you let me convince you; and to show you at once how my mistress loves my master. (*To* ARGAN) Sir, allow me to undeceive him, and to show him his mistake.

ARG. How?

TOI. My mistress will soon come back. Stretch yourself full-length in this arm-chair, and pretend to be dead. You will see what grief she will be in when I tell her the news.

ARG. Very well, I consent.

TOI. Yes; but don't leave her too long in despair, for she might die of it.

ARG. Trust me for that.

TOI. (*to* BÉRALDE). Hide yourself in that corner.

SCENE XVII.—ARGAN, TOINETTE.

ARG. Is there no danger in counterfeiting death?

TOI. No, no. What danger can there be? Only stretch yourself there. It will be so pleasant to put your brother to confusion. Here is my mistress. Mind you keep still.

SCENE XVIII.—BÉLINE, ARGAN (*stretched out in his chair*), TOINETTE.

TOI. (*pretending not to see* BÉLINE). Ah heavens! Ah! what a misfortune! What a strange accident!

BEL. What is the matter, Toinette?

TOI. Ah! Madam!

BEL. What ails you?

TOI. Your husband is dead.

BEL. My husband is dead?

TOI. Alas! yes; the poor soul is gone.

BEL. Are you quite certain?

TOI. Quite certain. Nobody knows of it yet. I was all alone here when it happened. He has just breathed his last in my arms. Here, just look at him, full-length in his chair.

BEL. Heaven be praised. I am delivered from a most grievous burden. How silly of you, Toinette, to be so afflicted at his death

TOI. Ah! Ma'am I thought I ought to cry.

BEL. Pooh! it is not worth the trouble. What loss is it to anybody, and what good did he do in this world? A wretch, unpleasant to everybody; of nauseous, dirty habits; always a clyster or a dose of physic in his body. Always snivelling, coughing, spitting; a stupid, tedious, ill-natured fellow, who was for ever fatiguing people and scolding night and day at his maids and servants.

TOI. An excellent funeral oration!

BEL. Toinette, you must help me to carry out my design; and you may depend upon it that I will make it worth your while if you serve me. Since, by good luck, nobody is aware of his death, let us put him into his bed, and keep the secret until I have done what I want. There are some papers and some money I must possess myself of. It is not right that I should have passed the best years of my life with him without any kind of advantage. Come along, Toinette, first of all, let us take all the keys.

ARG. (*getting up hastily*). Softly.

BEL. Ah!

ARG. So, my wife, it is thus you love me?

TOI. Ah! the dead man is not dead.

ARG. (*to* BÉLINE, *who goes away*) I am very glad to see how you love me, and to have heard the noble panegyric you made upon me. This is a good warning, which will make me wise for the future, and prevent me from doing many things.

SCENE XIX.—BÉRALDE (*coming out of the place where he was hiding*), ARGAN, TOINETTE.

BER. Well, brother, you see . . . .

TOI. Now, really, I could never have believed such a thing. But I hear your daughter coming; place yourself as you were just now, and let us see how she will receive the news. It is not a bad thing to try; and since you have begun, you will be able by this means to know the sentiments of your family towards you.

SCENE XX.—ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

TOI. (*pretending not to see* ANGÉLIQUE). O heavens! what a sad accident! What an unhappy day!

ANG. What ails you, Toinette, and why do you cry?

TOI. Alas! I have such sad news for you.

ANG. What is it?

TOI. Your father is dead.

ANG. My father is dead, Toinette?

TOI. Yes, just look at him there; he died only a moment ago of a fainting fit that came over him.

ANG. O heavens! what a misfortune! What a cruel grief! Alas! why must I lose my father, the only being left me in the world? and why should I lose him, too, at a time when he was angry with me? What will become of me, unhappy girl that I am? What consolation can I find after so great a loss?

SCENE XXI.—ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

CLE. What is the matter with you, dear Angélique, and what misfortune makes you weep?

ANG. Alas! I weep for what was most dear and most precious to me. I weep for the death of my father.

CLE. O heaven! what a misfortune! What an unforeseen stroke of fortune! Alas! after I had asked your uncle to ask you in marriage, I was coming to see him, in order to try by my respect and entreaties to incline his heart to grant you to my wishes.

ANG. Ah! Cléante, let us talk no more of this. Let us give up all hopes of marriage. Now my father is dead, I will have nothing to do with the world, and will renounce it for ever. Yes, my dear father, if I resisted your will, I will at least follow out one of your intentions, and will by that make amends for the sorrow I have caused you. (*Kneeling.*) Let me, father, make you this promise here, and kiss you as a proof of my repentance.

ARG. (*kissing* ANGÉLIQUE). Ah! my daughter!

ANG. Ah!

ARG. Come; do not be afraid. I am not dead. Ah!

you are my true flesh and blood and my real laughter; I am delighted to have discovered your good heart.

Scene XXII.—Argan, Béralde, Angélique, Cléante, Toinette.

Ang. Ah! what a delightful surprise! Father, since heaven has given you back to our love, let me here throw myself at your feet to implore one favour of you. If you do not approve of what my heart feels, if you refuse to give me Cléante for a husband, I conjure you, at least, not to force me to marry another. It is all I have to ask of you.

Cle. (*throwing himself at* Argan's *feet*). Ah! Sir, allow your heart to be touched by her entreaties and by mine, and do not oppose our mutual love.

Ber. Brother, how can you resist all this?

Toi. Will you remain insensible before such affection?

Arg. Well, let him become a doctor, and I will consent to the marriage. (*To* Cléante) Yes, turn doctor, Sir, and I will give you my daughter.

Cle. Very willingly, Sir, if it is all that is required to become your son-in-law. I will turn doctor; apothecary also, if you like. It is not such a difficult thing after all, and I would do much more to obtain from you the fair Angélique.

Ber. But, brother, it just strikes me; why don't you turn doctor yourself? It would be much more convenient to have all you want within yourself.

Toi. Quite true. That is the very way to cure yourself. There is no disease bold enough to dare to attack the person of a doctor.

Arg. I imagine, brother, that you are laughing at me. Can I study at my age?

Ber. Study! What need is there? You are clever enough for that; there are a great many who are not a bit more clever than you are.

Arg. But one must be able to speak Latin well, and know the different diseases and the remedies they require.

Ber. When you put on the cap and gown of a doctor, all that will come of itself, and you will afterwards be much more clever than you care to be.

ARG. What! We understand how to discourse upon diseases when we have that dress?

BER. Yes; you have only to hold forth; when you have a cap and gown, any stuff becomes learned, and all rubbish good sense.

TOI. Look you, Sir; a beard is something in itself; a beard is half the doctor.

CLE. Anyhow, I am ready for everything.

BER. (*to* ARGAN). Shall we have the thing done immediately?

ARG. How, immediately?

BER. Yes, in your house.

ARG. In my house?

BER. Yes, I know a body of physicians, friends of mine, who will come presently, and will perform the ceremony in your hall. It will cost you nothing.

ARG. But what can I say, what can I answer?

BER. You will be instructed in a few words, and they will give you in writing all you have to say. Go and dress yourself directly, and I will send for them.

ARG. Very well; let it be done.

SCENE XXIII.—BÉRALDE, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE.

CLE. What is it you intend to do, and what do you mean by this body of physicians?

TOI. What is it you are going to do?

BER. To amuse ourselves a little to-night. The players have made a doctor's admission the subject of an interlude, with dances and music. I want everyone to enjoy it, and my brother to act the principal part in it.

ANG. But, uncle, it seems to me that you are making fun of my father.

BER. But, niece, it is not making too much fun of him to fall in with his fancies. We may each of us take part in it ourselves, and thus perform the comedy for each other's amusement. Carnival time authorises it. Let us go quickly and get everything ready.

CLE. (*to* ANGÉLIQUE). Do you consent to it?

ANG. Yes; since my uncle takes the lead.

THIRD INTERLUDE.*

BURLESQUE CEREMONY *representing the Admission of* MR. ARGAN *to the Degree of Doctor of Medicine.*

First Entry of the BALLET.

PRÆSES.

Savantissimi doctores,
Medicinæ professores,
Qui hic assemblati estis;
Et vos, altri messiores,
Sententiarum Facultatis
Fideles executores,
Chirurgiani et apothicari
Atque tota compagnia aussi,
Salus, honor et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum.

Non possum, docti confreri,
En moi satis admirari
Qualis bona inventio
Est medici professio;
Quam bella chosa est et bene trovata.
Medicina illa benedicta,
Quæ, suo nomine solo,
Surprenanti miraculo,
Depuis si longo tempore,
Facit à gogo vivere
Tant de gens omni genere.

Per totam terram videmus
Grandam vogam ubi sumus;
Et quod grandes et petiti
Sunt de nobis infatuti.
Totus mundus, currens ad nostros remedios,
Nos regardat sicut deos;
Et nostris ordonnanciis
Principes et reges soumissos videtis.

* This piece is composed of a mixture of dog-Latin, French, &c and is utterly untransleteable.

Doncque il est nostræ sapientiæ,
Boni sensus atque prudentiæ,
De fortement travaillare
A nos bene conservare
In tali credito, voga, et honore;
Et prendere gardam a non recevere,
In nostro docto corpore,
Quam personas capabiles,
Et totas dignas remplire
Has plaças honorabiles.

C'est pour cela que nunc convocati estis:
Et credo quod trovabitis
Dignam matieram medici
In savanti homine que voici;
Lequel, in chosis omnibus,
Dono ad interrogandum,
Et à fond examinandum
Vostris capacitatibus.

PRIMUS DOCTOR.

Si mihi licentiam dat dominus præses,
Et tanti docti doctores,
Et assistantes illustres,
Très savanti bacheliero,
Quem estimo et honoro,
Domandabo causam et rationem quare
Opium facit dormire.

BACHELIERUS.

Mihi a docto doctore
Domandatur causam et raticnem quare
Opium facit dormire.
A quoi respondeo,
Quia est in eo
Vertus dormitiva,
Cujus est natura
Sensus assoupire.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.
Bene, bene respondere.

SECUNDUS DOCTOR.

Proviso quod non displiceat,
Domino præsidi, lequel n'est pas fat,
Me benigne annuat,
Cum totis doctoribus savantibus,
Et assistantibus bienveillantibus,
Dicat mihi un peu dominus prætendens,
Raison a priori et evidens
Cur rhubarba et le séné
Per nos semper est ordonné
Ad purgandum l'utramque bile?
Si dicit hoc, erit valde habile.

BACHELIERUS.

A docto doctore mihi, qui sum prætendens
Domandatur raison a priori et evidens
Cur rhubarba et le séné
Per nos semper est ordonné
Ad purgandum l'utramque bile?
Respondeo vobis,
Quia est in illis
Vertus purgativa,
Cujus est natura
Istas duas biles evacuare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere,
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

TERTIUS DOCTOR

Ex responsis, il paraît jam sole clarius
Quod lepidum iste caput bachelierus

Non passavit suam vitam ludendo au trictrac,
Nec in prenando du tabac;
Sed explicit pourquoi furfur macrum et parvum lac,
Cum phlebotomia et purgatione humorum,
Appellantur a medisantibus idolæ medicorum,
Nec non pontus asinorum?
Si premièrement grata sit domino præsidi
Nostra libertas quæstionandi,
Pariter dominis doctribus
Atque de tous ordres benignis auditoribus.

BACHELIERUS.

Quærit a me dominus doctor
Chrysologos, id est, qui dit d'or,
Quare parvum lac et furfur macrum,
Phlebotomia et purgatio humorum
Appellantur a medisantibus idolæ medicorum,
Atque pontus asinorum.
Respondeo quia:
Ista ordonnando non requiritur magna scientia,
Et ex illis quatuor rebus
Medici faciunt ludovicos, pistolas, et des quarts d'écus.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

QUARTUS DOCTOR.

Cum permissione domini præsidis,
Doctissimæ Facultatis,
Et totius his nostris actis
Companiæ assistantis,
Domandabo tibi, docte bacheliere,
Quæ sunt remedia
Tam in homine quam in muliere
Quæ, in maladia
Ditta hydropisia,
In malo caduco, apoplexia, convulsione et paralysia,
Convenit facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

QUINTUS DOCTOR.

Si bonum semblatur domino præsidi,
Doctissimæ Facultati,
Et companiæ ecoutanti,
Domandabo tibi, erudite bacheliere,
Ut revenir un jour à la maison gravis ægre
Quæ remedia colicosis, fievrosis,
Maniacis, nefreticis, freneticis,
Melancolicis, demoniacis,
Asthmaticis atque pulmonicis,
Catharrosis, tussicolisis,
Guttosis, ladris atque gallosis,
In apostemasis plagis et ulcéré,
In omni membro démis aut fracturé
Convenit facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

SEXTUS DOCTOR.

Cum bona venia reverendi præsidis,
Filiorum Hippocratis,

Et totius coronæ nos admirantis,
Petam tibi, resolute bacheliere,
Non indignus alumnus di Monspeliere,
Quæ remedia cæcis, surdis, mutis,
Manchotis, claudis, atque omnibus estropiatis,
Pro coris pedum, malum de dentibus, pesta, rabie,
Et nimis magna commotione in omni novo marié
Convenit facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

SEPTIMUS DOCTOR.

Super illas maladias,
Dominus bachelierus dixit maravillas;
Mais, si non ennuyo doctissimam facultatem
Et totam honorabilem companiam
Tam corporaliter quam mentaliter hic præsentem,
Faciam illi unam quæstionem;
De hiero maladus unus
Tombavit in meas manus,
Homo qualitatis et dives comme un Crésus.
Habet grandam fievram cum redoublamentis,
Grandam dolorem capitis,
Cum troublatione spirii et laxamento ventris.
Grandum insuper malum au côté,
Cum granda difficultate
Et pena a respirare;
Veuillas mihi dire,
Docte bacheliere,
Quid illi facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

IDEM DOCTOR.

Mais, si maladia
Opiniatria
Ponendo medicum a quia
Non vult se guarire,
Quid illi facere?

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare,
Reseignare, repurgare, et reclysterizare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

OCTAVUS DOCTOR.

Impetro favorabile congé
A domino præside,
Ab electa trouppa doctorum,
Tam practicantium quam practica avidorum,
Et a curiosa turba badodorum.
Ingeniose bacheliere
Qui non potuit esse jusqu'ici déferré,
Faciam tibi unam questionem de importantia.
Messiores, detur nobis audiencia.

Isto die bene mane,
Paulo ante mon déjeuné,
Venit ad me una domicella
Italiana jadis bella,
Et ut penso encore un peu pucella,
Quæ habebat pallidos colores,
Fievram blancam dicunt magis fini doctores,
Quia plaigniebat se de migraina,
De curta halena,
De granda oppressione,
Jambarum enflatura, et effroyabili lassitudine;
De batimento cordis,
De strangulamento matris,
Alio nomine vapor hystérique,
Quæ, sicut omnes maladiæ terminatæ en ique,
Facit a Galien la nique.
Visagium apparebat bouffietum, et coloris
Tantum vertæ quantum merda anseris,
Ex pulsu petito valde frequens, et urina mala
Quam apportaverat in fiola
Non videbatur exempta de febricules;
Au reste, tam debilis quod venerat
De son grabat
In cavallo sur une mule,
Non habuerat menses suos
Ab illa die qui dicitur des grosses eaux;
Sed contabat mihi à l'oreille
Che si non era morta, c'était grand merveille,
Perchè in suo negotio
Era un poco d'amore, et troppo di cordoglio;
Che suo galanto sen era andato in Allemagna,
Servire al signor Brandeburg una campagna.
Usque ad maintenant multi charlatani,
Medici, apothicari, et chirurgiani
Pro sua maladia in vano travaillaverunt,
Juxta même las novas gripas istius bouru Van Helmont,
Amploiantes ab oculis cancri, ad Alcahest;
Veuillas mihi dire quid superest,
Juxta orthodoxos, illi facere.

BACHELIERUS.

Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare.

CHORUS.

Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

IDEM DOCTOR.

Mais si tam grandum couchamentum
Partium naturalium,
Mortaliter obstinatum,
Per clysterium donare,
Seignare
Et reiterando cent fois purgare,
Non potest se guarire,
Finaliter quid trovaris à propos illi facere?

BACHELIERUS.

In nomine Hippocratis benedictam cum bono
Garçone conjunctionem imperare.

PRÆSES.

Juras gardare statuta
Per Facultatem præscripta,
Cum sensu et jugeamento?

BACHELIERUS.

Juro.*

PRÆSES.

Essere in omnibus
Consultationibus

* It is said that it was when uttering this word that Molière gave way to the illness from which he had long suffered (*vide* Preface in vol. i.).

Ancieni aviso,
Aut bono,
Aut mauvaiso !

BACHELIERUS.

Juro.

PRÆSES.

De non jamais te servire
De remediis aucunis,
Quam de ceux seulement almæ Facultatis,
Maladus dût-il crevare,
Et mori de suo malo ?

BACHELIERUS.

Juro.

PRÆSES.

Ego, cum isto boneto
Venerabili et docto,
Dono tibi et concedo
Puissanciam, vertutem atque licentiam
Medicinam cum methodo faciendi :
Id est,
Clysterizandi,
Seignandi,
Purgandi,
Sangsuandi,
Ventousandi,
Sacrificandi,
Perçandi,
Taillandi,
Coupandi,
Trepanandi,
Brulandi,
Uno verbo, selon les formes, atque impune occidendi
Parisiis et per totam terram ;
Rendes, Domine, his messioribus gratiam.

Second Entry of the BALLET.

All the DOCTORS *and* APOTHECARIES *come and do him reverence.*

BACHELIERUS.

Grandes doctores doctrinæ
De la rhubarbe et du séné,
Ce seroit sans douta à moi chosa folla,
Inepta et ridicula,
Si j'alloibam m'engageare
Vobis louangeas donare,
Et entreprenoibam ajoutare
Des lumieras au soleillo,
Des etoilas au cielo,
Des flammas à l'inferno
Des ondas à l'oceano,
Et des rosas au printano.
Agreate qu'avec uno moto,
Pro toto remercimento,
Rendam gratias corpori tam docto.
Vobis, vobis debeo
Bien plus qu'à nature et qu'à patri meo :
Natura et pater meus
Hominem me habent factum ;
Mais vos me (ce qui est bien plus)
Avetis factum medicum :
Honor, favor et gratia,
Qui, in hoc corde que voilà,
Imprimant ressentimenta
Qui dureront in secula.

CHORUS.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,
Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat !
Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et seignet et tuat !

Third Entry of the BALLET.

All the DOCTORS *and* APOTHECARIES *dance to the sound of instruments and voices, the clapping of hands, and the beating of* APOTHECARIES' *mortars.*

CHIRURGUS.

Puisse-t-il voir doctas
Suas ordonnancias,
Omnium chirurgorum,
Et apothicarum
Remplire boutiquas!

CHORUS.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,
Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat!
Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et seignet et tuat!

APOTHICARIUS.

Puissent toti anni
Lui essere boni
Et favorabiles
Et n'habere jamais
Entre ses mains, pestas, epidemias
Quæ sunt malas bestias;
Mais semper pluresias, pulmonias
In renibus et vessia pierras,
Rhumatismos d'un anno, et omnis generis fievras,
Fluxus de sanguine, gouttas diabolicas,
Mala de sancto Joanne, Poitevinorum colicas
Scorbutum de Hollandia, verolas parvas et grossas
Bonos chancros atque longas callidopissas.

BACHELIERUS.

Amen.

CHORUS.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,
Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat!
Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et seignet et tuat!

Fourth Entry of the BALLET.

All the DOCTORS *and* APOTHECARIES *go out according to their rank, as they came in.*

THE END.

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